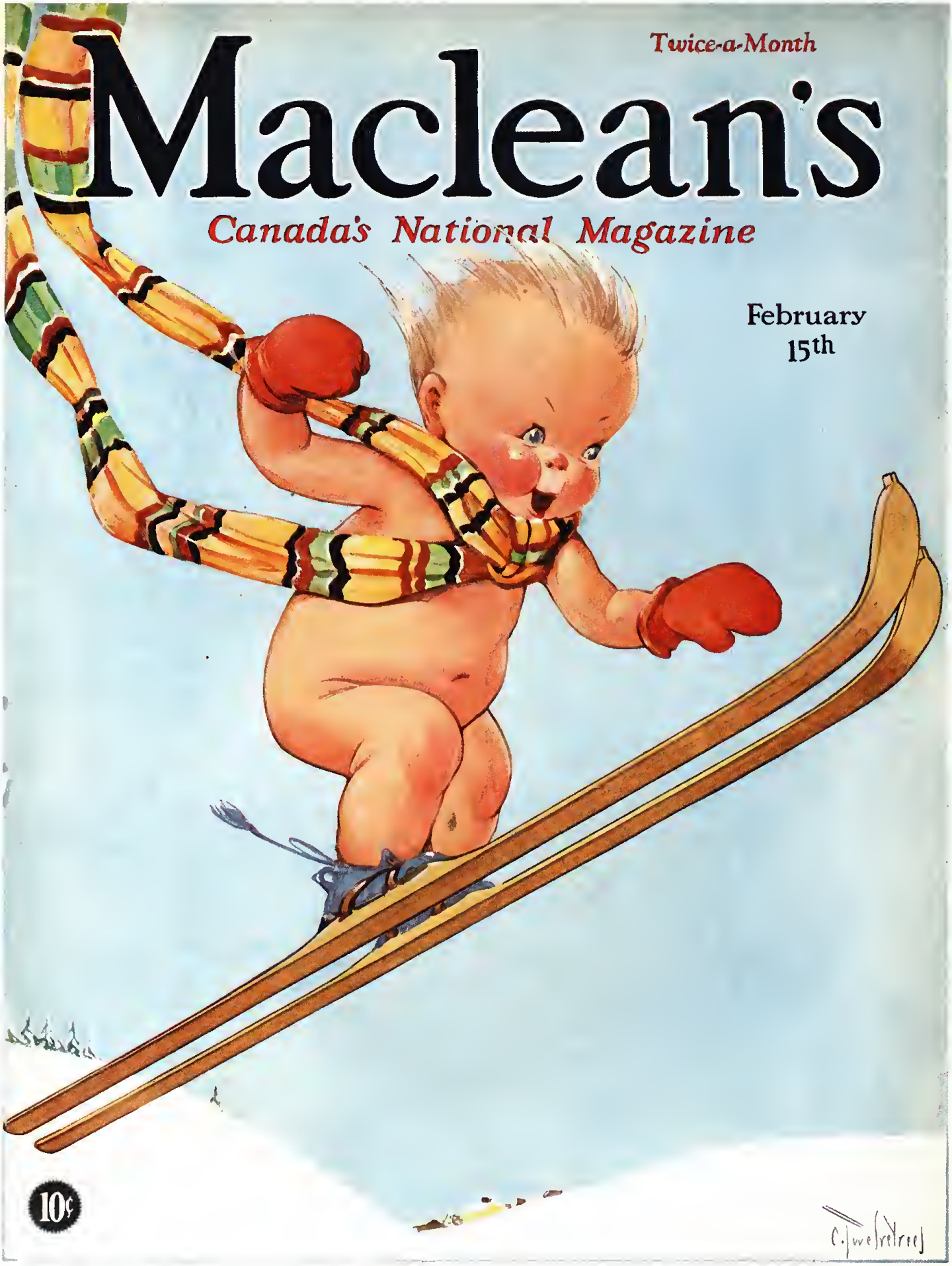
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Canada's National Magazine

February 15th



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In This Issue: "Russia As I Saw It"— By Frederick E. Robson

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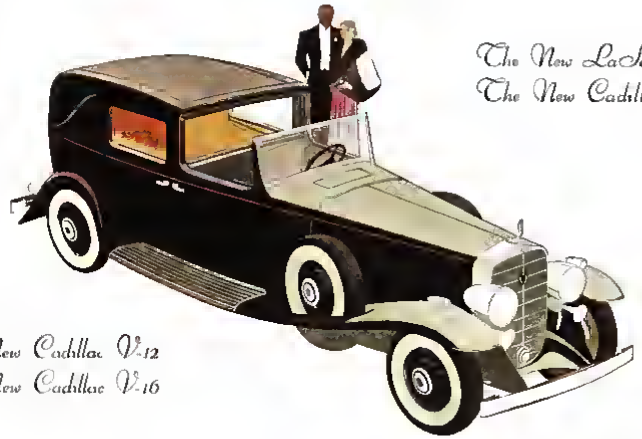
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143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA
JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President
M. T. ISUNTER, Vice-President H. V. TYRRELL, General Manager
Publishers of Maclean's Magazine The Chatelaine Canadian Homes and Gardens Mayfair The Financial Post, Business and Motor, Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine, Canadian Grocer, Drug Merchandising, Dry Goods Review, Hotel-a-Week Review Foodteller & Waitress Canadian Machinery Power House Canadian Printer and Publisher Canadian Automotive Trade, Bus and Truck Transport in Canada, The General Merchant Sanitary Engineer Canadian Advertising Rate.



The Story of the Sewing Machine

A long time ago before people got clean
They damaged them fingers and bleared their eyes,
Sewing by hand everything that they wore
Don't you think that was labor
Was anthem a knee?
Now it is difficult, oh heroes we don't harass,
Yet are sewing at home
Reads sewing from Paris



THE first inkling of such a thing as a sewing machine developed in 1755 when Weisenthal patented the double pointed needle which is the essential feature of our present-day sewing machine. In England in 1790 a man named Saint patented a machine described as one for stitching quilting or sewing. It was also equipped with an awl for leather stitching.

It was not until 1830 that the first real working machine was brought into being. A French tailor, Thimmonier, was the creator and in 1841 he had an establishment in Paris with over eighty machines busy making army clothing. Then as now unemployment was rife and angry workers thinking the machine a device to rob them of labor, wrecked the factory and nearly killed the inventor.

To America belongs the honor of the pointed needle and double thread or lock stitch invention. In 1832 Walter Hunt of New York patented the needle and in 1846 Elias Howe patented the first lock stitch machine. It was used primarily for stitching gloves and corsets. Later in 1851 Isaac Merritt Singer patented his machine, probably the nearest to the present day machine then designed.



The home sewing machine of today, a handsome piece of furniture as well as a swift sure friend to the seamstress is far removed from the all wood cumbersome contraption of a century ago. It has taken a full century to bring these sewing machines into their proper sphere.

Now over 2,000 types of these machines are used—for the making of clothing, boots and shoes, hats, corsets, hosiery and many other things.

The home sewing machine, easily operated, is a great boon to the average woman. Not only is it useful for making children's clothes, hemming curtains and table and bed linens, but it also is the chief aid when dressmaking of a serious nature is on hand.



There are many assets possessed by the sewing machine. Patterns tempt one to try Paris creations at home, while cutting service in the modern stores does away with a natural timidity to cut into materials. Then too the easy fashions that are aided and abetted by such marvellous materials on sale in every silk shop and department store, make brave couturières out of even the most timid home sewer.

Far removed from its origin is the easily run, simply constructed sewing machine of this age and generation. For simple sewing or for intricate work which is made possible by proved attachments the sewing machine of today has transformed the careful needlewoman into an expert designer and dressmaker.

The electric machine as a final boon has eliminated all the labor and left only the fun in the home sewer.

BRANCH OFFICES: 1070 Bleury St., Montreal; 620 Lexington Ave., New York; 518 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 384 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco.

EUROPEAN OFFICE: The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, The Bus of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1, England.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In Canada and all other parts of British Empire, $2.00 (U.S. $2.00) per year. United States and Mexico, $3.50 (other countries, $4.00 (U.S. $4.00) per year.
Single Copies: In Canada, Ten Cents. In Great Britain, One Shilling.
Note: If correct amount not remitted, we will bill for difference as it is small help in filling orders.
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Maclean's
PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editor
GEORGE H. TYRRELL, Business Manager

Vol. 45 FEBRUARY 15, 1932 No. 4

Cover painted by C. H. TWOMEY.

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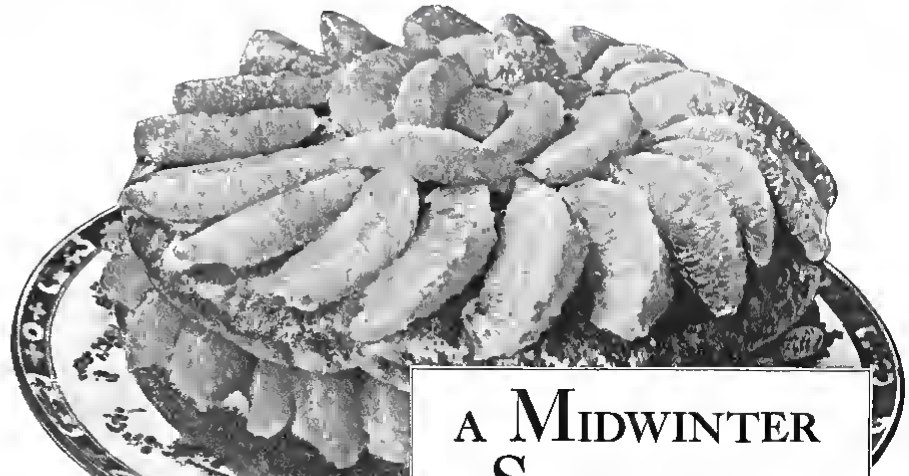
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A MIDWINTER SHORTCAKE

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2 cups pastry flour*
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
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About ¾ cup milk

Sift dry ingredients; cut in shortening till very fine; add milk to make a soft dough. Turn dough on to a floured board and shape into a round cake about 1 inch thick. Bake in a lightly greased layer cake tin or on a baking sheet in a hot oven (475° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Split and butter while hot. Place whole sections of seedless oranges free from skin between layers and on top of cake. Sift powdered sugar over top and serve with whipped cream or orange sauce if desired.

*When bread flour is used, for best results replace each cupful of pastry flour specified in the above recipe with ⅞ cup of bread flour.

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In the Editor's Confidence



¶ WHEN Frederick E. Robson got back from Russia, he was invited by T. P. Loblaw to spend a week-end at the latter's Ontario farm. On the Sunday evening his host said casually: "I've asked a few neighbors to drop in tonight. They'd like to hear something about Russia."

When, later, Robson came downstairs, he was amazed to find 150 people assembled in the living room. Most of them had driven considerable distances. From farm to farm the word had travelled that over at Loblaw's place there was a man who had been to Russia. Right away the trek started.

A few nights later, the members of a Toronto club were told that Fred Robson would be there that night and would chat informally about Russia. When he arrived, the club was packed. For hours he stood answering the questions of men engaged in varied lines of business.

In short, whatever disagreement there may be over the policies of the Soviet, there can be no doubt as to the universal interest shown in the colossal experiment being conducted under the name of Communism. So full, much of the mass of material written concerning Russia has dealt with the economic theories and practices of the Five Year Plan. In the series of articles, "Russia As I Saw It," which commences in this issue of *Maclean's*, Mr. Robson answers many of the questions which have gone unanswered. He tells in simple style just what life generally is like. In Leningrad, Moscow, Nishni Novgorod, Auto-Stroi Stalingrad, Rostov, Kief, Tiflis, Odessa and numerous other places, in factories, on farms, in courts, prisons and in homes he moved and talked freely. His impressions and, later, his conclusions, have added value because of his own experience in business and social work. He has organized large chains of Canadian stores. Three recent years were spent in a world tour on behalf of a group of British manufacturers by whom he is retained as adviser. For five years he was president of the Big Brotherhood, and another five years were spent as president of the Central Neighborhood Home in Toronto, an institution which teaches Canadian citizenship to the foreigner. He isn't dogmatic about anything least of all about Russia. Which makes his story all the more interesting.

Boar-sticking vs Ping-Pong

¶ WHEN, in a recent issue, we made the cowardly confession that we would rather play ping-pong than risk our precious neck on skis, we aroused the ire of a retired Indian army officer on Vancouver Island. From him we received an epistle so combustible that when the envelope was opened the office sprinkler system went into action. We gather that compared with the Anglo-Indian sport of wild boar sticking-skiing rinks with Postman's Knock. By an odd coincidence, we present in this issue a fiction story, "Fear," which concerns single-handed combat with a wild boar. It was written by another Vancouver Islander, Major Allan Swinton, who also knows India pretty well. We took one look at the hero depicted by Ralph Coleman on page ten and are dedicated ourselves to ping-pong. Ceriven that we are!

Where Money Goes and is Kept

¶ ONE of the things for which we are constantly striving is to keep our editorial contents well balanced (that is to say the contents of the magazine). If we tell you where a lot of this country's money has gone, we lose no time at all in telling where a lot more is kept.

On page sixteen, Gillis Purcell makes a report concerning Canada's investment in Manitoba's new seaport, Fort Churchill. What the ultimate return on that investment will be, time alone will tell. Meanwhile, on the opposite page, it is soothing to read Grant Dexter's story of our national cashbox at Ottawa and of the three billion dollars worth of gold, bonds, etc., tucked away under the rock of Parliament Hill. Mr. Dexter, who is press gallery correspondent of the *Manitoba Free Press*, must be one of very few newspapermen who has actually looked at three billion dollars. Most of us consider three dollars somewhat of a spectacle. Mr. Purcell is on the staff of the Canadian Press.

There must be something of a thrill in looking after the aforementioned billions, but the government officials in charge of it seem to regard their jobs quite placidly. For real adventure in the handling of money we have to go back to those pioneering days when banks were established in tents and barrooms. On page twenty, E. E. Pugsley introduces us to William Godfrey, of Vancouver, who, after half a century of banking experience, has a fund of exciting reminiscences.

The Uses of Monte Carlo

¶ WRITING of places where money goes, there is, of course, Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo has two principal uses. It provides facilities for gambling, and it provides plots for novelists and short-story writers. We do not complain. Such goings-on as A. A. Irvine describes in "Account Squared" (page eighteen) wouldn't have half the fascination were they perpetrated elsewhere.



ALLAN SWINTON

From a certain chiropractor has come a letter in which he complains that while he has read *Maclean's* for many years he has yet to come across a story in which a chiropractor is the hero. That is true. But we feel sure he will enjoy both "Account Squared" and "Halfway House," by Louis Arthur Cunningham. Neither has a chiropractor as a hero, but both stories have a novel twist at the end.

Though months have passed since the Detroit Harmsworth Trophy motor boat race, the Gar Wood-Kaye Don episode is still discussed when sportsmen meet. On page twenty-one Vernon McKenzie recalls that, less than a decade ago, a well-known Canadian motor boating enthusiast turned the tables neatly on Gar Wood. Which leads to an examination of what constitutes good sportsmanship in various forms of sport. There are as many differences as there are sports.

Yes, Bird Will Cover the Whole Front

¶ A GREAT many ex-soldiers have sent in enquiries to be forwarded to Will R. Bird, whose story of the old front revisited is now being presented in *Maclean's*. In his subsequent articles, Mr. Bird will endeavor to give the information asked for. In spite of previous announcements, not a few "old sweats" appear to fear that Bird will miss this, that, or the other sector. He won't. He has spent four months on the job, and if he has missed an inch of the territory traversed by the Canadian forces it will be only because it isn't there any more. To those who have asked for pictures of Regina Trench as it is today we have to state that it is completely obliterated and there is nothing to photograph that would mean a thing.

Next Issue

¶ SO FAR as our next issue is concerned it is only lack of space that cramps our enthusiasm. There will be fiction by Sir Phillip Gibbs, Bernard J. Farmer, Leslie McFarlane and Rayner Seelig, and a neat assortment of articles from which almost anybody can derive enlightenment, amusement and argument. We'll expect you.

H. Napier Moore



OCCASIONALLY some item other than clothing does engage the attention of the Locker-Room Talkers, but the silent verdict, — as evidenced by the choice of discriminating men, — is always in favor of CURRIE men's wear. Style, comfort, and the finest in materials and skilled workmanship, have made handkerchiefs, Snapeasy spats, CURRIE garters and suspenders, the famous Hickok Belt, CURRIE cravats and scarves, the standard of quality in Canada.

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ARE Frenchwomen MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN American Women?



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Mrs. James J. Cabot

of Boston and Paris

WHAT IS THE TRUTH? *Are Frenchwomen more attractive than American women?*

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Editor H. NAPIER MOORE **Maclean's** Associate Editor W. A. IRWIN

FEBRUARY 15 1932

What is life like in Russia? What is the average Russian home like? Here are the answers to these and a score of other absorbing questions concerning the land of the Soviets



Welcoming the first tractor to arrive at a collective farm



Facsimile of "Godless" the Russian anti religious journal.

Russia As I Saw It!

By FREDERICK E. ROBSON

ARMED with Soviet passports, English banknotes, American dollars, disinfectants, soap, food supplies, old clothes, cameras, letters of introduction, a Russian dictionary and open minds, my wife and I boarded the Soviet ship *Smolny* at the London Bridge docks. We were on our way to witness for ourselves the greatest economic revolution in history: to see for ourselves the Russian people, how they live, to find out what they are thinking.

For eight days we were to be aboard the *Smolny*, named after the institute in Leningrad which was Lenin's revolutionary headquarters and where Soviet was organized. Eight days of preliminary tuning in with the tempo of communistic thought.

To begin with, how was a Soviet ship run? This one was better than most cargo boats. Her upper deck had a lounge room with grand piano and gramophone. The dining room was spick and span with tables for forty passengers. The cabins contained two beds, a washstand, electric lights, an electric fan and a writing table. The deck below provided accommodation for the second class passengers, for there are class distinctions first second and third, even on a Soviet ship in regard to cabins but not in regard to food. For breakfast we got cold ham, Russian sprats, cheese, tea in a glass, black and white bread, sometimes eggs or wieners. Dinner, caviare, vegetable or fish soup, poultry or meat, curd tart or fruit, and tea and bread. Supper, the usual black and white bread and tea, rissoles, meat or fish, fruit or pastry. Four o'clock tea, the inevitable tea in a glass, and biscuits—the food was all right.

What was different from other ships? One noticed the lack of uniforms. Only the captain and the first officer wear uniforms, and the gold braid only goes halfway around the sleeve. Is that custom or Soviet economy? The thirteen young women who helped make up the total crew of thirty-eight were simple cotton dresses with handkerchiefs over their heads; the men whatever clothes they possessed.

After a few days travel you realize that you have never heard an order given. Is this because of the social parity of officers and crew, or because of the Soviet (council) of the crew arranging the work among themselves? In the stern of the ship is the Red Corner—two rooms, reserved for the crew, decorated with pictures of Marx, Lenin and Stalin, red propaganda posters, a wall newspaper, and military instruction sheets which included a rifle with all its parts separately placed and described, and bombs and gases separately placed and explained.

The passengers consisted of English and American economists, professors, engineers, students, trade investigators, reporters and authors, several Germans and a negro from Liberia. Corner conversations consisted of opinions on the Soviet plan. What quantities of food could you take in? Did you need disinfectants? And there was the usual kind of humor, such as the story about the guide claiming 300 per cent increase in production of a Soviet factory which afterward turned out to be making signs. Elevator not working.

Neinheve—No Matter

ON THE evening of the eighth day, having travelled 1,050 miles from London, calling at Hamburg for cargo, we passed Kronstadt and nosed our way into Leningrad. At 10:30 P. M. we were told to prepare to disembark. Lights glimmered along the various shore lines, large steamers were busy loading and unloading, riveting machines kept up a continuous clatter. Somebody said,



A Russian community dining room.



Old style Russian dwelling house.

Apartment houses are replacing the old style dwellings

Women are frequently seen on construction work

"This is Sunday night, isn't it?" and the reply came, "Yes, but not in Russia." They seem to be busy around here, don't they?" "Yes, very." But remember it's the only worthwhile port they've got.

The G.P.U. police came aboard and went to the captain's cabin. We sat in the smoking room. Midnight passed without inspection. 12.30 o'clock. 1.30. 2 o'clock. Then the captain came and simply said: "Good night," and we all turned back to our cabins with our first lesson in Russian casualness learned—a lesson to be repeated many times later—tho. Asiatic temperament *nerbevo.*

We were called up at 6.30 a.m. and got ashore at 9.30. At the Customs House the man in charge was a woman—as an Irish friend remarked. She wore a red handkerchief over her head and smoked a cigarette. Every piece of luggage was examined. Passports were marked with the amount of money each passenger possessed, number of camera, etc. Money was changed at nine rubles thirty kopecks to the pound, or one ruble ninety kopecks for a dollar, and a receipt given. You must not forget the official receipt or you can't spend the Russian money except in the open market at very high prices.

By eleven o'clock we were through inspection and then we stepped out into Russia, wide-eyed and expectant. Russia—the country of communistic ideals and proletarian propaganda, where anti-religious and contra-capitalistic feelings are loosed into revolutionary fervor—where ignorance and ideals play hide-and-seek—where vodka oblivion is the only escape from regulated state existence, where there are no blue Mondays or any other days in the week—simply a procession of June with a holiday every fifth day—where marriage and divorce are easier and take less time than changing a tire on a motor car—where there is a parity between man and woman, where Marx, Lenin and Stalin have replaced the ten commandments with a worship of dialectic materialism.

In setting forth any observations concerning the Russia of today, it is essential constantly to bear in mind the following:

We are dealing with a country covering one-sixth of the world's total land area, varying from the Arctic zone to semi-tropical latitudes.

A country of 182 different nationalities who were, until a few years ago, seventy-three per cent illiterate.

A country which is geographically, ethnologically and culturally the meeting ground of East and West, whose neighbors are Finns, Esthonians, Latvians, Poles, Roumanians, Bulgarians, Bessarabians, Turks, Persians, Afghanistans, Tibetans, Turkestans, Mongolians and Chinese.

A country where riches and elegant culture were the heritage of the few, and pitiable poverty and dark ignorance the common lot of the millions.

A country where religion and state had a joint control of the people that developed an utter corruption and the consequent repeated revolutions that culminated in the Red October of 1917.

Couple with these conditions the introduction of an entirely new and hitherto untried social reform which has to all intents and purposes practically

Eliminated private enterprise.
Eliminated commercial competition.
Eliminated class distinction excepting for the class war against intelligentsia, Independent farmers, clergy and, until recently, teachers.
Eliminated the days of the week, particularly Sundays, also Christmas and Easter.
Instituted a campaign which has practically effaced religion.
Eliminated wedding ceremonies, divorce difficulties, trials by jury etc., etc.

The new order of 2,000,000 communists, backed by its Red Army and 34,000,000 supporters, has conscripted the rest of the country of approximately 124,000,000 people. They are all working feverishly for the new socialism and world revolution.

In the building up of New Russia, or the Social Union, there are kaleidoscopic changes, new plans and contradictions in values that seem to necessitate continuous qualifications. This is well illustrated in learning the Russian language. In English, a table is a table or tables, but in Russian there are three genders, two numbers and six cases, thus necessitating the spelling of "table" in eleven different ways and the varying spelling of adjectives referring to the noble. There seems to be about twelve ways of viewing everything concerning Russia.

I shall try to present a word picture of the places and things we actually saw, together with the comments of the people, and leave it to the reader to form his or her own conclusion. Figures and statements have been checked as far as possible but must be regarded with such qualifications as would be applied to a country which has only recently emerged from revolution and is still in an intense atmosphere of war propaganda.

Leningrad

AN ENTOURIST motor whirls us along to the *Europe Hotel*. We are not fully prepared to find real roads and shops in this land of seeming unrealities, but there they are—empty straight cobblestone roads. What are all the large banners, white letters on red backgrounds? The guide translates. "Mobilize for action in the interest of Socialism." "Shock Brigaders—forward to Communistic Victory." "Fight the battle of Communism." "War against Capitalists." Note the military spirit and phraseology.

A lorry load of flour goes by, guarded by four soldiers. The flour and the soldiers are owned by the State.

The four story warehouses and shops still show evidence of the revolution. Windows are broken, doors are off their hinges, brickwork is crumbling. We have passed the Admiralty Building, the Technical School, Uritsky Square, and this is where the revolution centred around the Winter Palace, the home of the Czar, whose rooms are as he left them. Over yonder is where the peasants were shot down when they came to present a petition to the Czar. We pass the Red Army Arch leading to the Newsky Prospect, now called the 25th of October, and in a few minutes more we are at the *Europe*, for years the leading hotel in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad. We are shown to our room. It is large and airy, but the beds are iron. There are no pictures on the walls, no soap at the washstand, no towels. Towels will be brought later; they are liable to be stolen. There is no writing paper, and you must bring your own soap. The food in the restaurant includes eggs, white bread, cold chicken and fruit.

We go out and walk about the streets. The shops are dirty. The windows are cracked. The goods are grimy and faded; lights are dim. Everything repels rather than attracts. There are no advertisements because there is no competition. There is a shortage of goods. It is a privilege to be allowed to buy. Ninety per cent of all shop trading is in the hands of the Government Co-operative Association. Workers must buy from their own Co-operative. Tourists, or foreigners, must buy from Torgsin—a contraction of three words meaning trade with foreigners, controlled, of course, by Government. Torgsin shops are much the most attractive. You can only buy there if you show your receipt proving that you have changed your foreign money into rubles at the bank rate of nine rubles thirty kopecks to the pound, and each purchase is recorded on your receipt and deducted from the amount you have left to spend. There are many opportunities of getting thirty, forty or fifty rubles for a pound from illegal traders, but you cannot spend the money in Torgsin because you will not have any Government exchange receipt which they demand. You could, of course, spend illegally exchanged money for a few items such as fruit sold on the street, postage stamps etc., but use of such money is limited and no self-respecting tourist would break the law.

The streets are crowded with drably dressed workmen and women who stare at us. Despite the fact that we put on our oldest clothes, we are bourgeois, and we walk with a jaunty step. The Russian masses are stolid, curious, resigned and slow moving. If you want to collect a crowd, stop and read a letter. Soon you will have dozens about you trying to read the letter, too. Are they just curious, or does the community interest extend to personal letters? Almost everyone wore shoes and stockings even though they were often worn out, wrong size or patched up.

Police—pardon, comrade militiamen—are on all important corners. They all carry loaded revolvers, and have the right to impose and collect fines immediately. If you cross the road at the wrong place or throw papers or rubbish on the street, you pay. Along the 25th of October Street you see the modern red, green and white light traffic control signals, although there is very little traffic to control.

Official Prices

WE PASS many food queues, and our conversations with the people indicate that there is an acute shortage of what we call everyday needs but what they may call luxuries—lard sometimes tea, coffee, coal, clothing, pins and needles, tape, elastic etc. The food that you can buy easily consists of black bread, vegetables and sometimes meat, eggs and butter. People will tell you they work far harder shopping than at their regular jobs.

Official rations, supplied as and when available, were in October:

	Heavy Manual Workers	Light Manual Workers	Children
Bread per day	1.75 lbs.	.88 lbs.	.88 lbs
Barley per month	2.21 "	2.6 "	2.6 "
Meat per day	.44 "	.22 "	.22 "
Butter per month	.44 Gr. .88 lbs	.44 "	.44 "
Vegetable oils per month	.88 to 2.2 lbs.	.44 to .88 lbs	.88 "
Eggs per month	10	5	10
Sugar per month	3.3 lbs	0.3 lbs.	0.3 "
Tea per month	.33 "	.33 "	.33 "

Official Prices at Co-operative Shops

White bread	$0.021 per lb.
Rye	.014 " "
Flour	.04 " "
Rye flour	.021 " "
Meat	.265 " "
Butter	.66 " "
Salt	.01 " "
Tea	1.65 " "
Sugar	.16 " "
Potatoes	.015 " "
Milk	.12 per litre

Open-market prices, which are paid if you are not a member of the Co-operative or if there is a shortage at the Co-operative:

Butter 15 shillings a pound.

As and when available:

Bench cutting 10c. in Canada would cost $7 in Moscow.
Thin-soled boots from $4.66 to $8 a pair.
Cotton suits, from $4 to $7.6.
Typewriter secondhand, priced at $2,125.

Continued on page 35



A Russian Government radio station.

Women share the manual labor with the men.



Centre: Stalin, dictator of all the Russias. At right is Gorky.

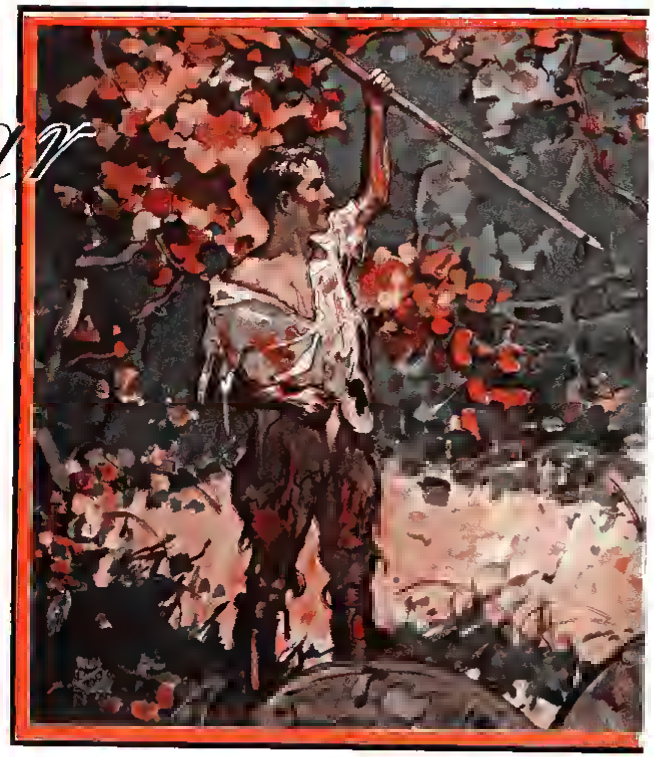


The factory newspaper is a glorified bulletin board.

Fear

By ALLAN SWINTON

A dramatic story of a fight against cowardice



His hat was gone and from breast to heels his clothing hung in tatters, but he stood upright with lance held high above his head.

THE six spears separated into two parties, or "heats," and Dillon himself, Hally, his troop leader, and Ressaldar Major Rukan Shah—dismounted to wait while the remaining three cantered to the far flank of the cover.

Southward billowed the tawny plain—stretches of rugged yellow earth interspersed with banks of sage-green thorn and swaths of golden *jhow* grass, girth high and rippling in the hot wind that breathed down in long slow gusts. Here and there were dusty green tree clumps and halfway to the horizon like a meandering strap of steel an arm of the Ganges gleamed in the savage sun.

The heat poured down like fluid. Horses champed and bridles jingled. High in the fierce blue of the Indian sky, kites wheeled and screamed. From the depths of the thick fort of bamboo and banyan by which they waited came faint but clear the rattle of the beaters' sticks, bellow of conches and yelping of mongrel dogs.

John Dillon breathed deep the hot dry air acrid with the smell of horse sweat and dust and bamboo blossoms, and was thrilled. It was good to be twenty just to have joined a regiment with which your father had made history and to be waiting with a fine horse nuzzling your shoulder for your first pig-sticking.

Dillon was lithe dark and slender, with a clear olive skin, the fine-carved features of high breeding, and steady wide blue eyes.

Ressaldar Major Rukan Shah eyed him approvingly. A whelp of his father's stran- this one even to the taste in horses shown by the raking bay that pawed and fretted at his bridle hand. The grizzled fighting man from beyond the Khyber said:

"Huzoor forty years past come Ramadan your father killed the great boar of Kantagarh on foot with two feet of a broken spear, half his own ribs stoved in and his gutted horse dead beside him. Returning home we passed this very place, on an elephant. I bid him in my arms to ease the jolts and the boar was behind us, on the crupper. He was as you are now, like as two peas in a pod save that he was heavier. Your figure is of your mother. She was a slim one."

Dillon looked up at the old Pathan with his raw boned bulk, full beard, hook nose and eagle eye and smiled. Before he could reply there was a whirr of wings and a peacock with three hens burst out, wheeled and sailed down the jungle face to pitch in again far down.

"Aha! Dekho!" Rukna Shah pointed. A hundred yards away, a black beast followed by a dozen smaller ones was trotting across the open toward a patch of *jhow*. "Sow Sahib with *butches*. The boars wait behind to guard them as they run."

Monkeys now showed on the jungle face. Pheasant and peafowl broke intermittently. A deer trotted out, saw the waiting group and fled in huge bounds, its blown chaste down for the nearest cover. Four more old sows with trailing broods appeared, till the ground between the two groups of horsemen seemed black with scurrying swine.

Now the other beat mounted and headed away to where their boar had broken on the other side. Hally called: "Here he comes, Dillon!" Hally was a quiet, fair man—sunburned and soldierly—a famous hog spear. He spoke with that quiet satisfaction which is the greatest display of feeling that his type permits itself: "Wait now, case he breaks back."

Into the open, two hundred yards away, trotted a boar, high humped and grey and lean.

When he was well clear of the cover Hally called: "All set!" They swung into the saddle and Hally led at a smart canter to get between the beast and cover. Then he turned in the saddle and grinned: "All right, young 'un. Don't forget what you've been told!"

Dillon waved his knobby hafted hog spear and nodded and the three swung into line and let out the horses. The boar, seeing them now pursuing him, broke into a gallop.

It was tricky riding, over rough stony ground, down through dry watercourses, plunging blindly and belly deep in rustling grass. The sun burned down. Dillon was wet with sweat. The reek of his horse and the fine yellow dust stung his nostrils. But his spirit soared. This was living!

THE boar was working out toward the right. Hally sparred wide to head him off. It was clear the troop commander would have first spear. He was right on the grey brute's tail when it jinked—that lightning right-angle turn which is the wild pig's forte. In the same instant Hally flung himself along his horse's neck in a long spear thrust.

But his steel only found the bristle on the lean, grey hump. That angered the boar. He stopped to furrow the ground with yellow tushes. There was loam on his jaws. His small eyes glowered. Rukan Shah thundered at him point down, arm set like steel. But at the last instant the beast wheeled cleverly so that the horse passed on the near side before the Ressaldar could bring his spear over.

Hally had circled to come at the boar head on. It was now thoroughly roused and backed up a dozen yards, grunting furiously then put down its head and charged. Hally met it in full career. There was a long savage squeal, a clatter and a cloud of dust and flying stones; then Hally's pony was on its haunches as he pulled it up, and the boar was struggling on the ground with the spear sunk between neck and shoulder, two feet into its vitals. A perfect thrust. Before they reached him he was dead.

Thrilled to the marrow, his eyes bright and the sweat channelling his dusty face, Dillon cantered up. But Rukan Shah hailed him. "Sahib! No time to waste! Look there!" Off to the flank, trotting alone and deliberately across the open, was a big old boar. Hally his foot on his game as he wrenched at his blood-stained spear, waved where they galloped past.

Hearing the hoofs, the boar glanced sideways but did not condescend to hurry. Rukan Shah pulled his horse and signalled Dillon on. The newest officer of the Usbeg Lancers sat down and rode at his first boar, striving to remember all he had been told about the technique of pig-sticking. To spear a fleeing boar you thrust three inches from the spine halfway between hip and shoulder.

His mouth was dry and his grip on his spear desperate. Jafar, his horse, was going magnificently. Now the boar started to gallop, but when he let Jafar out Dillon overhauled him fast. The lumbering grey beast was but five lengths ahead. Dillon could see the grotesque snout, the long yellow tushes and the ridiculous curly tail. Its hump was as high as his startup. Fixing his eyes on the proper spot, he thrust. But he was a green hand. The spear struck the solid hump and the impact wrenched his wrist. The boar grunted furiously, jinked, then stopped and bucked and squealed with rage. Rukan Shah was holding off watching with steady eyes the son of his old friend and commander spearing his first boar as his father during his time with the regiment had speared over three hundred. And watching gleefully at the edge of the cover their drive finished, now appeared the beaters—a mob of black and wild-haired villagers, with a sprinkling of olive skinned tall *sowars* of the regiment who had come out for the sport of it.

The boar was nothing loth to fight. He backed in his tracks and gushed the earth with furious tushes. Dillon wheeled and ordered him on; he had seen Hally do, and at once the beast charged.

Dillon held his spear for the junction of neck and shoulder. But he was too low. A flirt of the foaming jowl knocked aside the point and they passed full speed.

With a curse he was beginning to wheel Jafar when that hig-hibred beast put his foot in a hole and turned a complete somersault. Dillon found himself flat on his back smothered with dust and winded but unhurt. Where was that boar? Spitting out dust he scrambled to his feet and grabbed his spear. The boar had turned and was coming at him like a bullet. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Rukna Shah riding to intercept it. But the pig would reach him first.

He had been schooled by old hands for just such an emergency. He must find that spot this time, though. One savage jerk of those yellow tushes.... Planting his feet squarely he presented his spear, bracing himself for the impact.

Dillon was quite collected, his point held low and steady. He would not miss this time. He knew that now. His universe focused down to a small ring of stony ground about a galloping grey brute with razor hump and slavered snout and glowering and evil eyes.

Precisely what happened after that Dillon never knew. He remembered a queer sensation that swelled in his middle and seeing the malevolent advancing head grow and grow till it appeared to tower over him like an elephant's. The next thing of which he was conscious was running for his life over the stony ground. He had flung his spear away. Cold terror rode him. The enraged boar was snarling at his heels. There came a clatter of hoofs from one side, a thud, squeals and wild scuffling, and over his shoulder he saw the boar kicking its life out in a cloud of dust, transfixed by the spear of Rukan Shah.

Se Dillon stopped and stood staring and wondering at his empty hands which should have held a spear. Rukan Shah had dismounted and was standing with bent head looking down at the boar. Hally, who had arrived at the last moment, dropped to earth beside him. In the fringe of bamboo where the beaters stood a muscular black Chumar with a great mop of hair said laughingly:

"A tame pig would be better for the young sahibs of this regiment!"

A *sowar*, Amin Khan, wheeled on the Chumar like a wolf and stretched him senseless in the brush with a blow of the staff he carried. "And Shere Ali Baksh called! Low but very clear.

"Such another word from any dog of you, and I tear his windpipe from his stinking carcase!"

The *sowars*, twenty odd of them, drew together in a tight, silent knot, watching the three officers.

Dillon walked slowly to where Rukna Shah and Hally stood by the grey carcass. He said in a strange quiet voice:

"I can't understand what happened."

There was an awkward silence. Then Hally said very self-consciously: "Might have happened to anyone, Dillon."

Rukna Shah said nothing. But he bent the stiff spear shaft in his hands as if it were a twig, and looked at Dillon with hot, amber eyes bereft of all emotion.

Now the other beat cantered up, including the colonel.

"Well done, you three. Did you blood your spear, Dillon?"

Rukan Shah said:

"Dillon sahib blooded his spear, huzoor. Did you kill?"

"A brace, like you. Too bad we've so little time at this camp."

The regiment was on the march and happening to halt near this famous pig cover, they had seized the chance for just one beat before the sun went down. They were to move on next day.

THE sun was sinking as they trotted through the scrub across the tawny plain, forded the stream and climbed the path to their camp atop the slope among bamboo and tamarisk. There were the lines of restless horses, with the pennoned lances tripod wise behind them, the small tents of the *sowars* and a little apart, the officers' lines and the big mess tent. Beyond, on a still higher slope, were the dun lines of camels of the Silh Camel Corps with which the Lancers had been exercising.

Dillon slipped from Jafar's saddle and let the groom take him away. For the best part in his life he had no interest in horseflesh. He went to his tent and flung himself on his cot. Pirtom, his Hindu servant, came and began to remove his boots, while the long-clothed brown water carrier filled his canvas bath. Dillon was not thinking. He was conscious solely of physical unhappiness. He, Johnny Dillon, son of John Dillon who for twenty years had led this regiment, had in the sight of his men thrown his spear away and fled in panic from a wild pig's charge!

His conscious memory retained no recollection of himself when as a tiny child he had been left by a lazy nurse alone in an English farmyard and an ancient sow, hot in defense of her new born litter, had knocked him down with an angry snout, to stand over him, grunting her indignation. But buried deep in his subconscious mind had slept the terror born that day, to wake, in the face of the wild boar's charge, to shuddering life and make a coward of him. Once it was roused it did not sink again, and even now as he lay in his cot, the thought of that savage head hurtling down on him turned his heart cold.

Outside the trumpets pealed yearning and clear. That was a sound that all his life had thrilled him inexpressibly. But tonight the silver call made him shrink in shame. They were the regimental trumpets, voice of its spirit, and he remembered the look in Rukan Shah's hot amber eyes. Hally's acute distress, and the sidelong incredulous fierce looks of twenty Pathan fighting men to whom his father's name was sacred.

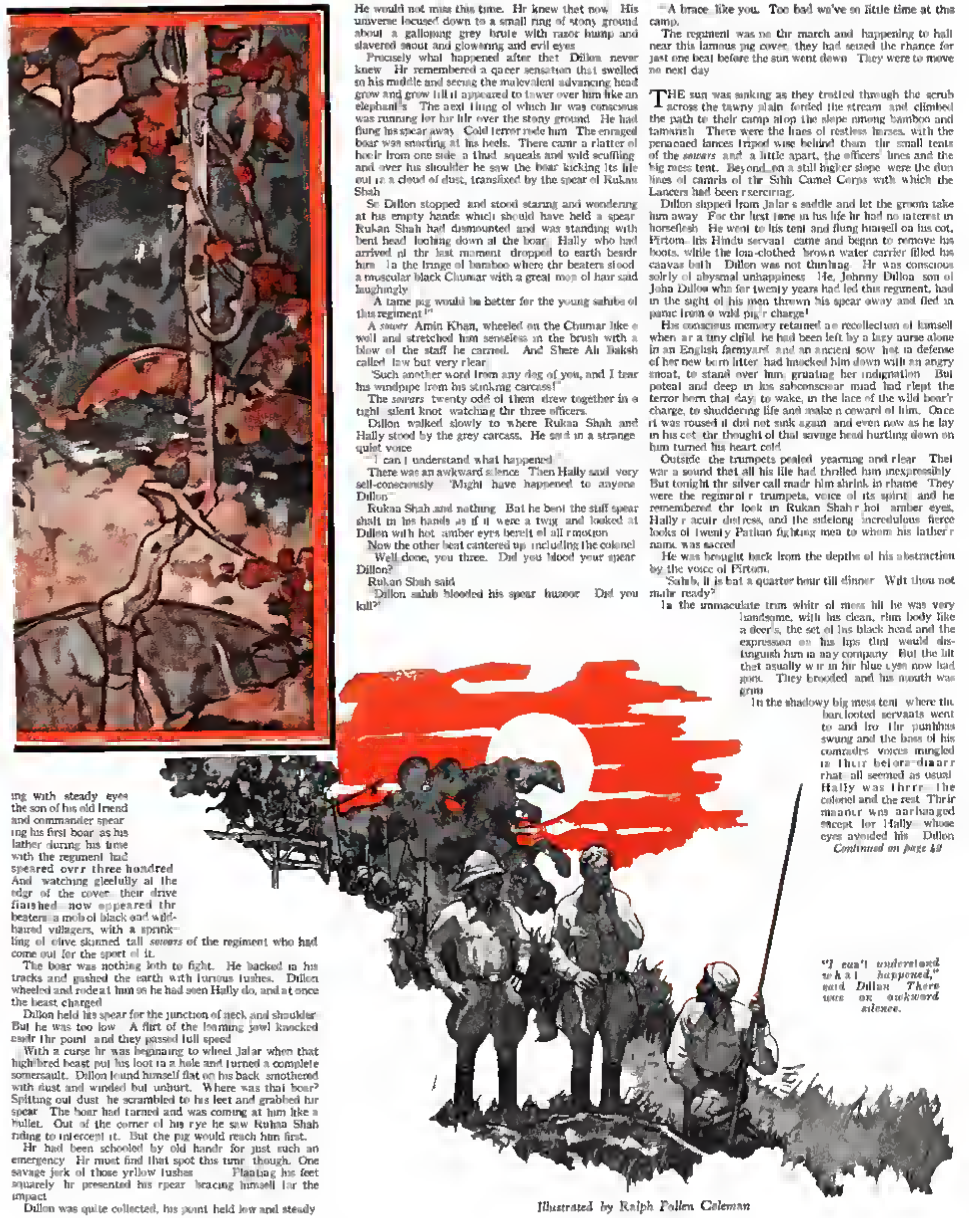
He was brought back from the depths of his abstraction by the voice of Pirtom.

"Sahib, it is but a quarter hour till dinner. Wilt thou not make ready?"

In the immaculate trim white of mess kit he was very handsome, with his clean, slim body like a deer's, the set of his black head and the expression on his lips that would distinguish him in any company. But the lift that usually was in his blue eyes now had gone. They brooded and his mouth was grim.

In the shadowy big mess tent where the barefooted servants went to and fro the punkahs swung and the buzz of his comrades' voices mingled in their behind-the-barrack chat all seemed as usual. Hally was there, the colonel and the rest. Their manner was unchanged except for Hally, whose eyes avoided his. Dillon

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"I can't understand what happened," said Dillon. There was an awkward silence.

Illustrated by Ralph Fallen Coleman



Soldiers' graves are on each side of the church in Locre

THIRTEEN YEARS AFTER

By WILL R. BIRD

Old memories are revived as the author sits in a war-time estaminet and talks with "Madame," who remembers—and weeps

AT WULVERGHEM just on the outskirts a small boy was speaking in English so I stopped to chat with him and to discover who he was. His father was a Canadian and I met him. He had married a Belgian girl and from what I gathered, her father had established him very snugly, giving him a good farm and home and all that is necessary to make a comfortable living in Belgium. The Canadian had taught his children three of them, to speak English. I met his wife a very good-looking woman, and she spoke perfect English. They used it in their conversation always, though her parents spoke only French.

He told me that he had been with the 26th Battalion at the attack on Sanctuary Wood. He said they had found no wounded Germans in a dugout. An unwounded man had stayed with them looking after them. He told about being at the Palmer Baths below Neuve Eglise when Fritz started shelling a sausage balloon that was aloft quite near. One of the first shells whistled in between the bath house and another building and exploded, demolishing the unoccupied place. Another shell followed the first one. In three seconds the road leading up to Neuve Eglise was a mere track for more than fifty naked men. Very few stopped to snatch up a shirt or towel. He told me that other veterans of the first division said that the Germans used to have civilians in the front line over at Birthday Farm that they had been seen pointing out landmarks to the enemy. He seemed very anxious to talk about Canada but would not tell the name of his home town, and so I left him to his mangels.



Seige Farm was once used as a battalion reserve

Going on toward Kemmel by way of Dayfight Corner and Lindenhoek, it was all a marvellous landscape. All the farms seemed very prosperous. Great fat cattle fed in the pastures. Flocks of white poultry and special pens for them were everywhere. Crows flapped in the distance, going toward Mont Kemmel. Pigeons wheeled in groups of twenty or thirty and bark of every barn, a dozen huge pigs rooted in the soft black earth. Mont Kemmel is prettier than any painting. It is a perfect harmony of color. Greens, golds, browns, crimsons, all the tints of autumn are there in the leafy woods that mantle the hillside and cover every sign of war. The shading in the long afternoon shadows, is beyond words.

Kemmel itself is picturesque by far the finest village I have encountered. It is very clean a place of hedges and gardens and neat tiled walks. There is a park with pretty lawns and pools and rustic bridges, and a cosy hotel with a row of palms in tubs outside. The square is a beautiful lawn with trees set all around it in splendid taste, and there is a pavilion at one end. A huge chateau and well kept grounds and stables add to the lure of the place, and every tourist must linger longer in Kemmel than elsewhere. The chateau, they told me, belongs to a man who made a fortune in fertilizer.

Seige Farm and Mont Kemmel

I WENT down the road to Seige Farm to that sector where the 25th Battalion had its breaking in. La Laiterie Cemetery on the Kemmel Werstraat Road is ample proof that they were there. It seems that half the graves there are of fallen men from the 5th Brigade. There is no trace of war that I could find in that district. Where the old line ran is a plowed field and there are many trees about, a most pleasant countryside. Petit Bois is a dark green in the late afternoon and there are no marks of where Turner Town or Halifax Heights used to be.

I tried to go to Seige Farm but the farmer there was very sullen and the gardener advised me that he did not care for Canadians. It seems there was something about a white horse being used on certain days to make a number of turns across the field, just a small strip of plowing, then another horse would be used. The shelling of the enemy was very accurate, and so someone got suspicious of the farmer and he was taken away—never to return. At least that is the story that was told to me, and the present farmer certainly acts as if it were true.

During the second top of the 25th Battalion to the line, the enemy mined the front trench and wiped out a platoon of B company, my brother being among the number. But reinforcements were rushed up and the enemy did not gain any ground by his work. Seige Farm was used as the battalion reserve and Shatter House was on the V. C. Road.

There is a story of that frontage told me by an ex-25th man of an imperial battery position to the right of Seige Farm of Dinky Copse, a small wood to the right of the gunners, and a pig. Fifteen platoons had done its tour at Seige Farm where the plot was laid and three men were elected to purloin a choice porker property of the farmer there. They decided that the best time to take the pig would be when number four platoon took over. A Company would then get the credit for the deed. A pen was built in Dinky Copse in which the pig would be placed until needed. Then the pig men came from the support line in the dark of night and captured their booty without a single mishap. On their way to the hiding place at Dinky Copse they went past the battery position and here the porker managed to give feeble protest. No alarm was raised but when the men went to Dinky Copse the next night the pig had vanished. A systematic search was made and they were on the point of quitting when they heard something in an old cellar, the pig, nicely bedded and well fed. Mister pig had another trip. He was taken up to Shatter House and placed in that cellar and the best accommodations provided.

The next night, with sharpened knives and hot water in dixies a determined quartet went to Shatter House and there committed cruel murder. There was no squeal but the enemy somehow developed sympathy for the murdered one and strafed Shatter House, and one of the killers received an O. K. blighty. All the discarded parts of the pig were placed in a sandbag and the needed parts in various carriers. The discards were thrown just in the rear of the battery position—and found there by the irate farmer. The gunners paid for the pig. Fourteen platoons had a feast of fresh pork.

It was on that front that the German snipers had different caps. They used black ones when shooting over black sandbags, and had grey ones for grey bags, and so on—a cap to match any parapet. The Germans had stoves in the front trenches to do their cooking, and the smoke shots of the 5th Brigade shot away stove pipes and scattered earth from the parapets on all preparations until Otto had to desist from front-line cookery. It was in that Kemmel sector that three scouts of the 24th Battalion saw an enemy patrol. One of the prowlers was about twenty yards from the rest and the three scouts skilfully cut him off from his fellows and brought him in a prisoner without any trouble.

I climbed up Mont Kemmel. When you get among the trees and bushes you discover that they hide many old scars and signs of war. Many traces of the old dugouts and constructed places are there and a man told me that two years after the war ended a heavy rain washed dead men from a gully and revealed a cutting full of mangled remains and weapons and equipment.

At the top one has a view unrivalled in Belgium. Up there looking over all Flanders and part of France, I remembered Edmund Blunden's quoting from a book of 1837 entitled "A Saunter in Belgium." The traveller looks over the Salient from Hooge and writes: "Tall spires peaked roofs and crowded houses—the hurtle and the business of human life in full activity; pearrful homesteads—white villages glistening in the warm sunshine—orchards teeming with golden fruit—and hither and thither the gleam of a piece of water." I spent an entire day on these hills and I regretted when night obliged me to leave them by shrouding the sweet scene below from my view.

And that is what one sees there at Mont Kemmel: a hundred steeples, bared to view. One seems to be looking over an entire nation, so many are the towns and villages, the ruffless red and dark roofs, the miter of cobbled roadway, the bright thread of streams.

An Odd Bathhouse

COMING down from the hill I found a road leading to Locre, a delightful narrow lane that winds in and out of fairy scenes, past small cottages surrounded by trim hedges, in and out of groves where the trees hang over the roadway. Soon Mont des Cat is looking down on one, and there are long openings of green grass and brown earth, squares of dark trees, hop poles, a grand farm, a shrine in a quiet corner, a demarcation stone. Then we are going in to Locre, and a huge building over on the left is a hospice or old man's home.

Locre is no bill with a cemetery fairly leaping at one from the centre of the town, an ill-kept place spoiling completely all first impressions. Cafés are full of chattering men and women—no one seems at work—and a few buses roar into the grand place and take on a few passengers. There are two small plots of soldiers' graves on each side of the church and the few narrow streets wind around in a bewildering manner.

From Locre it is not a long run into Bailleul, a place of crowded brand new buildings and quite a businesslike atmosphere. It seems busier than most of the Belgian towns. The British guns demolished the town after the enemy had occupied it, and made a thorough job of it. I asked at many places for original owners, but could not find any until I met a cemetery caretaker who had been one of the two last men to leave Bailleul before the Germans entered.

He and a helper were at a small canteen when the people began to leave. Word spread rapidly that the enemy was very near, and the flight was headlong. Shops and homes were left as they were, and down at the Australian stores all was deserted. He and his mate went there and selected all the best breeches, underwear and socks that they could carry. Then the other man paused and eyed the shops. The nearest was a jewellery store and the window was full of rings, watches, etc. The owner had not even locked the door before he ran. The soldier went inside with a kit bag and filled it with all he could carry—a small fortune—then they left, and not a half hour too soon. By nightfall Fritz and Otto were having a wonderful time collecting booty. The soldier with his rings and watches, got away all right and turned them into money and today is running a small business in France not far from where old Dame Fortune smiled on him.

My friend told me of a couple of stout French girls who made money very rapidly in Bailleul. There were, of course, the usual egg and chip places, small gold mines in their way, but these girls had a brighter idea. They opened a "bathhouse." Any soldier appreciated a chance to have a bath where there was plenty of warm water and soap, and when there was added to it the saving of all labor, well.

These girls charged a rather high price, ten francs, but they always had more trade than they could handle. They prepared buckets of soft soap and had large soft brushes, somewhat like whitewash brushes. The soldier paid his money and took his place standing, in a huge, but rather shallow tub. He simply stood and kept his gaze on the ceiling. The two girls handled the brushes. They dipped them in the soft soap and applied it. Then the clothes and towels were used, and the customer stood forth more thoroughly cleansed than ever he had been at any army bath. The girls were busky adept at their work, and would have no loafing. Someone told a certain shy young padre that it was a bathhouse and he made no further enquiries. He paid his money and was somewhat astonished at being told to step in readiness. Not speaking French, he did not understand things until he found himself propelled into the tub and was smothered in soft soap. He struggled manfully but his efforts availed him not, and he went forth clean, but somewhat flustered.

During the time that the submarine peril was at its worst one of these gilded ones in the flight places had a brain wave. The result was that up into the fighting areas where the front line war always overlaid came men with paint and brushes, and they smeared strange signs in various places. Many veterans will remember coming them "Eat Less and Save Shipping." One of these artists decorated a wall on the way from Locre to Bailleul, and there the inscription remains.

Goldfish Canteen

BACK to Locre and to La Clytte. Passing Mont Rouge I saw six German dugouts with elaborate concrete entrances still intact on the hillside. La Clytte is a straggling little village of a poorer type. A man with a long pole of children in tow was walking up the road. There were

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Dickebusch, where the Canadians are remembered as free spenders



The Locre end hushes up Mont Kemmel hide many signs of war



At Vulverghem an ex-Canadian soldier is a prosperous farmer



Halfway House

By Louis Arthur Cunningham

The story of a lovely lady who found happiness by welcoming the unwelcome guest

WHEN Lydia Brander returned like some faded, wrinkled aristocrat bring tumbril-borne to the guillotine had been driven away by Jed Doherty a decrepit station hack, Mildred Raymond stood for several hungry moments at the grey stone steps of Halfway House. The keys of which—cellars, pantries, linen closets and all—jangled full pleasantly in the pocket of her brown jersey. In a few days, when her lawyers had completed the bargain, the deeds to it would accrue to her.

Halfway House, for a century and more had been the home of the Brandons. Long, low built of red brick with many gables and quaint, white-framed windows, with terraces and fairy garden nooks, with a solidly noisy little burn flowing through the dell behind it. Halfway House was much a home as Mildred Raymond had always dreamed of owning. True, it had taken a good part of her inheritance to purchase this house of dreams. But it was hers—hers wherein to rest after long years of looking after the invalid Peter Raymond, her uncle, years that robbed her of much of life's laughter of life's moonlit moments, and of warm whisperings to starry nights. But she was coming into her own now.

She turned—Jed's flivver was only a cloud of dust—and walked into Halfway House, its new owner. All about her in the dark, gleaming mahogany of chairs and hall stand, in the old prints on the oak panelled wall, in the soft, venerable rugs on the shining floor was the mellowness of age, the beauty that comes to a house in which people—strong, fine folk—have really lived.

As the Branders had lived. Mildred knew very little about them. She had first seen Halfway House, discovered there by an astounded, in the prosaic guise of a real estate agent, a fortnight ago. Lydia Brander, she lived there alone with a housekeeper of lifelong association, one Mary Mallock, who stayed on now with the new mistress and who lived in the history and tradition of the Branders. A buxom lavender-perfumed, white-old body Mrs. Mallock, an integral part of Halfway House, Mildred loved her.

THE new owner of all this beauty still a bit unable to adjust herself to the role of mistress, strolled into the long library that opened on the hall. There, in the red-brick hearth, flanked by gleaming brasses, a fire of rock maple burned, its light flickering on the ancient bindings of books caressing them as old friends who had long bided there. Mildred walked to the mantel, a little self-conscious as if still she were an interloper, to gaze at a picture. She hadn't dared to show curiosity about it or interest in it under the hawklike eye of Lydia Brander, but from the moment she first saw it those dark, smiling eyes of the portrayed man had challenged her—those fearless eyes and the lean, strong face and whimsical mouth. She had seen that face before in dreams and in reality. Once when Peter Raymond, ably then to travel, had taken her to the East, she had seen this man striding through the bazaars, tall and gaunt as an Arab, with glamor written as his fare and often in dreams.

Kit, was scrawled across the picture, just Kit. But he belonged in this old house. He was one of them. Mildred knew for in old Lydia Brander's eyes, in the proud way she held her white head, Mildred had seen this man again.

Kit, said Mildred aloud, cocking her own auburn head the better to study his features.

Pardon me, Miss Raymond. It was Mrs. Mallock, standing just within the library door. The old housekeeper's soft blue eyes wandered beyond Mildred's slowly crimsoning face, to rest for an affectionate moment on the picture of Christopher Branden. Later Lydia would send for it and such other intimate things as she wanted.

That's Mr. Kit, ma'am, said Mrs. Mallock as if Mildred had just questioned her. He's the only man of the family left, and only the good Lord knows where he'll be now. He is always been a wanderer from nearly in furnishings, comin' home for a few days now an' then. But he's not a wastrel, ma'am, not a never-do-well. The Brandons, save a very few, were all sea captains or soldiers or gipsies like Mr. Kit. But they were all fine an' noble gentlemen and he is the same.

"I have no doubt about it," agreed Mildred, wondering what Kit would think of her, of a stranger owning the house of his fathers. Yes, she could picture him very well in these built old surroundings, sprawling in the warm leather chairs, using the yellowed meerschaums and crusted old briar root pipes that lay on the mantel, riding down the woodland roads in those gold and scarlet days of autumn. He belonged here, she did not.

It is seven years," said Mrs. Mallock "since Mr. Kit were here, I am sure."

"He couldn't know about—this? About Halfway House being sold to me?"

No, ma'am. He's a poor hand at letters, and Miss Lydia never knew where to reach him. I guess that's just as well Miss Raymond."

He wouldn't like me to have it?"

He doesn't know you, ma'am. Since someone had to have the old place, we're glad it's you like you it won't change an' it won't suffer."

Nothing will be changed," said Mildred softly. "Not a book or a pipe or a picture. I love every inch of it, Mrs. Mallock."

The housekeeper thanked her with a look of old, complete understanding. Here was another who knew the charm and lift in her deep heart the spell of Halfway House. Well, indeed, that it had fallen to such as this soft-eyed, sweet faced girl who loved its repose its changelessness.

NEXT day Mildred drove at sunset time, to Riversdale Station to get some parcels that were coming out for her on the evening train. Across the river the sky was yellow, deepening to gold and flame where the river was losing itself in the shadows beyond the black hills above Moss Glen. The train roared out of the twilight, the baggageman handed her the parcels. She turned toward her car that stood motor humming softly on the gravel path by the tollike station. She turned, she stopped, she almost dropped the parcels. A tall young man in a careless suit of grey, with a black tie knotted in carelessly as the suit was donned, with a turned-down hat of grey felt, was standing on the platform. Mildred Raymond's heart beats quickened. It was he. Kit Branden. Home again, dropping down out of the years to revisit this place where he was born, to live again in the quiet rooms of Halfway House, to walk once more across the hills and fields he loved.

He saw her hesitate, walked over. There was no one else about. Jed Doherty never met this train. Passengers to Riverside were few at best and came usually at noon. Kit Brander removed his hat.

Pardon me," he said. He looked closely at her and recognition showed in the intentness of his eyes for a moment, then he recollected himself. Sorry," he said. I—for a moment I thought I knew you. That does sound like. Haven't I met you before? I know but I'm serious. My name is Branden. I belong at Halfway House and as there's no one about and it's six miles to go I was wondering if you would be so decent. I see you're pointed that way—as to tell Jed Doherty, supposing he's still living and he has still going, to come fetch me. And forgive my awful nerve won't you?"

Mildred looked from him to the car. She was strangely upset, very much at a loss to know just what to do. Clearly, he thought that Halfway House still belonged to his family. He hadn't been home for seven years and it would hurt both her and him to come out with the news, to say: Sorry but you know the place has been sold. I own it. No, she couldn't say that to Kit Branden. He had the air of the far traveller of one who has journeyed many leagues and, finding himself at last in sight of the smoke from his home chimneys, looks eagerly forward to his chair by the hearth. She couldn't tell this brown faced, smiling fellow that home was no more home to him.

I can do better," she said. You see I'm going to Halfway House myself. I—I am staying there for a few days as Miss Branden's guest. You're her nephew aren't you? I saw your picture there. My name is Mildred Raymond."

Kit smiled delightedly.

Fancy! I certainly am in luck. But it's a piece of imposition, Miss Raymond. I never tell them I'm coming because I'm never quite sure I'll get here. This time I just had to come. Oh I get terribly lonely for the place. Guess I'm getting old and weary of wandering. I think I'll stay home for good. Aunt Lydia would love that—the only surviving male Branden, you know."

Mildred's breath seemed to catch. Stay home for good! Then he'd have to know the truth. She had hoped to carry things off even, ask Lydia Brandon's co-operation to let him think that all was well—if he were spending just the usual few days. But he seemed quite sincere about his decision to stay—to stay in a place that was no longer his. She knew she should tell him now and have done with it. But when she looked up at him and met his eyes she could not.

Kit piled his bags into the rumble seat and got in beside her, close to her in the front seat of the little blue roadster. The gears meshed, then hummed more gently, then the only sound was the shrill prolonged whine of the tires on the paved road and the rush of the wind past the glass wings. The road swept in a wide curve through the village and the lights of cottages twinkled in the twilight.

Kit Branden's hand was bared to the cool rush of air. From under a fawn beret Mildred's dark hair blew in little wisps and tendrils. He looked sideways at her.

This is a real homecoming," he said. I hope—are you staying long with Aunt Lydia?"

Yes. Oh, yes, I'll be stopping there quite a while."

Splendid! And you'll go riding with me and gunning and fishing? I can take a week off then I'm going to start in at the farm. Going in for stock and poultry just as the ancestors used to. I always planned to do that and now I feel that it's the one thing I want to do in life. Sort of family responsibilities, you see. Perhaps I can get back some of what my immediate predecessors frittered away."

MILDRED was silent. It would be unkind, it would destroy that splendid ardor and young eagerness of his, if she told him that he was too late now to do anything for the Brandons that Halfway House and its paddocks and wide fields and woodland were his no longer. But wouldn't Mrs. Mallock—

At the junction of the Post Road with that leading to Halfway House Mildred stopped the car. There was a little store there. She told Kit she had some things to get. She bought candy and some oranges, and while the man was wrapping them she went to the phone and called Halfway House.

"Yes, yes Kit is with me, Mrs. Mallock. And listen you must not let on—must not tell him that the place has been sold. Mind I am just a visitor while he is here. It still belongs to him. Good of me? I don't know, Mrs. Mallock. Maybe I'm being good just to myself.

Perhaps it was a form of selfishness to deceive him like this. It might be termed cruelty as well as kindness. It was something a man of his stamp would not take kindly if he should chance to learn the truth. But he wouldn't learn. No one in the parish save Mrs. Mallock knew that Halfway House had passed from the age-old tenure of the Brandons into the hands of a stranger. All very well if Kit only stayed a short while, but if one he said he was home for good!

Beyond that point Mildred could not think. She got into the car again under Kit's admiring eyes, and they drove on down dark alleys of cedar and pine where brown jack rabbits scuttled across the wide beam of the headlamps and squirrels through the dry yellow leaves by the roadside. The car low slung, vibrant with the power of eight cylinders, hugged the uneven road, filled its occupants with the light joy of wind-swift motion. Once in the east the moon rose red behind the dark and spirelike evergreens, and the lights of Halfway House warm, twinkling, shone out of the night.

Thus came Christopher Branden back to the house of his fathers.

Mrs. Mallock acted well this part that was so pleasant for her to play. Easy for her to pretend that it was still Mr. Kit's home. It did not seem otherwise to her. It could never be otherwise for the Brandons had built this house for it they had lived and loved. Kit had been born here, his father and mother had died. Their blood was in the very mortar of its bricks, their prints still lived beneath its rafters.

Kit Branden held the old housekeeper's wrinkled hands and gazed at her eyes, and she into his as into the eyes of the little brown faced boy she had been fostermother to for many years. There were few words spoken. Mildred felt a tightening of the throat, a misty mist came before her eyes.

"Loved of wise men was the shade of my mulberry tree
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door."

Softly as he walked with Mildred into the library, Kit quoted the lines from Wandering Willie's song. The shade of my roof tree, thought Mildred. Better that other line: "Home no more home to me, whither must I wander—"

Oh, well, the moment was sweet. The time was good: there in low chairs before the blazing hearth fire. There was whisky, a soda siphon. Mildred watched Kit with eyes extraordinarily red as he ruffled a briar pipe with expert ease and lighted it, and gazed keenly at her through the smoke for a silent moment. Then:

I saw you once in the bazaars of Cairo," he said. "Long ago."

She was glad she was somehow glorified. So he strolling past like an Arab, had seen her and had remembered—even as she had not forgotten.

Yes, she said. I saw you. I knew you when I saw that picture. And you remembered me, Kit?"

The Kit had slipped out. But it was good to call him Kit.

Yes, I remembered Mildred. One sees so many things, so many faces that only the few stand out only those that are unforgettable. I wondered where I'd see you again, for I knew I would. Strange that it should be here in my own home. You are very welcome."

As a lord he spoke to a stranger princess hiding within his castle. Poor Kit. But she did not smile, did not feel at all the superiority of her position. She knew that there was something in Halfway House, its soul, its spirit, that belonged to this youth that no deed of transfer could ever give to her. And she wished earnestly that things might be other than what they were; that it might still be his home, impossible now.

THEY dined facing each other across the oaken board. Blue candles shone softly upon the spotless linen and gleaming glass and shining cutlery, and the eyes of dead and gone Branders from the warm-toned walls looked down on them, on the last of their line and this stranger girl who had no place among them.

Kit did not question her about how long her friendship with his aunt Lydia had been existent. He said he would wait until his return to tell her of his plans.

She will never believe me when I tell her I'm going to stay here. I've picked up a lot in my travels," he said with that same bright eagerness that brought a warmth in Mildred's heart. I can make Halfway House all that it was before. I'm not too late." He looked at her with a directness that was wondrously disconcerting. And I want to still more now."

After dinner they walked through the moonlit garden and down the steep slope of the dell to where a little wooden bridge crossed the rushing waters of the burn, and on the bridge rail they leaned to watch the silvered waters. Kit's voice was low and happy as he spoke of being home. And she had never been happier—or more miserable. For whither could this lead save to chagrin and disappointment and bitterness for him?

Until long after the tall clock in the hall had chimed the watching hour, they sat by the fireside in the library, and Kit talked of his wanderings as of things finished and done with and of Halfway House as of something eternal and never to be lost by him. And Mildred listened lonely, joyously loving him in her silent heart as is the way of such women. When they said good night in the hall outside, her door Kit held her hand and smiled at her, and had he kissed it she had found nothing incongruous in the act, for her like him had kissed small white hands in this very hall, the hands of the women that were their women.

Good night," he said. You have made this homecoming a memorable one. It seems—and this may sound strange to you, Mildred—as if you belonged here, too."

Her cheeks were hot. She left him abruptly with a piteous little smile.

She heard him pass his window; heard the sounds of his preparations for bed; heard through the night only the soft churning of the creek under the bay window in this house of the Brandons that had come to be her own.

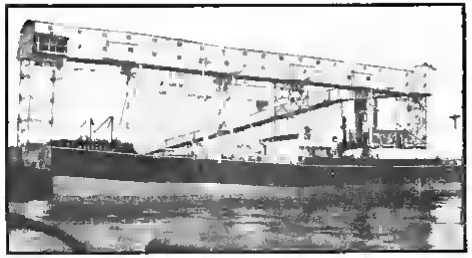
On the morrow—there were still a few good horses in the stables—they went riding, she and Kit, through leafy lanes of yellow autumn light across brooks where the earth of the banks was black and soft and little trout darted in shallow canyons, over fallow fields, and past quiet farmsteads where the cellars were already banked with loam against the winter's coming. They shot woodcock and went trout fishing along the silver brook. They laughed, they played, and in the evenings they sat by the fireside and talked. And on the third night Mildred knew that the end of this, the loss of his companionship, of his splendid ways, would mean for her the end of all things. She could not, would not, think of life without him. But he was not the man to marry the

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ILLUSTRATED BY CARL SHREVE



She knew not that the loss of his companionship, of his splendid ways, would mean for her the end of all things



A fifty-year dream realized. Leading Canadian grain at Churchill for passage to Europe, September, 1931.

Manitoba's New Seaport

By GILLIS PURCELL

Will Churchill and the Hudson Bay route be a money-saver or a debt-maker? Here is a Westerner's view of the outlook



The farthest North cow in Manitoba lives 145 miles south of the new Hudson Bay seaport

SNOW-BOUND, wreked by icy Northern gales, all but abandoned on the rocky shore of Hudson Bay is the little settlement of Churchill, local point in the most daring bid to divert the paths of trade since the Panama Canal sliced two continents asunder. Scarcely more than a score of barely frontier souls compose this winter's crew at the newly built Northern Manitoba harbor which is the keystone of an arch of Western Canadian hope that seeks to bridge the North Atlantic.

Ice lies on a solid mass across the mile-wide harbor basin which for British tramp steamers loaded more than half a million bushels of prairie wheat four months ago. Gleaming snow is drifting about the towering white elevator where grain cars were unloaded and boat holds filled last fall as rapidly as on at the finest of ocean terminals.

In the grey haze of the short sub Arctic day, Churchill now seems flat removed from the sunny afternoon when prairie grain poured down iron loading spouts to ship hold—the first cargo to go overseas by the three-century old Hudson Bay route. Yet it is not so many weeks since that September day when a weatherbeaten British sailor looked out across the Bay and murmured:

"Blimey I've sailed the seven seas, and this is the eighth—so I should be a ruddy good author-shouldn't I?"

Broad shoulders shrugged as the seaman turned from his argumentative deck scrubbing mates to a new set of workers aboard ship—parka-clad wheat trimmers of Canada's Department of Railways and Canals, toiling in the hold of the steamer *Farnworth* as she took her fill of grain from the belching spouts of the steel loading gallery at the dock. From the windswept deck the sailor-journeying British sailor observed further evidence of industry: clawing dredges, hard by tearing up the river bottom; whistling construction engines steaming to their tasks and a great white grain elevator rising high above the scattered bunkhouses of the men who built it.

Hudson Bay has in truth become an "eighth sea" with the sudden birth of a prairie port on its rocky shores. Greatest inland body of water in the world, the Bay promises to be furrowed by a fleet of shipping unique for many a reason in the history of trade. The opening of Churchill in mid-September marked a new entry in Canada's bright record of pioneering achievements.

History, romance, adventure. A chapter of each is written in the building by the Canadian Government of an ultra-modern sea harbor on the rock-girt shore where Jens Munck landed with his threescore ill-fated Danish followers in 1619, where one of North America's mightiest forts was wrecked by French sailors in 1782, where the Selkirk settlers, first colonizers of the prairies, came to Canada from Scotland in 1813.

Yet as unceremoniously as new ports of call dot the workaday travels of the sailor on a tramp steamer, new experiences and new problems have been encountered and surmounted quietly by the trail-blazing workers who transformed Churchill from an isolated trading post in Northern Manitoba's barren muskeg country to the most modern of the world's grain shipping harbors. Ignoring the glamor of the history they are making, the men who modelled Churchill have set into operation Canada's greatest experiment since the days of the trans-Canada railway.

A Prodigious Grain Elevator

THE dice are tumbling now in a $50,000,000 gamble with confident Canada calling the turn against the dusty prejudices of years. If the Dominion is justified in its venture—and the outcome should be known in a year or two—the grain growing, livestock raising prairies will reveal in the advantage of a new-found outlet to markets sorely needed.

Never before has an endeavor been made in America that equals Canada's brave achievement in conquering the barrens north of the 53rd parallel. The rolling of steel ribbons across the continent to the Rockies and beyond sought out the keys to a wealth of a new land; the sundering of two continents to build the Panama Canal rode to success on the knowledge that busy trade routes would be shortened to half their length. But the half-century-old job of paving a trade road from the prairies to the Bay was necessarily a gamble until ships could actually be loaded and sent on their way.

Perhaps the Bay route project is still a gamble but the odds have narrowed down until a decision is in the proximate offing. A few more journeys inbound through Hudson Straits is less



A general view of Churchill showing the dredged harbor and the Government elevator.

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Mrs E N Rhodes, wife of Hon. E N Rhodes, Acting Minister of Finance, pouring a bar of gold in the mint at Ottawa.

Our National Strong Box

By GRANT DEXTER

Nearly four billion dollars worth of negotiable wealth is stored in vaults carved out of the solid rock of Ottawa's Parliament Hill

BRICKS of solid gold piled tier upon tier higher than your head.

Bags of gold coin. British sovereigns that jingle to the touch, weigh heavily in the hand.

Stacks of crisp, new Dominion notes: bills of one dollar, two dollars and higher denominations.

Government bonds, equivalent to hard cash, done up in bundles: vast numbers of gilt-edge securities.

Such are the contents of the national treasure house at Ottawa.

Parliament Hill is solid rock. Into its heart six vaults have been cut. If you were privileged to stand in the corridor giving access to these vaults, you would be within fifty feet of nearly four billions of dollars.

Whether you know it or not, those six vaults are one of the nerve centres of your life, the nerve centre of Canadian commerce. Every Dominion note every coin in your pocket came from these vaults. Sooner or later every one will return to these vaults to be replaced. Do you need coppers, nickels, dimes, quarters, half dollar pieces, the officials of the treasure house quickly supply you. It is their job to provide the country with currency without which trade would be impossible. It is equally their job to meet the needs or whims of the general public. In hard times careful buying demands the lowly copper. Millions of new coppers are at once supplied. In better times prices tend to a silver basis. The public spurns the copper and demands more nickels and dimes. These wants, too, are supplied and excess coppers are withdrawn from circulation at intervals as deemed expedient.

Replacing Old Bills

BUT you ask: if the Dominion has nearly four billions of money under its hand, why the Public Service loan? Why increase the public debt? The answer is that most of this treasure does not belong to the Government but to the nation, to banks, insurance companies and other corporations. The Government cannot loot the vaults, dispose of the bullion, the coins and securities. Parliament has enacted laws governing the currency of Canada. There must be a statutory reserve of gold behind Dominion notes. Certain classes of business, notably insurance companies, must deposit securities in a stipulated proportion to their public liabilities. All the Government can do is to use the safety offered by the vaults to store the securities thus deposited.

So far as current Government business is concerned, the one and only function of the treasure house is to provide smoothly and efficiently the coin and currency necessary to the daily life of Canadians, to prevent counterfeiting, to maintain the statutes in regard to Canadian currency.

This is no mean task. Consider that the average life of a Dominion note is nine months. At least once a year practically all the paper money—excepting bank notes, must be renewed. The old bills must be identified, destroyed—new bills must be issued in their place.

Circulation of coins must equal public need. All this must be done without error. Every night when the vaults are closed, the record of income and outgo must balance. If one gold coin out of millions is lost, the staff is not released until it is found. Excuses have no validity; proneness of human beings to err is ignored.

In Ottawa, the treasure house is known as the Receiver General's branch of the Department of Finance. Its functions fall naturally into two phases. First, this branch must provide the country with sound currency. This currency must be so foolproof that, without inspection or supervision, it will maintain its value; defy counterfeit, be rugged enough to stand a reasonable amount of rough usage. Once released for circulation, the arm of the law is well nigh powerless to protect it. Second, the gold which guarantees the value of the currency and the securities deposited at Ottawa must be guarded.

Maintaining Intrinsic Value

WITH coins, the problem of maintaining value is relatively simple. Canadian coins are made at the Ottawa mint. Experts and specially constructed machines test each coin for weight and perfection of impact before it is sent to the Receiver General's office for distribution. Unlike other countries, Canada never writes down the value of her coins because of wear. But "plugged" or chipped coins are redeemable only at seventy-five cents on the dollar.

With the notes, the need of precaution is infinitely greater. A note, after all, is just a piece of printed paper, and ever since paper currency was adopted Governments have had to contend against counterfeiters. Years of study and experimentation have built up an elaborate, unbeatable defense—have entirely banished bogus money. There are in circulation in Canada today twenty million one-dollar bills, eight million two-dollar bills, more than one million twenty-five cent bills commonly known as shinplasters. The shinplaster is an example of how the Receiver General's branch satisfies the whims of the public. Canadians like these small bills because they can be easily transmitted by mail. Ottawa humors them in this regard. Most of these thirty million notes will be turned back as unfit for circulation within one

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Account Squared

By A. A. IRVINE

Love, treachery, and a comical babu at Monte Carlo

FROM the bedroom window of his hotel in Cannes Captain Jim Allison, Indian Cavalry, retired, gazed across the palm-lined sea front of La Croisette to where the magnificent sweep of bay lay glittering in a flood of Riviera sunshine.

It was as yet early, and save for a few misguided children who evidently lacked sufficient sense to remain fashionably in bed, the Croisette was almost deserted. A few more hours and it would be alive with lovely butterfly women, intent on the latest Paris creations, with elderly *filous* in search of their *apéritifs*. Bright young persons of both sexes would be abroad with tennis rackets and in the roaring hour near the great Casino, close to where the sumptuous yachts of American millionaires were swinging lazily at anchor, cosmopolitan crooks would be foregathering to concoct plans for the impoverishment of their fellow creatures.

Allison rang the bell for his breakfast of coffee and *croissons* and rolls, which presently came along with the morning paper and a solitary letter in an immense cream-colored envelope. He picked up the letter first.

Before he opened it the garishly ornate device on the flap—an embossed red and gold hairbreadth of elephants and spearheads surrounded by Persian script—informed him that his correspondent was Lair Sita Ram, private secretary to His Highness the Rajah of Kalarkar.

Allison's sun-burnt, clean-shaven face lit up with amusement while he read the contents of the letter. Lala Sita Ram's quaint excursions into babu-English invariably repaid perusal. The text of the present missive was fully up to sample:

My dear Captain Sahib:

As Poet Shakespeare has written: A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, so I am writing to you. I am hoping that you will come to Monte Carlo post haste and favor me with some advices for I am perched on a horn of a dilemma and find myself in a quandarious stew. My revered master Rajah Sahib is present term in Paris and I am left solus in charge of royal horse, hold and paraphernalia. If you can be at *Ambassadeurs* Restaurant at 4 p.m. I will explain seriatim. Oh, good Lord! How I am annoyed!

Your friend,
Sita Ram,
Private Secretary.

P.S. Please to kindly excuse my botherations, but excepting the Almighty and very good self I favor no friend or other relation upon the Cote d'Azur."

With the smile still on his face Allison read the letter beside his plate and began his breakfast. Forthwith he decided that he would answer the summons. His time was entirely his own. A few days in Monte Carlo would be very pleasant, and it would be fun to see something of his friend the little Indian Babu.

He had known Lala Sita Ram for several years. His regiment had for a time been quartered in the vicinity of the native state of Kalarkar, and he had frequently paid visits there as guest of the chief. The Rajah was an old-fashioned potentate, blessed with Oriental notions of princely hospitality.

After the war Allison had resigned his soldiering and, having come into a considerable property, had bade farewell to The Shire. He was a bachelor unburdened with relations, and the idea of escaping to English winter with golf and possibly polo at Maidenhead had appealed to him.

Soon after his arrival at Cannes he had learned with surprise of Lair Sita Ram's presence on the Riviera. Though the little secretary spoke fluent English after his own weird fashion, and habitually wore what he was wont to describe as "European garbage," it had seemed difficult to visualize him away from the regions of curry and palanquins and punkahs. It appeared, however, that the Kalarkar chief had suddenly taken it into his head to follow the example set by others of his brother potentates and pay a visit to Europe. Accordingly, no small portion of a luxury liner had been chartered to convey His Highness, complete with private secretary and entourage, on the expedition. He had leased a spacious villa close to Evian, where he lived very much in seclusion despite his secretary's efforts to lure him more into the limelight.

Allison finished his breakfast, telephoned to a Monte Carlo hotel engaging a room and packed a suitcase. Soon afterward he was roaring his smart little two-seater along the Grande Corniche road, with a vista far below him of tiny capes and bays round the margins of which the towns and flower bordered villas and tall waving palms looked somewhat like the scattered contents of a children's toy cupboard.

While he skilfully steered a course through the never-ending stream of autocars packed with sightseers he was busily revolving in his mind the possible purport of his friend's singular message. It was unlikely, he thought, that the secretary had become involved in difficulties connected with the gaming tables. On the little Babu's own admission a fortnight's experience of the vagaries of the goddess of chance had sufficed to teach him wisdom. Moreover he had been at pains to point out that his erstwhile tempting of fortune had not been due to a greedy desire to feather his own nest egg. Like many another inexpert gambler Sita Ram had simply been making a praiseworthy attempt to supplement his monthly remittances to certain persons to whom he quaintly referred as his "firmly members," while two children and an aged grandmother. Until disillusioned so he had explained he had been cherishing the hope of making with the aid of the roulette wheel "the two ends of his grandmother meet."

For the safety of the villa and its contents he would be held strictly to account for any untoward happening.

Allison recollected that, not very long before, there had been an attempt by certain international crooks to get possession of the Rajah's world-famous diamond, "The Fountain of Light." The attempt had been frustrated, but it was quite on the cards that some equally nefarious scheme was afoot.

An enjoyable run of a few hours brought Allison to Monte Carlo. He garaged his car and leaving his suitcase at the hotel strolled through a strip of the flower-decked Casino gardens to the *Ambassadeurs* where he found his friend awaiting him at the entrance. As he shook hands he noticed that, though the little Babu looked as spruce as usual and the dark eyes behind the bug-rimmed spectacles evinced pleasure at the meeting, there was a harassed expression on the round brown countenance in place of the secretary's customary beaming smile.

"Hope I'm not late, Lala Sahib?" Allison greeted him.

"On the contrary, you are punctual as a tick," replied the secretary gratefully. "And at present juncture Captain Sahib's you are a sight for eyes sore." While he helped Allison off with his coat he added ponderously:

"Since receipt of two communications which I shall show you I have been nothing better than a toad under a harrow who knows where shoe pinches."

Allison, suppressing an inclination to laugh, took his companion by the arm.

"We'll come along and tell me about it," he said. He led the way to a small deserted lounge.

"No one is likely to disturb us in here."

SETTLING himself comfortably in the armchair he employed himself lighting a cigarette while his companion snatched up his pocketbook, extracted a couple of sheets of flimsy French notepaper and passed them across the table.

Allison studied their contents carefully. The first was an anonymous typewritten letter of only a few lines but conveying a warning of no less importance than that a plot was being hatched to purloin the Kalarkar State jewels.

"Very interesting, but not much to be made of it," was Allison's comment. "It may be genuine, but on the other hand it may be merely a big pull."

The secretary conceded the point. "But the second one?" he asked.

"Ah, that's a different matter! To begin with, it's signed by someone calling himself Pierre Barjolet, though I've never heard of him. I've never even met him, his address, I gather, that he is an agent of the *Sûreté*—that's the Criminal Investigation Department of the French Police, you know. Have you met this Monsieur Barjolet, yet?"

"Not yet. As you see he writes that he wishes to consult me about a grave matter affecting His Highness, and asks me to let him know care of the *poste restante*, where we can meet without attracting attention. So I wrote to him to come here today, and at the same time I wrote to you."

Allison nodded approvingly.

"That was quite a sound scheme. There'll be the usual crowd at tea in the restaurant. He could then go and meet our friend Barjolet, if possible, that the Paris *Sûreté* have got word of something and have sent along one of their men to make enquiries. How does that strike you?"

The secretary shrugged his shoulders dejectedly.

"Captain Sahib, I do not know what to think. Since the letters reached me, my mind has been like a shuttlecock running from pillar to post."

His friend sought to cheer him. "Well, at any rate, nothing has happened so far. By the way, your correspondent doesn't say how he is to be recognized?"

"No, that too is mysterious. I am of opposition that he intends to remain *sotto voce* until in a ready to disclose himself."

Allison glanced toward the doorway, through which came the muffled strains of a band playing jazz music in the restaurant beyond. He hurried back the two sheets of notepaper to his companion and rose from his chair.

"We'd better go and wait in there," he suggested. "It's the sort of place your man would be likely to choose for a meeting."

THEN he led the big, garishly decorated room filled with a cosmopolitan assembly engaged in afternoon tea at the rows of small tables set round the polished expanse of dancing floor. The lights had been lowered and the programme of attractions which was included in the restaurant's charges for refreshments had commenced. A clever performer called a trained Alsatian dog was coming to an end.

With the lights still down the band began to play a soft, languorous melody, and a burst of applause heralded the arrival of the chief attraction, a new Russian dancer. Allison had noticed her name, Sonia Markavana, billed in huge letters outside the entrance.

For a few seconds she posed motionless, in the centre of the dancing floor in the full glare of the spotlight. Clad in pale draperies of diaphanous chiffon, her blonde head thrown a little back, her violet eyes delightedly acknowledging the warmth of her reception, she appeared the very embodiment of charm and grace and fitness. Then with a dreamy smile still on her lovely face she glided into her dance, her lissom body swaying in perfect time to the muted harmony of the orchestra.

Gradually the music quickened, grew louder, swelled to a frenzied climax in which her white limbs gleaming through a whirl of flittering frills, she danced like a maenad inspired by the wild ecstasy of the bacchanals.

With a final crash of the cymbals the music ceased abruptly, and she sank to one knee, her arms outspread, her breath coming quickly through her parted lips. The applause burst out afresh as she sprang to her feet and bowing once more her thanks, made her way through the crowd toward the room reserved for the artistes. And as she passed from her view Allison realized that she was the loveliest woman that he had ever seen.

With a true Englishman's reserve he concealed his emotions. By George! That was topping! was all that he could find to say.

Lala Sita Ram clapping away vigorously was more frankly demonstrative.

"In my opinion, she is genuine chip of that grand old block, Terpsichore," he declared.

From behind his shoulder another voice voiced its commendation.

"*Superbe! Elle est vraiment superbe cette danseuse-là!*"

Allison and his companion looked round. Seated alone at the table in the rear of theirs was a man dressed in a smart grey suit in good looking fellow in the fair thirties, with keen dark eyes and a carefully cultivated mustache.

"*Est-ce mon monsieur?*" he enquired of them in unfeigned excuse for the outburst of enthusiasm.

Allison quietly signalled his agreement, and catching sight of some acquaintances on the opposite side of the room, walked over to speak to them.

WHEN a few minutes later he returned to his chair he found the stranger deep in conversation with Lala Sita Ram. Solemnly the Babu shot from under his saucer a visiting card and Allison read upon it as he was expected to do, the name Pierre Barjolet.

The secretary stowed away the card in his waistcoat pocket.

"I have been explaining to this gentleman, he said, that it is quite as right that you are an old friend of His Highness and of myself that he may speak freely before you."

Monsieur Barjolet inclined his head gravely and under pretense of repairing the red carnation into his buttonhole allowed his companion a fleeting glimpse of a badge fastened inside his coat.

"My credentials," he said in excellent English. "The badge of the *Sûreté*—the eye and the ear but not the mouth. We see, we hear, but we speak little. *Ma foi!* At the present time, messieurs," he continued ironically apologetic, "there is little enough of which to speak. For I too, am altogether in the dark, even as you are."

"Then, what are you doing here?" Allison bluntly demanded.

The detective took him up sharply. "My duty, monsieur." Almost immediately the annoyed look cleared from his face and he regained his suave politeness. "Pardon, monsieur," he said. "After all, yours was a very natural question. I must explain to you further. I must tell you that an anonymous letter such as monsieur the secretary has just shown me was received at headquarters, and that I was detailed to investigate. You will comprehend that so long as Son Altesse the Rajah remains in our country the honor of

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Illustrated by
JOHN HOLMGREN

The ruler was stopped cold. "Stay where you are! Next time that I fire I shall not intend to miss."



Both men started back instinctively.

Frontiers of Finance

By EDMUND E PUGSLEY

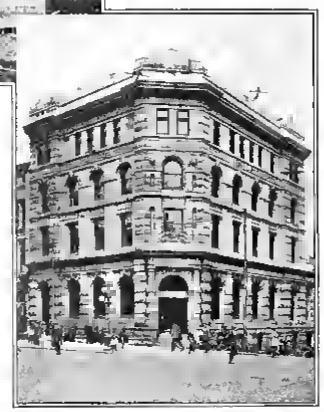
Banking in a barber shop, banking in a barroom—those were the days when banking was an adventure



William Godfrey, whose fifty years with the Bank of British North America uncompanied many stirring experiences in the mining camps of the West



First in town. Opening day at the new branch Fort George, B.C., 1912.



"The stove pipe in our old office fell on the general manager—as they gave us this new building" Vancouver office, Bank of British North America, built 1893

IN 1875 a seventeen year-old lad walked into the Kingston Branch of the Bank of British North America and applied for a job signing the name William Godfrey on his application. In 1925 when William Godfrey retired at Vancouver B.C. there was closed a hell century of banking history that is in many respects unique so far as Canada is concerned.

How this young Eastern Canadian shattered all banking traditions shocking the *Monetary Times* of November 1898 into declaring a vigorous protest against the lack of serenity and dignity under which the business was being conducted in British Columbia, makes interesting reading.

Born at Huntly, Ontario, May 19, 1858, Godfrey was moved from Kingston to spend ten years between Saint John, N.B. and Halifax, N.S., and in December, 1890, was again transferred and promoted to manager of the new branch in the young city on the extreme west end of the new transcontinental railway. This office he found on arrival was merely an agency of the Victoria branch—but by the end of the year business had so increased that it attained full branch status, reporting to the Court of Directors in London England.

Not According to Hoyle

AT THAT period business traditions were so conservative that when a young clerk in the Bank of British North America had the temerity to write to London on his new typewriter it brought Godfrey a reply to the effect that if that young writer cannot pen a legible hand he had best resign.

In another instance a clerk suggested a simpler and easier way to avoid duplicate entries.

"Young man—" blustered the pompous inspector, "do you know that this work has been done in its present form for over thirty years?"

Small wonder—then, that when banks began to "jockey" for the coveted position of first place in a new town the staid old banking world was shocked. What was to many a still greater wonder was the fact that such a conservative Old Country institution as the Bank of British North America should be first in the field in a number of instances. The reason for this constitutes the ensuing story.

Describing how a kind Providence materially assisted in securing much needed new quarters at Vancouver Mr. Godfrey relates:

Early in 1893 on a certain afternoon, a leading director of our bank R. H. Glyn—who was also chairman of the Bank of New Zealand—was sitting in my office, a mere rabbit hutch with General Manager H. Stikeman when without the slightest warning the stove pipe fell making a perfect score on the head and shoulders of Mr. Glyn. Enveloped in soot and dirt, he was a sorry but comical sight. But that accident overcame all traditions for speed in obtaining action for a new building for I received a communication at once to proceed with the matter of providing new quarters.

"It was then that I purchased the property at the corner of Hastings and Richards Streets with fifty two feet frontage for $26,189 and arranged for the erection of a stone structure at a cost of $83,000, which was for many years considered the finest bank building in the Canadian West. It remained our headquarters until the bank was absorbed by the Bank of Montreal in 1918 being also the first clearing house. Operating under Royal charter we had the coat of arms engraved in the entrance stone and although the building has since been demolished to make way for a growing department store this stone with the coat of arms, is being preserved for museum purposes.

Mining Town Banking

IN THE early Nineties mining activities were attracting wide attention to British Columbia and I was instructed to visit the fields in the interior with a view to opening new branches. Our first mining branch was opened at Kaslo, the centre of silver activities in the Slocan district.

"This was followed in 1896 by our branch at Rossland, one of the most picturesque mining towns that ever sprang up in the West. Here literally a mountain of gold had been discovered by a French-Canadian named Joe Bourgeois, although the actual location is reputed to have been foretold by a fortune teller some years previously.

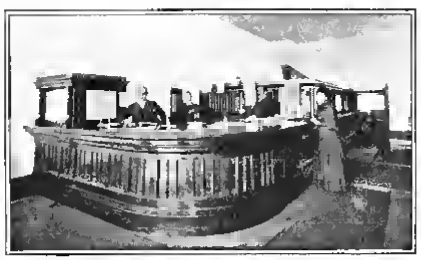
"Bourgeois and his partner Morris had not the money for recording their claims so they offered the centre claim to the mining recorder, Colonel E. S. Topping, as the price. The colonel accepted and after examination of his claim was staked with it and renamed it the Le Roi. But though he felt that he had made a splendid bargain for the recording fee of $12.50 he did not in his wildest dreams, imagine he held in his control a mine that was to produce millions.

"Colonel Topping struggled against heavy odds to develop his mine, eventually interesting Spokane capitalists who paid him $16,000 for a 1/6 30th interest. The first ore was packed out by mule to the Columbia River and shipped to the smelter at Butte, Montana. It showed a value of $34.60 per ton, and the Spokane men then bought Topping out.

"A period of adversity followed during which the owners well nigh regretted their deal. And it was during this period that a ragged prospector drifted into a clothing store in Moscow Idaho and induced the dealer to let him have a suit of clothes and a square meal for a block of 2,000 shares of Le Roi stock. The dealer tossed the certificates in the back of his safe and was amazed when some five years later he realized a value running into five figures for his Samaritan act.

"By 1898 the Le Roi owners had realized approximately $1,000,000 for their work and then they sold it to a British syndicate for $4,000,000. The other four mines in this famous group were equally productive netting millions to their owners. In all some eighty miles of tunnels were bored and thirty miles of electric railway constructed under this 625-acre

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Interior of Bank of British North America, Vancouver, 1887.

Cartoon by FRISE



But what's the poor official to do when there is no answer in the rule book?

What Is Sportsmanship?

By VERNON McKENZIE

Highlights on some notable "tricks" of sporting history and some equally notable examples of super-sportsmanship

THE reverberations of the Kaye Don-Gar Wood episode have not yet died away, even months after the Detroit Harmsworth trophy motor boat race fiasco. No sporting event in recent years attracted more attention to the ethics involved in the newspapers of the British Isles, Canada and the United States. "Pulling a Gar Wood" was quickly added to the vernacular of athletic annals and adopted to use on both sides of the ocean.

Comparatively few Canadians recall that less than a decade ago a well-known Canadian motor boating enthusiast turned the tables neatly on Gar Wood and in a more ethical and sporting manner. This man who has this trick to his credit—for trick he would be the first to admit it to be—is Harry B. Greening, of Hamilton, Ontario. In a speed contest also held at Detroit, he so prepared his boat that he actually "spotted" this lean Wood a whole lap, and then shot into the race and trimmed him.

As recently as 1923 sending a motor boat hurtling through the water at a speed of fifty miles an hour was epochal and incidentally, deemed hazardous. It was in that year that Harry Greening turned up at Detroit with *Rainbow III* to compete in the Gold Cup race—the premier motor boat race in the world aside from the Harmsworth—against Gar Wood, Colonel Vincent, and other American entrants. By ingenious last minute changes the Canadian-made owned and manned *Rainbow* romped over the course in the first two heats at a speed nicely over fifty miles an hour and crossed the finishing line three-quarters of a mile ahead of the second boat, Gar Wood's.

American motor boat racers and particularly Gar Wood began immediately to concoct plans to win the Harmsworth trophy the following year. Gar felt it keenly that a Canadian had outsmarted him. He and Greening have been warm personal friends for many years, but it is no secret that they do not agree with each other when the topic of discussion is "racing ethics."

Greening decided to try some new wrinkles. Secretly he began to supervise the construction of *Rainbow IV* with which he planned to invade Detroit in 1924. The rules had been changed to allow what is called "lapstrake" or "clinker built" construction. This could be used providing the thickness of the planks was not more than one inch. In other words, the craft would look like a rowboat made with planks one inch thick.

Greening and his cronies hunted through various dictionaries, encyclopedias and rule books, and were elated to discover that there was no mention made of the direction in which the planks must run, so, in place of putting them on lengthwise, as everyone expected he put them on crosswise. This automatically made the boat into a hydroplane although the rules very carefully pointed out that hydroplanes were barred.

So that was the situation when *Rainbow IV* arrived in Detroit in 1924. What were the officials and contestants going to do about it?

The answer was "What could they do?"

However in a hydroplane, or must be admitted under the notches or steps. Did Greening have air under the steps? The answer was an emphatic no. Then the officials wanted to know what all those pipes were leading down under the steps and making that portion of the craft look like a fur-sized pipe organ. Greening had an answer all ready to this. "They are exhaust pipes."

That was a poser to the committee because the rules, while saying that air must not be admitted under the hull, had made no mention that exhaust gases were not to be conveyed there, and exhaust gases are not air. Furthermore there is a rigid rule that the exhaust gases must either be led through the transom at the boat's stern or under the hull, so all Greening had to do was to point to that rule. In other words, without breaking a single rule the Hamilton racer had refused a tremendous amount of speed to his boat. Technically he was within the law. From a sporting angle, was he justified? In considering the answer to this question, Greening's associates of those days point out that Greening is a bit of a humorist and will go to tremendous efforts to have his little joke. *Rainbow IV* romped home with the bacon with miles to spare, leaving Gar Wood a poor second.

Harry Greening did not race again until 1928 when, with *Rainbow VII*, he won the Lipton Cup, emblematic of the championship of North America. In this competition he maintained his reputation as a sardonic humorist. He knew that his speed of seventy four or seventy five miles per hour and his 1,100 horsepower engine gave him a comfortable margin over his competitors. He then proceeded to put over one of the funniest stunts of the year by leading his competitors around the course with eight passengers in his boat. What made this so funny was that until then drivers had worn racing helmets, goggles, life preservers, etc., so a lot of people in his family barge romping in ahead of the racing machines completely "shot" the morale of the other drivers!

Gar Wood let it be recalled also was a contestant in this race.

Different Games, Different Ethics

WHAT is accepted as good sportsmanship in athletic contests? These questions provide many a strenuous looming bee. Headline athletes are hooked up to and quoted if they are considered "good sports." What is, or is not, good sportsmanship varies naturally from decade to decade, sometimes almost from year to year. It certainly varies, in

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The Case of *The* Painted Girl

By FRANK KING

More thrills and mystery! A "Tiger" appears and the Roman road expert makes a startling discovery

The story: Motoring alone from London to Scotland, Jimmy Harrison hears a scream from a dark moorland house and a bell hursts into continuous clamor. In the garden a figure steps past him in the darkness. Entering the house by a window, he finds a man seated at a desk with a dagger in his chest killed only a few minutes previously and a beautiful girl, her face carelessly painted, lying unconscious nearby.

The bell ceases to ring when Jimmy shifts the dead man's head from a button on the floor. Jimmy feels the girl's finger print on the dagger. Recovering consciousness, she states that she is Myra Livingstone, a London shop girl that she was drugged and kidnapped from her London apartment by unknown men for an unknown reason. Awakening in this strange house in the dark she closed her fingers on the dagger unwittingly then she screamed and lost consciousness again.

Peering out a window Jimmy is slightly wounded by a dagger thrown at him. Finding two loaded pistols he goes one to the girl and taking the other goes in search of his assailant.

Men appear at the front door and demand that he open in the name of the law. Jimmy admits the leader, who says he is Sergeant Grimes. He returns to find that the girl has completely vanished and immediately receives a blow on the head. When he regains consciousness a genuine policeman, Constable Fothergill, arrives and is astonished to find that the dead man is Gregory Walker, owner of the house, who was supposed to have been buried recently. Walker's grave is found empty.

Kept under police surveillance in the adjacent village of Scotland, Jimmy tells all that he knows to Inspector Gloom of Scotland Yard who arrives presently.

Myra Livingstone, upon leaving the house, had in the rear of Jimmy's car and when it reached Scotland she crept from it to a room by barn loft. There she finds generous residents provided for a man in hiding. An intruder startles her in the night and she flees at him.

Jimmy, sleeping in the hotel, hears the shot and sees a dark figure running from the barn.

FOR a moment Jimmy stood at the window, vainly trying to trace the movements of the dark figure down in the courtyard. Then he, picked up his dressing gown and dashed in the door. It was locked.

"That's Gloom!" he muttered.

He could hear the inspector moving about in the next room and hammered vigorously on the wall.

"Did you hear those shots, Gloom?" he shouted. "Hurry up and open this door."

He picked up his electric torch and the automatic he had found at Withens. Almost immediately the key grated in the lock. He pulled the door open and flashed a light on the saturnine face of the inspector.

"Why the deuce did you lock me in?" he asked angrily. "I might have got that man."

"So you've seen a man?" sighed Gloom, blinking like an owl. "Evidently my old lumbe don't move as quickly as yours. Where was he?"

"Came out of the garage. Disappeared in the darkness."

"Then we'd better take a look in the garage. Sounds almost as though we might find another corpse there, doesn't it?"

However pessimistic he might be, the Scotland Yard man did not waste any time. Before anyone else in the house had appeared, he and Jimmy were out in the courtyard, flashing their lights in every direction. They saw no sign of the fugitive.

"Hopeless for two of us to search for him," said Gloom. "We'll see what's been happening in the garage."

The doors of the barn were ajar. Slipping silently through into the deeper darkness beyond, they bumped up against Jimmy's car. A few seconds served to satisfy them that the place was empty.

"I feel disappointed," murmured Gloom mournfully, his face ghostlike in the reflected light from the torch. "I was quite expecting another little murder. I wonder why—"

He caught sight of the opening in the ceiling and the stepladder leading to it.

"Ha!" he continued. "Perhaps up there—"

He was halfway up the ladder when a voice rang out above.

"Don't come up here! If you do I'll shoot again!"

Jimmy following the agile inspector almost fell off the ladder in his surprise.

"Miss Livingstone!" he cried incredulously.

"Is that you, Mr Harrison? I thought you were never coming."

A moment later Myra climbed down the ladder and stood beside the other two.

"You haven't seen anything of the man in the mask have you?" she asked eagerly.

"So our friend wore a mask, did he?" said Gloom, studying the girl intently. "I'm afraid he's escaped, Miss Livingstone. After you again was he?"

"I don't know who he was after," replied Myra. "You see, someone's been living up in that loft. At least I found some food there."

"Well, well! That makes our task all the more difficult, doesn't it? We can't be expected to learn much about a man who has been living in a loft. You're cold, Miss Livingstone. Come inside and get warm. We'll see if anything can be done to trace this masked man. Then perhaps you'll tell us all about it."

A little group was just emerging from the side door of the inn. Inspector Halkett, sleeping in a distant room, had been awakened by Jimmy's shouts. Mr Topp peered curiously through his spectacles over Sam Hellwell's broad shoulders. The servant Joe was squalling more than ever in his excitement. Huddled together in the doorway were a few frightened females.

GLOOM handed Myra over to the women, then took the men out to search. It was a hopeless proposition. There was no sign of the fugitive. He had disappeared completely in the darkness. He might be hiding close at hand or he might be a mile away by now. The night hid all trace of him.

"We'll go back," said Gloom at last, "and see if Miss Livingstone is warm."

At the *Dog and Gun* he spoke for a few minutes into the telephone, then rejoined the others, who were gathered round the newly lit kitchen fire.

"I've sent out an alarm," he murmured despondently. "But I don't see how anyone can hope to find a solitary man at night when he's got miles of moorland to wander about. He's sure to escape. I wish you'd hit him with one of those shots, Miss Livingstone. It would have saved us such a lot of trouble."

The inspector's identity had become known at the inn, and the women folk had been quick to pass the information on to Myra. She looked at Gloom, even more sympathetic than usual in his dressing gown with distaste.

"I don't know who the man was," she exclaimed. "I couldn't risk killing him."

"Well—well! You'll probably live to regret your scruples. Tell us all about it. Don't worry about those good people. We can't hope to keep things quiet, now they know so much."

So Myra told what had happened since Jimmy left her in the upstairs room at Withens. She admitted frankly her fear that the police would suspect her, and described how she had been worried about in the car until it was garaged.

"But whatever made you stay up there all night?" cried Jimmy. "It was no dangerous."

"I wanted to see you alone before I showed myself," explained Myra. She flushed as she remembered the bottle of wine. "And then I—I went to sleep."

"The miracle of youth," murmured Gloom, his thin lips drawing back from his projecting teeth in a parody of a smile. "In the midst of alarms and excursions she goes to sleep. And you slept until past noon, Miss Livingstone?"

"Yes. I was awakened by someone coming into the barn and climbing the ladder. From his furtive movements I knew it was someone who had no right to be there. I hid behind the partition and held my pistol ready.

"As soon as he reached the top of the ladder and I saw that he was wearing a mask, I shouted to him to stop. He must have thought I was bluffing. He didn't say a word but jumped toward me. So I fired above his head. He took fright then and ran.

I sent another shot after him and—and that's all."

"You're a very plucky young lady," said Mr Topp, beaming through his horn rimmed spectacles. "It must have been a terrible ordeal. I trust the police will protect you from any recurrence."

"Yes, you'll have to be careful," agreed Jimmy anxiously. "It looks as though the masked man must have been Sergeant Grimes."

"I don't suppose we'll ever know the truth," remarked Gloom heavily. "I think you're rather inclined to jump to conclusions, Mr Harrison. How would you account for the fact that your friend knew Miss Livingstone's whereabouts?"

He might have known or guessed," Myra put in. She explained about the man on the moor near Withens keeping watch through binoculars. "I'd forgotten that."

"Your Sergeant Grimes may have been living in the loft, of course," suggested Halkett. "But it looks queer to me that anyone could—Don't you use the place at all, Hellwell?"

"Not now, sir," replied the landlord. "I used to do a bit o' farming, but I sold all my stock a couple o' years ago. Quite likely nobody's been in that there loft for months."

"But even then it hardly looks possible that anyone would stay there for long. He might be discovered at any moment. And if he were passing in and out, through this courtyard—"

"Nay, sir, there's another way in," said Hellwell. "On the far side of the building. Some steps outside which take you right up into the loft."

"Now that's very interesting," mused Gloom, scratching his tonsured head. "If anyone has been living up there—it wasn't our friend with the mask. He was strange to the place. If he'd known of an easier way up he surely wouldn't have bothered picking the lock of the door and risking himself in the courtyard. Well, well! The case gets more complicated than ever. I'm afraid we shall never understand it. I think we'd better all get back to bed."

No one seemed at all anxious for sleep, but the inspector insisted. He saw that a suitable room was provided for Myra and satisfied himself that everyone else retired. Soon the old inn was quiet as though nothing had happened to disturb the night.

JIMMY found himself more restless and wide awake than before. He was delighted that Myra had been discovered safe and unharmed. This was better luck than he had expected. But he felt sure that it was Sergeant Grimes who had climbed up into the loft, making another desperate effort to get the girl into his power. And mingled with his delight at seeing her again was a very definite fear that she was not yet out of danger, a certainty that unknown peril would threaten her until the mysterious enemy of hers was caught.

As he lay puzzling his tired brain he heard a door close softly below. Rising silently, he tiptoed to the window. Once again he saw a dark figure crossing the courtyard but that time he knew that it was Gloom. The inspector vanished into the barn.



Jimmy went back to bed. For a long time he lay, open eyed and alert for the slightest sound. It was not until he heard Gloom's cautious return and the creaking of the bed in the next room that sleep came to him.

Breakfast next morning was a cheerful meal in spite of the skeleton at the feast in the shape of the Scotland Yard man. Both Jimmy and Myra were in high spirits. Dangers might threaten the police might have absurd suspicions, but youth would not be denied. They had passed through a trying time together and been separated. They had come together again strangely and unexpectedly. Neither of them was inclined to quibble at the dictates of Fate.

Mr Topp beamed on them paternally. Inspector Halkett now that responsibility was lifted from his shoulders, seemed quite friendly. Only Gloom sat silent, staring at his plate apparently wrapped in melancholy.

"It surprises me to see you so lighthearted," he croaked at last. "A charge of murder is no airy nothing to be dismissed so easily, young man. And you miss—either me accomplice of the murderer—"

"Don't be so foolish!" said Jimmy rudely.

Or alternatively went on Gloom, ignoring the interruption, in danger from that murderer. Why should you smile so readily this morning?"

"Why should I weep?" retorted Myra, thoroughly disliking the man.

"You might at least prepare yourself for trouble. Your situation is precarious. If you are in danger we shall, of course, do the best we can to protect you. But your Sergeant Grimes, if all you say of him is true, must be a very resourceful criminal and—"

"He didn't show up very well last night," laughed Jimmy, trying to counteract the inspector's astounding pessimism. "To be bluffed like that by a girl!"

"It doesn't matter much to a man who is killed by a bullet whether that bullet was fired by a male or a female. A frightened girl with an automatic can do a great deal of damage, more than I should care to face Mr Harrison. As for being bluffed—well, he managed to persuade you that Withens was surrounded by police last night, didn't he? I don't think you ought to belittle Sergeant Grimes."

"I've no intention of belittling him," replied Jimmy, ruefully fingering his bandaged head. "I've good reason to respect him. But we've got the better of him so far haven't we? We've rescued Miss Livingstone. And he's a fugitive."

"Yes, he's a fugitive," sighed Gloom. "It hardly looks possible that we shall catch him. There are so many complications in this case. I discovered something else last night."

"Up in the loft?"

"Up in the loft."

"What was it?"

"I'll show you. Yes, I really think it will be better if I show you."

The inspector rose from the table and walked to the door. The others followed him. He led the way through the courtyard into the street and round the buildings to the far side of the barn.

Here a flight of stone steps built into the wall gave access to the loft. Gloom ushered his companions up with all the airs of a showman.

"Miss Livingstone," he said, his thin lips drawing back from his teeth, "perhaps you will demonstrate my discovery."

The loft was in almost complete darkness. He flashed the light of an electric torch on an untidy pile of straw in the middle of the floor.

"Will you tell us what you see there?" he continued.

Myra advanced to the straw. As soon as she reached it she started back with a stifled cry.

Projecting from the straw was a hand, a hand flabby and discolored, a hand horribly suggestive.

"Oh, I can't!" she gasped. "I can't! I—I think it's a dead man."

"It is a dead man," said Gloom, with something like cheerful triumph in his voice. "A man with a burned face. The man who was dug from his grave last night."

MYRA'S nerves were shaken. Her vivid face blanched and her legs trembled so that she seemed about to fall. Jimmy threw a supporting arm around her and turned on the unfortunate Scotland Yard man.

"Hasn't she had enough to put up with?" he demanded furiously. "You knew that dead body was here. Why should you bring her up to see it?"

"An unpleasant duty," explained Gloom sorrowfully. "I don't expect everyone to like these jobs as much as I do. But according to the young lady's story she spent most of yesterday up here in company with this corpse. I wanted to test her, to discern if she knew of its existence."

"Well, I hope you're satisfied with your test," muttered Jimmy. He was still angry in spite of his knowledge that the inspector was amply justified. "I don't call it decent."

"It's hardly considered the best behavior to dig up a dead man from his grave, is it? Don't be annoyed, Mr Harrison. I'm not suggesting that this is one of your habitues. Suppose you take Miss Livingstone for a breath of air for half an hour or so. Then I'd like you both to accompany me to Withens."

Jimmy wasted no time in accepting the suggestion. Out in the open air Myra's fresh color quickly returned.

"I'm a little ass," she apologized with a wan smile. "I was going to faint."

"No wonder," he commented. "Afterall you've gone through."

They had much to say to one another, many questions to ask and answer as they strolled through the village and on the moorland road beyond. The mystery surrounding them grew more baffling with each new development. It seemed to be like them in an envelope them in a tangled net from which there was no escape.

"It's so darned senseless, isn't it?" asked Jimmy, lighting a cigarette. "If you could see any reason for what's happening it wouldn't be so bad. Think of it! Here's an unknown man has his face burned and is buried in someone else's name. Two days afterward his body is dug up during the night, only to be abandoned in a loft. What can you make of that?"

"Nothing," replied Myra promptly. "Who do you think was living in that loft?"

"Heaven knows. It wasn't our Sergeant Grimes because I feel sure he was the man with the mask who didn't know about the other entrance. I suppose it's silly, but I can't help wondering if that load was intended for the man with the burned face."

"But he's dead."

"I wonder."

"I'm quite sure," shivered Myra, thinking of the flabby discolored hand she had seen.

"Well, if he is dead I think he was expected to be alive," persisted Jimmy. "Doesn't it strike you that whoever dug him up thought he would be alive? Why else should they do such a thing? They didn't want the dead body or they wouldn't have left it in the loft."

Perhaps the fact that I was up there. Oh, I can't puzzle it out at all. As you say, it's all so senseless. No wonder Inspector Gloom is miserable about it."

"He's a queer sort of cuss, isn't he?"

Point! He still thinks we know more about it than we pretend. I'm surprised he's allowed us to come out here alone."

He hasn't," growled Jimmy with a backward glance. "Constable Fothergill is keeping a fatherly eye on us."

"Oh—well. Let's try and forget it for a few minutes. My head aches with thinking. It's a topping morning, isn't it?"

The purple heather glowed warmly on the surrounding hills. The sun shone brightly but there was a stimulating tang in the keen moorland air. After all it was good to be alive. And Fothergill kept at a discreet distance behind them.



Illustrated by HAROLD W. McCREA

Myra started back with a stifled cry. Projecting from the straw was a hand.

They talked about Jimmy Harrison and they talked about Myra Livingstone. Before long they felt that they had known one another for years. But with all the will in the world Jimmy could not forget their present circumstances. The more he learned about the girl the more astounding the whole business seemed. She was so honest, so straightforward, so decent. How on earth did she come to be mixed up with mystery and murder?

The half hour of freedom passed quickly. They were surprised when Fothergill overtook them and suggested that it was time to return.

"I don't want to go back," smiled Myra frankly.

"Neither do I," agreed Jimmy. "But I expect Gloom will be waiting for us."

THE inspector was strolling slowly to and fro in the courtyard of the *Dog and Gun*. His hands were clasped behind his back and his tonsured head was thrust forward, giving him a vulture-like aspect.

"Hope you're feeling better, Miss Livingstone," he croaked. "I've been wondering what you'll do about clothes. We shall probably want you to stay here for a few days, and you've no baggage. Hadn't you better have some sent on?"

"There's no one to send it on," replied Myra. "My friend won't return to the flat until this week-end."

"Well, perhaps we'll find some other way. Mr. Harrison, I wonder if you'd be good enough to drive us out to Withens?"

"Sure," agreed Jimmy, and backed the car out of the garage.

It felt queer to be returning again to the house of mystery on the moorland; queerer still to walk up the stairs and look into Room 16. There was now no sign of the tragedy that had occurred there. The body had been removed. The shutters were flung back and bright sunlight poured in through the open window.

"Might all have been a dream," muttered Jimmy.

"The evidence to the contrary lies in the mortuary," said Gloom, licking his thin lips as though the idea pleased him. "Courtesy itself, for a vault beneath the church. Sir Basil Thwaite will be here this morning to make an examination. I'm afraid he won't think much of the accommodation, but it's the best we can do."

He led them into the next room and dragged a large square box from a corner.

"These yours, Miss Livingstone?" he asked, lifting the lid.

The box was full of feminine garments: stockings, shoes and hats in extraordinary confusion.

"Help yes!" exclaimed Myra, regarding the contents with dismay. "They're mine.

"Pack 'em yourself?

"Good gracious, no!"

"I thought not. It looks more like a man's work."

"When did you find this box?" asked Jimmy.

"Yesterday."

"Then why did you ask Miss Livingstone whether she could have clothes sent—Oh, I see! Another trap or test as you call it."

"There is a subtle but important difference," explained Gloom, "between the young lady bringing the clothes with her and someone else bringing them with her. I hadn't much doubt about the matter, but I do like to be sure whenever possible. Unfortunately it's no rarely possible. I'll have the box sent on to the *Dog and Gun*, Miss Livingstone. In the meantime I'd like you to show me the rock where you saw the gentleman with the binoculars."

They walked out to the front of the house. From here the queerly shaped boulder was plainly visible and Myra had no difficulty in identifying it.

"You don't mind a little walk, perhaps?" asked the inspector. "Good! Then we'll stroll up and see if he left any traces behind him."

There was no question of strolling up the hillside. It was a pretty stiff climb over rough, broken ground clothed with bracken and dotted with weirdly shaped rocks. All three of them were somewhat breathless when they reached their objective.

Proof that Myra's eyes and not deceived her was readily forthcoming. At the side of the boulder the rough grass was flattened where someone had lain at full length. Poking among the grass, Gloom picked up a couple of cigarette ends.

"Looks as though your sergeant Grimes didn't go very far away, doesn't it?" he said. "A most determined sort of person he must be."

"You think that he saw Miss Livingstone in the car and tried to recapture her in the left last night?"

"I don't like to think that, Mr. Harrison, but I'm afraid I must."

"Then it doesn't seem as though he knew that the man with the burned face was up there? I mean, he hadn't anything to do with the digging up of the body?"

"He didn't know of the other way up to the left, at any rate. That's as far as we can get just now. I'm off to interview the old couple who kept house for Gregory Walker. I don't suppose we'll be lucky enough to learn anything, but you'd better come with me, I think."

"You don't intend letting us out of your sight, do you?" asked Myra.

"Not if I can help it, Miss Livingstone."

"I should have thought," said Jimmy rather heatedly, "that it must be perfectly evident by now to any reasonable being that we know nothing more about this business than we have told you."

"I'm afraid that's true," sighed Gloom. "Makes my task dreadfully difficult, doesn't it? I don't suppose it has occurred to you that I might have another reason for wishing to keep an eye on you?"

HE STRODE AWAY, leaving them to follow. Jimmy felt snubbed. He glanced at Myra, wondering if she had caught the implication of the inspector's words. She smiled at him.

"He's changed his mind about us," she whispered. "He thinks now that we need protection."

"I believe I've hurt his feelings."

"Serve him right. He shouldn't be such a miserable old blighter."

They walked back to the car in silence. Jimmy wondered what the Scotland Yard man was thinking. Apparently he had abandoned his suspicions of both of them and had accepted them as genuine. His attitude seemed to indicate that he expected a further attempt to capture the girl.

It did not take long to reach the cottage, halfway between Withens and Soyland, where the old couple who had looked

Continued on page 28



Mr. Tapp was certainly in a hurry. "Come out!" he panted. "I've got a clue."



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REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Orientals Would Oust Occidentals

Discord among Western nations has lowered their prestige in Asia

NEW YORK *TIMES*

THE wave of unrest which is sweeping all over Asia is, in the opinion of many competent authorities, the direct result of the treaties that the Western nations are having in straightening out their post war differences. For generations the inhabitants of the Eastern nations permitted themselves to be ruled and more or less exploited by a Western civilization which called itself superior and which the Orientals took for granted was superior.

But now these Asiatics are beginning to question the so-called superiority of the white races. They have seen them engaged in a war of self extermination which left nearly all of them gasping for existence; they have not failed to notice that they are war weary and more inclined to argue than to fight. They see Western banks failing and Western business concerns languishing, and naturally in their eyes Western prestige has taken a big drop.

Commenting on the aftermath of the Great War in the New York *Times* Herbert Adams Gibbons writes about the changing attitude of the erstwhile meek and humble Orientals who are now beginning to think that they are quite strong enough successfully to combat the once feared Occidentals, as follows:

"There is vast unrest in the East. It affects directly more than half the human race. It may well prove contagious to the rest of humanity. Far from Shanghai and Manila to Istanbul the unrest is indicative of lack of faith in the political and economic solidarity of the white race by which fact alone the hegemony of the Occidental powers in Asia was established and remained unquestioned for a hundred years.

"European political solidarity in dealing with Asiatic peoples, was broken by the Russian revolution and the Treaty of Versailles. Russia was ostracized by the rest of the white race and invaded by her former allies before the end of the World War. The Treaty of Versailles compelled Germany to renounce her extraterritorial privileges in China, Siam and Turkey and subjected her citizens to the jurisdiction of native courts.

"During the war the Entente propagandists had spread stories in China and the Malay Peninsula attacking the conduct of the Germans. The representatives of the Entente powers and the United States at Peking (now Peiping) urged the Chinese to arrest and expel subjects of the Central Powers and seize their property, and in the decade following the war they approved the raiding of the Russian legation and Russian consulates. Asiatic soldiers were led into Siberia to fight against white men and they had been freely used on European battlefields.

"The folly (suicidal folly, the French commander at Tientsin called it) of all this is realized when we consider that not more than five per cent of continental Asiatics know or care about the racial distinctions we draw within our own Caucasian group. To them all whites are the same and whatever discredits or humiliates one member of our family of white nations discredits and humiliates all.

European economic stability began to appear dubious soon after the war ended, when rubles and francs and marks and pounds sterling depreciated in value when we revealed that boycotts hurt us severely and when international trade gradually became disorganized. Notorious failures of foreign banks puzzled the Chinese in particular, who had believed in these institutions of credit, assuming that the guarantee behind their deposits and bank notes was a matter of honor to the nation whose nationals were involved. And the state of Europe and the U.S.A. America's since October, 1929, has not done much to restore confidence in our economic and commercial wizardry.

Reviewing the changes that have taken place since the beginning of the century, the author points to the rise of Japan, which is now one of the six most powerful nations, and to the fact that China has won tariff autonomy and Boxer indemnities from Western nations. He states that the Filipinos have grown prosperous and enjoy considerable self government that Indian National leaders have been received by Ministers of the King-Emperor that the Turks are now masters of their own destiny, that Siam has got rid of every European encroachment on her sovereignty. Continuing:

"And yet these stupendous changes, many of them unthought of and unhoped for, these changes that are in many cases miracles, have not brought contentment. The rapid progress of all Asiatic peoples toward political emancipation, their sharing in the world wide advantages of improved means of communication and of production, agricultural as well as industrial, seem to have contributed to the unrest in Asia.

"Why is there dissatisfaction everywhere? Why are revolts prevented only by the presence of armies under European officers? Why is there this hatred of the white man, evident to the most casual tourist?

"The fundamental causes of unrest in the East are economic and cultural. Occidental conceptions of industry, public finance and trade, which we have compelled Asiatics to adopt and put into practice, are not willingly accepted by them.

"Throughout Asia, where have we not forced treaties of amity and commerce upon the natives at the cannon's mouth? Where have we not safeguarded ourselves with concessions and the backing of our governments in building railways and other public works, in developing mining, agricultural and manufacturing industries? Where have we not taken securities derogatory to sovereignty before we made loans?

"While the Orientals have apparently admitted that the Western mode of living was superior to their own, it now appears that they had their doubts all the time, even in religious matters.

"The truth of the matter is—and we in our complacency should realize it—that the age-old culture of the East is the antithesis of our materialistic civilization. Our philosophy of life, our goals, are different from those of Orientals. The Oriental says: 'Go slowly and take only what you need and what pleases you.' The Occidental says: 'Get it full speed and take all that you can get without thought of its need or benefit to you.'

"Freedom from foreign rulers, a complete separation from the economic system of the Western World, Asiatic thinkers and leaders preach will make it possible for the people to live more securely, more happily, than they do under Occidental tutelage. So they yearn to get rid of us and bend all their efforts to that end. This is the underlying cause of Asiatic unrest.

"Our pattern is the normal thing to us; to them it is a strait jacket. Can we find anywhere among Orientals appreciation for what we Occidentals fondly believe we have done for them? I doubt it.

"Many of them have little faith in our representative institutions, the inefficiency of which they say is demonstrated by post war events.

"All of them lament the infeudation of their continent to the Occidental economic system, which has already wrought incalculable harm, they say.

"Orientals are not so afraid of personal physical injury as we are, and dying does not worry them. The acquisition and preservation of property are not obsessions with them. Since security therefore has not the same importance to them as to us, they do not regard an orderly administration upheld by army and police as either a fetish or the *summum bonum*.

"Leisure in its absolute sense, that is, just doing nothing, is a lost art with us; to the Oriental it is ahead of food and drink. But wherever we have come into the relation of overlordship with the Oriental we have taken away his leisure. For what we gave him in its place we made him pay too big a price.

"In the past the Oriental, although he sometimes rebelled and was always recalcitrant, bowed to the inevitable with a resignation peculiar to his part of the world. He thought he had to take what the conqueror meted out to him. But now he is not sure that we are stronger than he is. While our solid front of former times has been broken, he has been slowly forming. The unrest in Asia, no longer hopeless, voiceless, leaderless, is making itself felt throughout the Continent. Duels like that in India between the British Government and the Indian Congress, and three-cornered struggles like that in Manchuria involving Japan, China and Russia, cause the Occidental world the keenest sort of uneasiness. The economic and social structure of Europe as well as the political alignment, is being vitally influenced by events in Asia."



—Photo from Wide World Photos.

Japanese Troops Entering the Walled City of Chinchow

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The Case of the Painted Girl

Continued from page 24

after Gregory Walker lived. Both husband and wife of course had already been interviewed by the police and were very upset and frightened about it all.

In spite of Gloom's adroit questioning they could add nothing more to what they had already told.

Gregory Walker they said had occupied Withens for about two years and had always been a good master to them. He had been away the whole of last winter over six months.

On Sunday they had visited the house in the ordinary way to see that all was in order. They had been amazed and shocked to find the man lying in the library with his face in the fire. It had never occurred to them to doubt his identity. He was the same man as Gregory Walker and wearing one of his suits.

"It did not been dead long I suppose, Mr Sutcliffe?" asked Gloom.

"No, sir."

"I see. Had he many visitors when he was at home?"

"Never saw one, sir. We often used to think it was strange him living all alone and solitary like."

"Perhaps friends came to see him after you had gone home. Mr Sutcliffe. What did he do with himself all day?"

He went out for walks, and he used to sit and read a bit.

"And drink?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid he did."

"Well, thank you very much," said Gloom after further questions had assured him that the old couple could tell nothing more. "Remember that you mustn't gossip about this."

He seemed even more mournful than usual as they left the cottage.

MR GRINLING JACOBS, solicitor, was a pompous little man with a fat chubby face carrying a very small office in the main street of Halliford. He had already been notified of the death of the real Gregory Walker and at the second inquest had professed himself unable to give any information about his client beyond what he had said on the previous occasion.

At Gloom's request he repeated the details of his association with the dead man.

Walker had come to him two years ago to arrange short renting the house known as Withens which, of course, was the property of Lord Ernville. He had given a London banker's reference which was quite satisfactory, and the matter had been carried through without any difficulty. The rent had always been paid in advance and in addition Mr Jacobs was entrusted with a sum of money with which to pay the weekly wages of the Sutcliffes whether Walker was at home or not. No other business of any sort had passed through his hands.

"That doesn't help us much," muttered Gloom. "What do you know of the man himself?"

"Nothing whatsoever," replied Mr Jacobs.

"Can you tell us where he went on his frequent absences from Withens?"

"Quite so." Gloom scratched his tonsured head. "There is some talk about him being a great traveller. Can you verify that?"

"I'm afraid I cannot."

"Quite so," said Gloom again. "Unfortunately we must now take a very decided interest in his business. I was afraid you wouldn't be able to help us, Mr Jacobs. Our task seems to be almost impossible. Perhaps you will give me the name of the London bank with which he dealt."

"I hope so indeed," murmured Jacobs, scribbling an address on a sheet of paper.

The car made short work of the few miles to Soyland. Outside the *Dog and Gun*, Major Court, the chief constable, was talking to a tall dignified looking man with a scholarly face and a pronounced stoop.

Major Court's grave, kindly features expanded into a smile when Myra was introduced.

"So this is the young lady who is the cause of all our trouble," he said, shaking her hand. "Not quite so stately, perhaps, as Helen of Troy but—" He extended his hand to Jimmy. "Good morning, Mr Harrison. I understand that Inspector Gloom has now taken both of you under his wing. Incidentally, you are quite at liberty to proceed to Scotland provided you will return when necessary for the adjourned inquest. In the circumstances, I think Miss Livingstone had better remain in our care until—"

"I'm not going," said Jimmy bluntly. "I want to see this thing through."

"Very well. We'll be glad enough of your help. This is Sir Basil Thwaite, the pathologist. He has just been making a post-mortem examination of the body found in the left."

"Find anything, sir?" asked Gloom.

"I think there is no doubt," said Sir Basil in measured and slightly pedantic tones, "that the man was poisoned." He adjusted his pince-nez. "The signs are slight, and such as might easily be overlooked by one not accustomed to post-mortem work but to my mind they are conclusive."

"What was the poison?"

"That I cannot tell you at the moment, except that it was of vegetable origin. We must wait for the analysis."

"I don't suppose it matters much. It seems pretty evident that Walker killed the man before burning his face. Unless, of course—"

The inspector broke off as he caught sight of a man running down the path from the moors.

"Mr Topp's in a hurry," he remarked. "Wonder if someone's stolen his Roman road."

Mr Topp certainly was in a hurry. And when he reached the little group outside the *Dog and Gun* he seemed on the point of bursting with importance.

"Come on!" he gasped, blinking eagerly through his spectacles. "I've quick—I've got a clue."

"To what?" asked Gloom.

"To the man you're after. The man who escaped from the hill last night."

"What about him?"

"He's up on the moor now. I've just seen him."

MAJOR COURT and Sir Basil Thwaite had business of their own. After leaving certain instructions Gloom set off accompanied by Jimmy and Myra under the guidance of Mr Topp.

"Do you think it was Sergeant Grimes' that Mr Topp saw?" he whispered to Gloom as they came together for a moment on the steep path up the hillside.

"It's possible, Mr Harrison."

"But you don't really think so?"

"It's too good to be true."

At the brow of the hill all trace of a path vanished, and they strode across rough, broken ground, sometimes on soft naked peat, sometimes on tough hummocky grass. Mr Topp began to talk about the lost Roman road, but no one paid any attention to him.

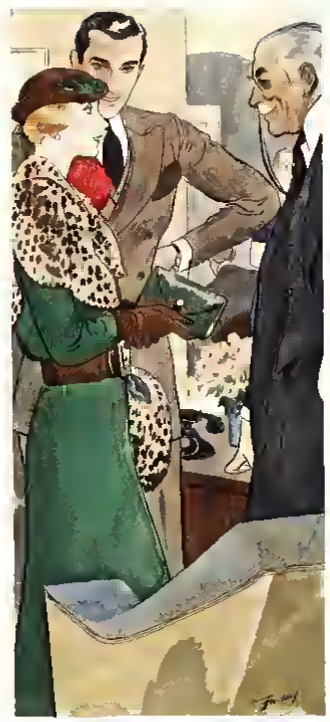
Eventually they reached a point overlooking a ragged gully and saw a tumble-down hut, hidden from earlier view by its sheltered position. In spite of Gloom's prediction that they would find no trace of Sergeant Grimes, Jimmy began to doubt.

They stumbled down the steep bank of the gully to the hut.

"I see two persons have occupied the place quite recently," said Gloom, pointing out various features. "You can see where a small fire has been made. There are freshly struck matches lying about in considerably greater numbers than would be explained by a casual visit, and silver paper from chocolate or chocolate biscuits."

Continued on page 53

Every minute that you live you are in a Beauty Contest

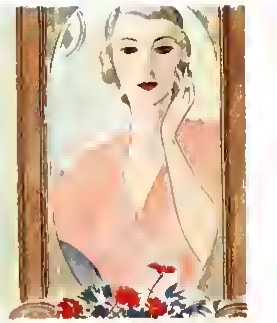


Here's an incident in the great Beauty Contest of every day! The girl above is meeting her husband's big chief. What impression would you make if you were in her shoes? Every man, office boy or president, responds to clean natural loveliness, the loudly tribute that grips every woman a thrill



Even children judge you in the Beauty Contest that you face every day! Like men and other women, they are honest in their liking for the woman with the clear and lovely skin. Look at your own skin. Is it as pretty? If it isn't you ought to switch to Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, today

A cake of Calay Soap—and you have the finest beauty treatment in the world. Buy a dozen cakes—today—and watch this gentle soap bring out the natural beauty of your skin. With Calay your skin will always be fresh and delicately glowing—lovely with new, deep cleanliness!



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



Delicate Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

Made in Canada

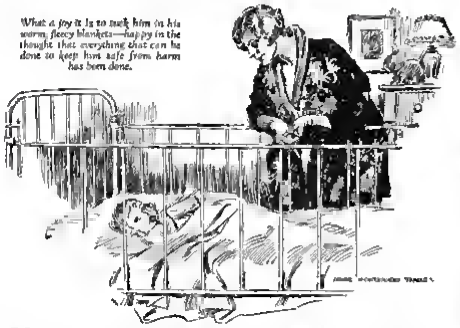
CALAY

Less than a minute with luxurious Calay lather, a soft cloth, and warm water, then a rinse with clean cold water—and your skin can breathe again! ☆ It has regained the delicate, shell like beauty which through the ages has been the greatest asset of the feminine skin. Calay leaves it soft, too, of flower petal smoothness ☆ No longer are your pores clogged with the invisible dirt that filters down out of the air to dim the natural loveliness of your skin ☆ Gentle Calay has seen to *that*. ☆ Guard your skin by using no soap less gentle, less safe. 73 of the country's leading skin doctors say Calay *is* safe enough for that precious skin of yours! ☆ You *are* in a never-ending Beauty Contest! Let Calay help you win!

Copr. 1932 Procter & Gamble

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Tuck him in...Safe



FORTUNATE are the mothers of today. They can tuck their babies in bed and rest secure in the knowledge that many of childhood's greatest enemies need never touch them. For one thing, their babies probably will never have smallpox. These wise mothers have seen to it that their little ones are protected by vaccination.

How different it was before vaccination was discovered. Then mothers were powerless against this terrible disease. Among children who died, under 10 years of age, smallpox was responsible for one out of three deaths. Smallpox was more prevalent than measles. Fewescaped and the children suffered most. Over and over again it swept the world, leaving its thousands of dead, thousands cruelly disfigured, thousands blind and deaf.

Then came the history-changing discovery—vaccination—and the number of deaths from smallpox went down and down. The end would have been reached but for the well-meaning, but misinformed persons who clamored that "vaccination is a crime"—that "sunshine and cleanliness, not vaccination, drive out smallpox." If such reckless statements are believed and parents do not have their children vaccinated, smallpox may again attack the children as it did a little more than a century ago. In certain parts of the country, smallpox among children is again on the increase!

In the past, when arm to arm inoculation was common and persons were inoculated direct from smallpox patients, there were many deaths following attempts at prevention. Today, vaccination is safe. The only mishaps that can occur are due to carelessness in protecting the vaccinated area. Smallpox comes from unsuspected sources. Because it takes 12 days to develop, it is possible for immigrants or returning travellers to bring smallpox into the country with them. Smallpox can be stamped out only by systematic vaccination. Every child should be vaccinated before he is one year old and again during school years. Immunity wears off in time—anywhere from five to fifteen years *and leaves one again susceptible*. Is it more than seven years since you were vaccinated? Now—before the danger is upon you—make sure that you and yours are properly protected. Be safe.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, without cost, a booklet which gives the facts—"Smallpox". Ask for Booklet 2-M 32

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Frederick H. Ecker, President
CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE - - - OTTAWA



1872 . . . SIXTY YEARS IN CANADA . . . 1932

Russia As I Saw It!

Continued from page 9

Street cars are terribly overcrowded. People are crushed on the cars in football scrimmage fashion. It is necessary to enter by the rear door and leave by the front door. The conductress stands by the rear door. Tickets cost 10 kopecks, 2½d or five cents, any distance. If you are crushed past the conductress before you can buy a ticket, the practice is to pass your money back to the conductress from person to person or else ride free. It doesn't matter much which you do. If a burly peasant crushes the wind out of you and you complain, someone will repeat the old, old joke: "Will you know they haven't got a private compartment for you yet. Wait till the Five Year Plan is completed."

Everywhere women are taking their places with men in manual labor—digging roads, plastering walls, loading carts, carrying heavy loads—and everywhere there are soldiers with fixed bayonets guarding property or standing in doorways.

At odd intervals there are beggars, usually bewhiskered old men making the sign of the cross. Gypsies seem to have lost their distinction, so many others are ragged. In side streets private barter takes place, in apples, melons, cigarettes and odd articles of nondescript character. Occasionally one sees a vodka drunkard lying in the gutter.

The general impression of street life is drabness, mass movement with a flatness, sort of purpose, soldiers, more soldiers, limited traffic and crowded trams; book shops, broken windows and queues of people waiting patiently. We are permitted to go where we please unattended, and there is always some volunteer to answer questions.

Community Kitchens

COMMUNITY KITCHENS are operated to produce meals at a minimum cost—which they can obviously do—and to free women of their home duties to enable them to work in industry. We visited one of the five big community kitchens of Leningrad, each one serving 20,000 meals a day. In addition to these are many factory kitchens and apartment-house kitchens. We visited community and factory kitchens in many cities, but they are all very similar. Half an hour's motor ride from the centre of the city, out in the factory district, where the cobbled roads were unkept and rough, we came to a modern cement structure with plenty of windows—the community kitchen. Inside the entrance was a bookshop, for communists believe in plenty of food for the mind. But in this kitchen there was plenty to eat, even if it was only vegetable soup, black bread and occasionally meat or fish tea and a sweet. The cost of the meal was forty-five kopecks (about twenty-five cents) to manual workers.

While they eat, they are forced to see the large red banner: "Work for the proletariat cause. War against the Capitalists."

What about the kitchens—could we see them? Certainly. We went into the room where the vegetables were prepared. Automatic machines were peeling potatoes and washing them. The attendant explained that they saved the peelings to make starch. Young misses were cutting carrots, groups of women sorting tomatoes. Then we went into the butcher's shop (it being a meat day). The meat was neatly cut by twenty sturdy girls wearing uniforms. In another room black bread was being sliced on an automatic slicer. Dish washing was done by a power machine. In this department some of the girls were stockingless. The floors were wet, but as sculleries go this was a good one. With pride we were shown the laboratory where supplies are tested. The kitchen works twenty-four hours a day, perpetual motion throughout the year.

There are hundreds of kitchens in other parts of the world that are finer, but this one was tremendously impressive in a land so recently emerging from starvation. These kitchens are unique in providing care for the babies and children while parents eat, and in the arrangements for sending out hot meals to apartments. Maybe thousands eat only one big meal a day, but the vegetable soup seems to keep them healthy. Here is a brief list of Russian food:

Khleb chornay	Rye or black bread.
Shchee	Cabbage soup with other vegetables.
Kasha	Boiled grain.
Bohrshch	Vegetable soup with beetroot, served with sour cream.
Rassolnye	Cold soup made of vegetables, fish, and Kvass.
Kasel	Potato flour boiled in Kvass.
Kvass	Looks like beer and is made from rye, sometimes from rye bread.
Chai	Tea, usually served in a glass, when possible with a slice of lemon.

Another communal innovation that proved interesting was the rest home. Tens of thousands of homes of wealthy people have been taken over by the State in order to provide a place for workers to go for two or four weeks vacation or rest at the expense of the State, supplemented by the Trade Union Insurance Fund.

Our first visit to a rest home was to a palatial residence formerly owned by a rubber merchant in Leningrad. As we stepped inside the door we were surprised to see the carved hall seat, the mirrors and hat stand just as they must have been left by the wealthy owner. Priceless paintings adorned the inner hall. We were ushered into the gorgeous drawing room where one would ordinarily expect to meet a joyous reception, but instead of that there was a strange hush as if someone was dead. Sixty workers in drab dresses sat in silence. The men were wearing their cloth caps and were smoking cigarettes. They have a curious fashion of rolling up a piece of newspaper like a small pipe and filling the end with tobacco.

The huge, magnificent mahogany table was laid with heavy soup plates and hunks of black bread. The parquet floor was covered with the dust of honest toil from alien feet. The clock in the hall—which must have cost more money than all the sixty inmates earned in a year—still measured out the moments of fleeting life. The sixty souls, who have no doubt laughed at misfortune, seemed strangely afraid to move lest they should wake up and find that after all it was only a dream. They seemed overpowered by the luxury of their surroundings.

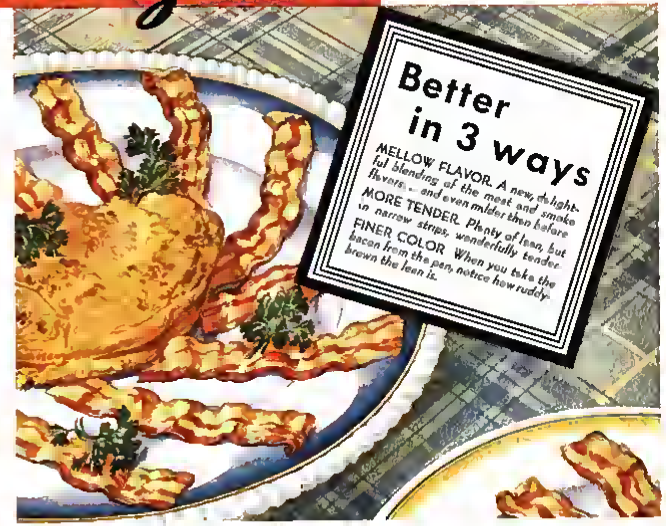
This ill ease may have been more apparent than real, however, for the two weeks sojourn in such palatial quarters is a sort of glorified episode about which the workers brag to their fellows back at the factory. This is particularly true of those fortunate enough to be sent to the Czar's palace on the shores of the Black Sea, which now accommodates 1400 workers each month.

Admittance to the homes is by way of a public clinic. These are attended by medical specialists and are to be found in all the larger cities. Any worker may go and have his or her ailments diagnosed free of charge. Whatever prescription is ordered by the examining doctors is made up free at the dispensary. If an individual is given a certificate by the doctor stating that he or she should be sent to a rest home or sanatorium then that is arranged through their union. Workers are also sent to rest homes by their union on a vacation. The doctors of course are servants of the State but they may conduct a private practice after they have completed their public duties.

Editor's Note: This is the first article of a series on Soviet Russia by Mr. Robson. In his second article he will discuss children and schools, the system of marriage and divorce, trains and travel and the City of Moscow.

The largest-selling bacon in the world

Now even better: Ovenized



Always it has been marvelously good. People thought so 30 years ago; they think so today. Exceptional goodness has made Swift's Premium the largest selling bacon in the world. Yet it's even *better* now!

For now Swift's Premium Bacon, like Swift's Premium Ham, is *Ovenized*!

A new method of smoking—that is where the secret lies. No tightening of controls—them couldn't be. You must have guessed, knowing Premium's wonderful uniformity, that Swift has long had positive, scientific control of every step. Nor is there any change in the Premium cure, so famous for the mildness it gives.

Smoked a new way

But after the curing is completed, while the fragrant, hardwood smoke is working its magic—it's then that Swift's Premium is *Ovenized*. It is smoked by a new method and this is what results!

First of all, a still more delightful flavor. Even milder than before, and with a new mellow richness, a marvelous blending of the flavor of the meat with the woodsy, tantalizing flavor from the smoke.

A new, inviting brilliance of color. Just notice, when you take the bacon from the pan, how ruddy-brown the lean is.

And there is an improvement in texture, too. An extra tenderness you notice the minute your fork nuts in.

But please don't merely take our word for all these things. Find out for yourself what *Ovenizing* has done. Quality dealers everywhere carry Swift's Premium Bacon. Be sure that's what you get.



Omelets taste better than ever! If you mix bits of Ovenized Bacon right in with them.

Won't you please be sure it's Swift's Premium you get? We've promised you a better Premium, now that it's Ovenized, and we don't want you to be disappointed. Identification is easy. The pound and half-pound packages are plainly marked, the slabs bear the name Swift in tiny brown dots down the full length of the side.

Swift Canadian Co., Limited—Purveyors of Fine Foods

Swift's Premium
Ovenized Bacon and Hams

SAVE YOUR BATTERY!



Get a Quick Start even below Zero . . .

SAVE YOUR ENGINE!



Get Full Protection at 400° F.

"Grrrrr—spgtrrrr—unpghrrrr" . . . That's not Eskimo dialect. It's not Greek. It is cold-weather starter language. And it's an important warning for you.

On cold days when your starter groans and labors—most often you can blame one thing—the oil!

In these thrifty times don't risk the expense this can bring—in battery recharging and repairs, in unnecessary engine wear. You can easily avoid it. Play safe—change to the world's biggest-selling winter oil—*double-range* Mobiloil Arctic.

On cold days an ordinary oil lies cold-stiffened in your crankcase. It cannot circulate promptly. It cannot lubricate properly. Of course your engine labors. Of course it wears prematurely.

Here's why changing to Mobiloil Arctic avoids all this trouble, spares you expense. At the first turn of your engine, Mobiloil Arctic quickly spurts to every engine part. To pistons. To bearings. Result—you save engine wear, battery drain—and besides that you get a quick start even below zero.

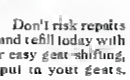
• • •

For today's winter driving speeds, a winter oil that gives you *only* a quick start is not enough. Just a few minutes after you start, your engine gets *hot*. Temperatures may soar to 400° F. That's when many so-called "winter oils" fail to lubricate effectively. They can't stand up.

But Mobiloil Arctic is different from other winter oils. It is the unique *double-range* winter oil. It gives you easy starting even below zero. And when your engine heats up, Mobiloil Arctic maintains its rich lubricating quality. It stands up. It gives last-flying moving parts protection no matter how fast you drive.

These are thrifty times. Don't risk repairs—don't risk wear. Drain and refill today with Mobiloil Arctic. And for easy gear-shifting, have Mobiloil "CW" put in your gears.

Mobiloil Arctic



IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED
Marketers of Mobiloil in Canada

Manufactured by
VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC

The Case of the Painted Girl

Continued from page 28

"Why do you say there have been two people here?" asked Myra.

"Footprints, Miss Livingstone. Over here in this patch of sandy soil. Definite and recent impressions of two different feet. One quite big, larger than any of us would make. The other very small."

"There's no doubt about that," agreed Myra, studying the footprints thoughtfully. "This small one looks as though it may have been made by a woman. Perhaps it's just a case of two lovers rendezvous."

Perhaps. Though that doesn't explain the man furtively leaving the hut this morning, does it? Was he a big man or a small man, Mr. Topp?

"I think he was just an average size, inspector. It was difficult to tell from where I was."

"Quite so. Well, there's nothing very definite to be picked up here. We'll have the place watched, of course."

It was rather disappointing. Jimmy realized that in spite of Gloom's attitude, he himself had been hoping that something tangible would result from their visit to the hut.

"It looks to me," he said as they climbed back up the steep side of the gully, "that there's someone else besides Sergeant Grimes mixed up in this business."

"It does," agreed Gloom absently. "But I can't see how a woman fits into it at all. I think it's time we had some lunch."

•

MR. TOPP was staying up on the moor to make some more measurements in connection with the Roman road.

They were within sight of the *Dog and Gun* when a car, carrying Inspector Halkett and a strange young man, came along from the direction of Halford and stopped at the inn. The inspector caught sight of them descending the hill and came to meet them.

"I've got the man who sold that parcel of food we found in the hut," he announced. "Leonard Bates, assistant at Tiptrees. He remembers the woman quite well."

"The woman!" echoed Gloom.

"Yes, queer, isn't it?"

"Queerer than you think. Let's have a word with him."

Mr. Leonard Bates had profusely lank, blanched hair and a pimply face.

"I couldn't remember anything about it when Mr. Halkett asked me at first, this morning," he explained nervously. "I'd a vague recollection of making up that parcel, but nothing more. I thought about it a lot after Mr. Halkett had gone because I knew it must be important, but I couldn't get any nearer. Then I suddenly caught sight of a woman passing along the street outside the shop window. Everything came back to me like a flash. I was certain then that was the woman I had made the parcel up for."

"What was the like?" asked Gloom. "Can you describe her? How was she dressed?"

"I—I couldn't say sir. I didn't notice."

Gloom groaned. . . . You just stood and stared at her through the window, didn't you?"

"No, I—I ran out after her. I don't quite know why. She was walking up the street pretty quickly with the man and—"

"What man?" snapped Gloom.

"I don't know who he was sir. He was a very big man."

"How big?"

"Bigger than either you or Mr. Halkett, I think," replied Bates, worried and confused by the interrogation. "I didn't notice him particularly."

"Mr. wouldn't. Well, what happened?"

She turned round and saw me. She pulled at the man's arm and they hurried up a side street. When I got to it I couldn't see them anywhere."

"So you went back to your shop?"

"Yes, sir."

Gloom turned to Halkett.

"You took what steps you could, of course?"

"Yes. But there wasn't much to go on, was there?"

"There certainly wasn't. Still, the size of the man may give him away. He is pretty big—I've seen his footprints. It may help us a good deal if you can find these two, Halkett. I think you'd better make it your job for the time being."

I'll go through Halford with a fine-tooth comb," vowed Halkett.

He turned off Mr. Leonard Bates in the car. For a while Gloom paced slowly about the courtyard, shoulders hunched and tonsured head thrust forward in the familiar vulture-like attitude. Then he returned to Jimmy and Myra who had been watching him in silence.

"We're getting deeper into the hole," he sighed mournfully as ever.

"I suggest a spot of lunch."

The chief constable was waiting inside. Sir Basil Thwaite had departed to complete his analysis of the poison he had found.

While detailing the latest developments Gloom was interrupted by a call to the telephone. When he returned his face was set in a horrible scowl.

More fun," he announced briefly. "The fingerprints of the man with the burnt face have been identified. He is on our records of Scotland Yard as Black Ferguson."

"The news seems to please you," muttered Jimmy.

"It does, Mr. Harrison. It lends such a charming anticipation to the outlook. Our most recent information about Black Ferguson was that he had joined forces with the most mysterious and elusive personality in London crookdom—"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Major Court, startled. "You don't mean the Tiger?"

"I do mean the Tiger!"

"Then we're up against a much more dangerous proposition than we imagined."

"We certainly are. I'm sure the Tiger never went to Sunday school; he doesn't know there's such a thing as a birth certificate!" Gloom sighed. "And I'm so very unlucky. The odds are that he'll get me before I can get him."

JIMMY had learned by now to discount a good deal of Gloom's pessimism. Nevertheless he could see that both the Scotland Yard man and Major Court were genuinely worried by the discovery of the identity of the man with the burned face.

"You seem very perturbed about this man," he said rather impertinently. "Who is he?"

"If I knew that," replied Gloom, "I shouldn't be perturbed."

"Don't you even know his name?"

"I know a dozen. If I said Sergeant Grimes that wouldn't help a lot, would it?"

"Good Lord! Do you mean that—"

"I don't mean anything. Mr. Harrison. I don't know enough. But if Black Ferguson was mixed up in this case, the Tiger would have a finger in it, too, and it wouldn't surprise me if he were responsible for the death of Gregory Waller."

"But surely you can tell us something about him, inspector," said Myra.

"No one knows much," Gloom went on moodily. "I can tell you that the man is a criminal. Miss Livingstone, with a fertile brain, ready resource and inflexible will, and we have reason to believe that in controls a powerful organization."

"We're getting into good company," I must say. And do you really think that the man who called himself Sergeant Grimes is the Tiger?" asked Jimmy.

"I do, Mr. Harrison! Or if not the Tiger himself at least someone in his organization."

"It sounds ridiculous," cried Myra. "Why should a gang of crooks want to kidnap me?"

"Why should anyone want to kidnap you, Miss Livingstone?" asked Gloom.

"I expect you sent detectives to the shop to ask about me didn't you?" observed Myra. "I'll bet I've lost my job."

The chief constable's grave, kindly face expanded into a smile.



Why waste money gargling *when colds get worse and worse?*

3 out of 4 gargle uselessly while sore throats get worse and colds hang on

Don't waste dollars on antiseptics that can't kill germs unless used full strength. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when diluted with 2 parts of water. It goes 3 times as far as other antiseptics. Thus $1 worth does the work of $3 spent for ordinary kinds.

STOP gargling for a minute. Please answer this question: Do you add water to your mouth wash? 3 out of 4 do. Adding water robs most mouth antiseptics of power to kill germs. That's how millions fool themselves—but not their colds—and not the germs nor bad breath.

If you dilute your antiseptic choose one that kills germs even when diluted. Otherwise you haven't any right even to hope for quick relief.

SAFE—yet more powerful

Here is the startling news in this new discovery. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 1 or 2 parts of water to suit your taste and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. That's where most other leading mouth antiseptics fail. Yet in spite of all its power Pepsodent Antiseptic is utterly safe when used full strength. What a weapon it is in your fight against colds!

New security against bad breath (Halitosis)

And remember—when you use Pepsodent Antiseptic for colds, you are doing double duty by also fighting bad breath. For Pepsodent Antiseptic checks bad breath due to unhygienic mouth conditions 1 to 2 hours longer! Immediately after use, 95% of germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Two hours later the number of germs is still reduced by 80%. That is far longer acting than other leading mouth antiseptics.

$3 worth for $1—regardless of size

To kill germs—most mouth antiseptics must be used full strength. So to mix them with water is a waste of money. Contrariwise, Pepsodent Antiseptic can be mixed with twice its own volume of water. Thus Pepsodent Antiseptic goes three times as far—saves you $2 for every $1 you spend. Pepsodent Antiseptic comes in 3 sizes: 3 ounces for 25c—7 ounces for 50c—16 ounces for $1. The larger the size the more for your money.

Again we say: Quit being good to germs. They've laughed at you long enough. Play safe. Buy an antiseptic that really kills germs when diluted. Remember: You can fool yourself but you can't fool a cold.

BAD BREATH (Halitosis)

Pepsodent Antiseptic does double duty when combating colds and throat infections. For at the same time it checks bad breath. *Remember: Per A. to 2 to 1 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics . . . and it kills germs when diluted.*

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Colds in Head
Throat Irritations
Vicious Hoarseness
Bad Breath
Tired Eyes
Cracked Sores
Mouth Irritations
After Extractions
After Shaving
Minor Cuts
Gums
Loose Dandruff
Chronic Under-Arm Perspiration
Tired Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic



BILLIE BURKE As this recent photograph shows the years have only increased her irresistible appeal This year she has added to her long list of stage triumphs "The Truth Game"

"I am 39!" says BILLIE BURKE

Famous stage Beauty declares no woman needs look her age

"I REALLY am 39 years old!" says Billie Burke "And I don't see why any woman should look her age

"We on the stage, of course, *must* keep our youthful freshness Youth always has irresistible attraction—it wins and holds the public as nothing else can

"So one must be wise enough to *keep* this charm right through the years To do this it is important above everything else to guard complexion beauty—keep one's skin temptingly fresh and smooth

'For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap regularly Its lather is beautifully smooth and so delicately fragrant And it leaves my skin amazingly clear and soft"

At 39 Billie Burke has just signed up for a series of motion pictures in Hollywood! What a tribute to her youthful freshness!

9 out of 10 Stars use it

She will find the Hollywood actresses, like the stage stars, are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap Actually 605 of the 613 important ones use this fragrant white soap to guard complexion beauty—*regularly!* It has been made the official soap in all the great film studios

Surely your skin should have the protection of this gentle care!

Lever Brothers Limited Toronto
Soap makers by appointment to their Excellencies the Governor General and Countess of Bessborough

Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

We didn't take you no trust Miss Livingstone We had very exhaustive enquiries made in London about you What we know about you and Mr Harrison would surprise you We have arranged for you to have leave of absence from Berry and Dawn s until this case is finished And also for your friend Miss Fortune to join you here as soon as she returns from her holiday

How topping of you exclaimed Myra Then Lily will be here tomorrow That will be lovely

SHE was delighted with the idea But to Jimmy guessing that the police were arranging things so that the girl should never be left alone it seemed distinctly ominous

Over coffee after lunch they tried to arrange the facts they had learned in some logical sequence

It s pretty hopeless mourned Gloom I think we re justified in assuming that Gregory Walker was associated with Black Ferguson and the Tiger in this mysterious conspiracy to kidnap Miss Livingstone For some reason Walker decided to play a game of his own He got rid of Black Ferguson and engineered his own apparent death The Tiger discovering what was going on, killed him That seems clear enough But who the deuce are these two people who lived in the hut on the moor?

Members of the Tiger s gang suggested Major Court

No, no! Everything points to the fact that these two dug up the body of Black Ferguson and left it in the loft If the Tiger knew that Walker had killed Black Ferguson why should he detail two of his gang to dig up the body?

It s possible, isn t it, asked Myra thoughtfully that this was done first? That Gregory Walker was killed after the body had been identified?

Possibly certainly agreed Gloom But not very probable. It wouldn t be necessary for them to carry the body of a fellow member of the gang into the loft in order to identify it.

"Why did they carry it into the loft then?" asked Jimmy

When we know that Mr Harrison we shall be near to solving the mystery

THE afternoon passed very pleasantly In the busy streets of Bradfield, the mystery that hung over the moorland seemed remote and unreal

But as soon as they returned to the *Dog and Gun*, they found themselves back in the thick of it Inspector Gloom was finishing a telephone conversation

"Negative results all the time" he sighed as he joined them We don't seem to make a bit of progress.

The manager of Gregory Walker's bank in London had been interviewed but could give no information about the dead man His account had never been a large one. Up to a few years ago it had been kept going mainly by cheques from publishers and lecturing agencies. More recently all payments into it had been made by cash

So that particular line of investigation comes to a dead end, said Gloom mournfully

After tea Jimmy and Myra strolled out into the dusk. Gloom was busy writing in his room but they hadn t gone far before they realized that their old friend Constable Fothergill, was following them like a faithful dog.

Pretty awful isn t it? asked Myra.

Makes you feel like a criminal She shivered a little I d never do for that. Terrible feeling to know that there is always someone on your track

It s not pleasant, agreed Jimmy But we can't blame the police for trying to protect you I feel sure that Gloom expects Sergeant Grimes to make another attempt to kidnap you and we are not going to let that happen without a struggle

The girl turned to face him and he could see her eyes glowing warmly in the dusk

I m not frightened of that Mr Harrison, she said softly while I ve such good friends.

Everyone at the *Dog and Gun* went to bed early that night. Jimmy was glad to lay his head on the pillow The last two nights had been disturbed, to say the least and he was tired out. He was also very happy, though he didn't know why. He slept peacefully and awoke the next morning feeling very much refreshed and still unaccountably content with life

He went down to breakfast whistling cheerfully There was no one in the little dining room when he entered it, but Inspector Gloom came in almost immediately, looking miserable and morose as usual

Morning inspector Jimmy greeted him heartily Lovely day

Very Mr Harrison Charming

There was a heavy sarcasm in the reply that sounded ominous.

"What s the matter? asked Jimmy "Anything gone wrong?

"Oh, no. Nothing Except that Walker's body has disappeared from the mortuary

Gregory Walker's? Stolen?"

"Yes" nodded Gloom sombrely "Someone s run off with it during the night

To be continued

What Is Sportsmanship?

Continued from page 21

the same way that do manners and customs, from country to country Schoolboys idolize leading athletes, and fashion their ethics and practices after those of their heroes. An illustration of this occurred within the past few weeks on a popular public school playground in Toronto, one of the better sections of the city.

Two boys of about eleven or twelve were rolling on the turf, engaged in a keen wrestling match What it lacked in science it made up for in vigor Apparently some of the youngsters had been taken to see recent professional wrestling matches or had heard their fathers talk about them High pitched thinks of encouragement rang out

Get on Fat, gouge his eye out!"

Give it to him Tommee bite his ear!"

Why don't you twist his big toe, you mutt!"

These and other cries were commented upon by a teacher standing a few yards from the tracas. "They know that everything goes in a professional wrestling match—and so they emulate those methods on the playing field" he said

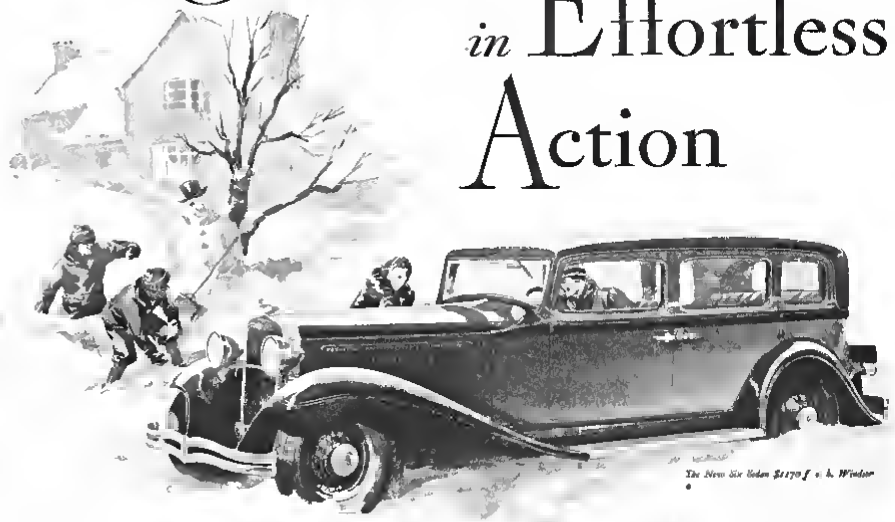
Not only do ethics vary from generation to generation and from country to country but also from one sport to another Contrast the behavior of the crowd at a rugby or baseball contest with that at a tennis game or cricket match Contrast also the conduct which is permissible for the players of one game and school for one or more of the others. At football or baseball organized and unorganized cheering and rooting have become almost a part of the game itself. They certainly are an integral and expected part of the spectacle Cricket enthusiasts, probably for centuries have been very nearly mute. Tennis fans have had to receive occasional warnings from umpires, but they too are now pretty well trained to applaud or cheer only after the completion of a point.

About a third of a century ago Toronto, then playing in the old Eastern League won its first baseball pennant. The method of winning provided plenty of material for sermons in Toronto pulpits the following Sunday A local rule in the ancient baseball field, stated that any fair ball knocked into the crowd thereby automatically counted as a home run. The climax of the game came when a Toronto player knocked out a fair

Continued on page 36

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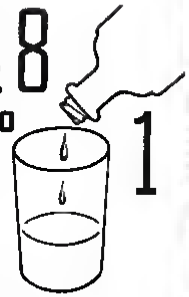
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Makers of ZYMOLE TROKEYS

Continued from page 24

to meddling fly ball and the local crowd—for there was standing room only—surged forward several yards so that the opposing team's fielder could not quite reach it. Toronto had won a pennant. Was that sportsmanship on the part of the crowd? Was it sporting of the Toronto players to accept the flag?

Not so many years ago it was not unthinkable for Canadian rugby fans, even at college games, to shout and yell when the quarterback of the visiting team was calling signals near the bleachers. It was done in a patent attempt to confuse and to prevent the signals being accurately heard by the caller's teammates. Such attempted methods are not popular today.

"Carrying" An Opponent

TENNIS and cricket provide few natural opportunities for displaying a lack of sportsmanship. They have long been regarded as "gentlemen's games"—what ever that may mean. But problems of behavior arise during almost every important contest.

One of the most contentious points in tennis is this: If the umpire says your opponent's ball is out when you know it is in, what should you do? In important tournaments there is no arguing with an umpire who knows his job...so how can such an error be rectified? There are many fine players who attempt to even matters by tossing away the next point deliberately. This usually leads to annoyance for the spectators the opponent the linesman the umpire was in error and the umpire. And it doesn't even up things.

Colonel H. G. Mayes, formerly of Winnipeg, when playing at Wimbledon once called the umpire's attention to a glaring error in his favor. All the satisfaction he got was a quiet but peremptory "Play." From the umpire's elevated chair. Playing at Forest Hills Tilden won the final point of a set, the second I think from Borotra on a very dubious decision of a linesman. The umpire ruled "Out." The crowd "booed" a little and Tilden tossed the third set without even a veneer of disguise to the bounding Basque. Then he took the fourth set easily making it three out of four. Two or three years ago Tilden and his doubles buddy Hunter got into the finals of an important championship event. There was probably never a day when Tilden couldn't have polished off Hunter in three straight sets, but on this occasion he carried him to five sets. Was this kindliness sportsmanship?

Shortly before the war a California comet, Maurice McLaughlin amazed Eastern States tournaments with his brilliant service. No American player could stand up successfully against the first leading expert of the American smash service. McLoughlin went to Wimbledon and British tennis players and writers questioned whether such a severe service was sporting. The rangy auburn-haired youth showed no inclination to abandon it, however so those two doughty Antipodean veterans Norman Brookes and Tony Wilding, watched McLoughlin during the early days of the tournament, studying ways to counter such speed. When one of them met McLoughlin in the finals he showed that he had solved the problem at least partially and temporarily. He took the service on the rise and so his opponent was just a fraction of a second too slow in getting to the net to cut off the return with a smashing volley. The British have since decided that speed in service or return is not unsporting. For from it and the youthful English Davis Cup team last summer trounced the American youngsters in the final round only to succumb to France in the challenge round.

Debatable Points

CRICKET provided an interesting point of sportsmanship in England shortly after the Armistice. I believe it was in the first revival after 1918 of the competition between England and Australia for the "ashes." A better of the English team struck at a "googly" apparently missed it altogether and it plumped into the hands of the wicketkeeper. The batsman declined to strike at the next ball or even to attempt to block it and it knocked the bails flying.

"Why on earth did you deliberately let the ball take your wicket?" his puzzled and rather indignant team mates asked him as he strode into the pavilion.

"Because the previous ball looked my bat, but so slightly that the umpire was unable to detect it," he replied.

Golf is another game played supposedly by gentlemen and sportsmen, but probably no game provides more opportunities for unsportsmanlike conduct which may be difficult to detect, or his hotter arguments at the nineteenth hole on points of rules and ethics not to speak of etiquette. It differs from other games in that there is very little that you can do or should do, to upset an opponent or materially to impair his game. In addition there are continually opportunities to "get away with" something if a player wishes to.

Of course, many players are congenitally poor mathematicians. They should carry pocket comptometers. But have you ever observed or heard of the following? A player who takes six strokes in a sand trap and counts four or even one. A player who has lost a ball and drops another which he "finds" to avoid the stroke penalty. A player who grounds his club in a sand trap. A player who improves his lie or a player who surreptitiously uses wooden tees when winter rules are in order?

These are glaring instances and offenders should get short shrift. But there are many examples, often in championship tournament play, where puzzling borderline cases occur. In 1921 Roger Wethered walked ahead to get a look at the flag over a knoll and returning stepped on his ball. He counted this a stroke and in the finals with a well-known pro and lost in the play-off. Without complaint and without a moment's hesitation he permitted the mistake to cost him the open title. Fans who have followed Walter Hagen and the peerless Bobby Jones record occasions when these players have counted a stroke just because the ball slightly "shivered," even when they were not within inches of completing a shot. The better the players, usually the more meticulous they are to observe every law of the game, and often they lean backward to do it.

A professor of ethics in a Canadian college remarked not long ago to a golf crony:

"I'm not going to turn in this card as a 'no' this day'd be sure to cut my handicap. I'll turn in the next one I get over ninety."

In Olympic track meets where international goodwill is supposed to be fostered is it sporting for three runners from one nation to "box off" the sole entrant of another nation in that event thus assisting a fourth runner of the first nation to win? Perhaps not but it has happened. In intercollegiate crew racing should boisterous "hates" be encouraged in order to bully the crew a regatta and eliminate the competing crews to the last ounce of effort? Perhaps not but it was done recently. In basketball some players indulge in bodychecking which will get by with an easy going referee but not with a strict one. Here there may be opportunity for honest difference of opinion. In a billiard game is it sporting to permit the opposing player unknowingly to play the wrong ball, and then suddenly "discover" the fact after he has shot. Of course not. In the fistic arena should a boxer deliberately foul his opponent in order to prevent losing the bout on a possible knockout? Is it sporting to pretend to be ill in order to lure the other boxer into leaving an opening? In squash rackets, should a player call a "let" or "hinder" when his opponent bumps him, when he realizes in his own heart that he couldn't have returned the shot anyway? These and scores of other points continually arise in the whole gamut of sports.

The Canadian player and the Canadian fan are pretty good judges of what is and what is not sportsmanship. There are few athletic ignoramuses in Canada, and therefore few "poor sports."

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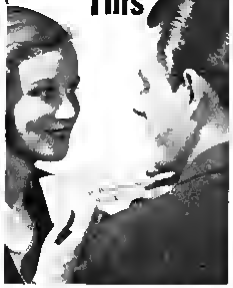
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Halfway House

Continued from page 15

woman who owned the roof above him Love her well he might, but there were things honor pride, that mattered more to the like of him It was an impasse. There was only one way the way of decent—not to tell him the truth until she belonged to him.

Don't you think —he stood above her that third night and the bit of his pipe tapped against his white teeth—That we have started something that should not, must not end something of beauty greater than I at least have ever known? He sat on the arm of her chair and gathered her close to him, and raised her face to his with his hand beneath her chin You do think that, don't you?

Yes Kit I've never been happier

Nor have I Slowly he bent to her and kissed her lips and she held him and it was a dream all years come true for one whose life had been lonely whose hunger fed only with the intangible stuff of dreams.

"My dear" he said. "These days, these nights, will go on now as long as we live only more wonderful because you will belong to me.

Her face was against the rough Connemara tweed of his lapel He could not see that she was troubled It would be so hard to tell him the truth, even after they were married when it would make no difference or she hoped could make none But stubbornly determined to enjoy this hour to let no fear of the afterward mar its beauty Mildred ceased to think of the time when she must tell him. After all it was a temporal thing that must not be allowed to intrude upon this bliss that was of eternity

"You will marry me soon? he asked. Very soon?

When you want me to," she promised But are you sure of yourself—and of me? Are you sure that nothing ?"

His finger touched her lips that uttered such treason.

"I was sure long ago in the bazaar of Cairo I have always been sure."

And so it was sealed

A GREAT leal and a greater joy were the chastele and systole of Mildred's heart beats now Nothing could spoil their happiness her heart would say then, treacherously turning it would tell her that pride the pride of the Brandons, would never let him marry the girl who owned his rooftree. It made her wretched and she would resolve to out with the stor and see if his love would stand the test. Wisdom counselled her to wait until in his wife she could soften the shock of his knowing. At least he could not reproach himself with the fact that anything mercenary had entered into his love for he did not know. Often he spoke of the house as being hers now as well as his own, and he told her of all the things he planned they would do together

The next day was busy with plans for their wedding with letters to be written arrangements to be made though they both were set on having everything done quietly with only their immediate relatives in the know Mildred moved in a world of rose-pink and ivory All that she had ever asked of life all that she had so many times despaired of having even in part would soon be hers To live to share the beauty and repose of Halfway House with the man of her dreams! It seemed to be good beyond belief

She sat at the writing table in the library that night Kit was not somewhere he was forever and at all hours poking about the yards and stables Mildred was looking for stamps. There were none in the drawer but there were a few in her compact She found them. The open mirror of the compact as it stood on the desk was before her eyes, and in it was reflected the white letter that Kit had left standing against the inkpot A word words, made right by the reflection, stuck into her mind slowly at first then sharply then like knives went down into her heart—

Have solved the problem by proposing marriage Accepted. Must happy Kit.

Even the name of Lydia Brandon was there Mildred stared dully at those accusing, damning words The very pride she had been afraid of wounding was not existent He had known from the start that the place belonged to her He had come here with the design

"Kit" she whispered How could you do that to me—he to me pretend that you didn't know. ?

It was hideous incredible Kit in the rôle of a Judas, of a fortune hunter She had never seen even the shadow of a lie in those fine brown eyes of his. What could she do? Tax him with it? Have it out with him?

SHE heard his step in the hall heard the rattle of his ash stick among the others in the rack heard him whistling softly as he came toward the library door

"Hello"

His brown smile faded and a gravity feigned as much as real succeeded it.

Kit"

In spite of herself she ran to him, placed her hands on his shoulders and stared into his eyes.

Kit, you didn't didn't he to me?

His look of gravity deepened.

About loving you? No, mildly.

About—about anything else Kit?

Well, now let s see— He picked her up easily and carried her over to the table and seated her upon it so that her eyes were level with his "Come to think of it, I did in a way His voice was teasing until he saw the utter panic, the stark terror in her eyes, and the trembling of her mouth "I had to you Mildred about the ownership of Halfway House I let you think it was yours, and that was a lie of a sort.

But—but it is mine

Wrong it is ours now but it was mine. The deed of transfer was never signed. I arrived in the city—hurried like blazes when Aunt Lydia's letter reached me in Kimberley a month late—just in time to get to the lawyers and snatch the pen from Aunt Lydia's fragile hand Oh it was like a jolly old melodrama—the prodigal son rushing in to tear up the mortgage and fling the fragments in the villain's face. Only you were the villain

Kit, I'm sorry She was all gladness now "I thought for a while—I saw on the blotter quite by chance the wire you sent your aunt, and—

Further explanations due you " grinned Kit Aunt Lyd left very low you loved the place so much and would be so cut up over losing it that she couldn't tell you, especially after she'd promised it to you and you were installed here Anyway I and I'd come down to break the news to you And I couldn't I didn't want to when you were so splendid so sweet as not to let on to me that I was just an interloper It's Halfway House you see We each came hallway darling and when two have come hallway it must end in—thus.

Thus was a kiss which Mrs Mallock witnessing it sent the old lady to the kitchen for a long quiet spell of happy weeping and a few words to the cook about how Mr Kit's boyish feet used to patter on the stairs, and of how under divine direction life goes on.

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Rheumatism is associated with an excess of Uric Acid in the system. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid so as to render it capable of being easily washed out of the system Other ingredients of Kruschen assist Nature to flush out this dissolved uric acid through the bowels and the kidneys Other ingredients still, prevent food fermentation taking place in the intestines and thereby check the formation and help of uric acid but of other impurities which poison the blood and pave the way to ill-health.

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Name
Street
City Prov.
Color of your hair?

Account Squared

Continued from page 10

France is at stake His person and his property must be guarded *It could last!*"

Allison hastened to apologize.

"It was internally rude of me " he said. "But are we to understand then that you have no action who may be concerned in such a plot? "

"Mamma, none whatever. Barjolet waved an expressive hand. "They whoever they are may be already in this room with us. Meanwhile"—he turned to the secretary— one trusts that His Highness's jewels are in safe keeping? In the custody of some bank perhaps?

The secretary's expression betokened his discomfiture at the question.

"My master is very old fashioned nobleman " he explained dolefully He prefers that I should be sole custodian. But of course, there is strong robber proof safe at the villa and the key I wear always round my neck As my friend Captain Allison can tell you " he added stoutly. "I am not one anxious to blow a trumpet but any attempt on the State jewels must be made *over my corpus ste!*"

The detective looked dubious.

"I am not presuming to doubt the courage of monsieur " he said deftly but we know not with whom we have to deal Monsieur must forgive me for believing that a bank would be safer

He rose and handed the amount of his bill to a waiter

"I have written on a card the address of my lodging in the Conduranne," he said. "When there is anything to report I shall inform you. Meanwhile —he tapped lightly the side of his nose—"I shall keep open both my eyes and ears. *Messieurs au revoir!*"

AFTER dinner at his hotel, Allison lighted a cigar and resolved to spend an hour or two at the Casino

In the shining perfumed atmosphere of the *Salles Privées* was collected the nightly concourse of gamblers round the tables devoted to roulette and *trente-et-quarante* A small gathering of spectators was clustered about the railed-off enclosure, where the members of a Greek syndicate were struggling to win a fortune at baccarat.

For some time Allison amused himself with a tour of the rooms, watching the play and searching for an acquaintance to talk to Then just when he had become sufficiently bored to contemplate returning to his hotel he caught sight of Sonia Markovna— Radiantly beautiful in a dress of pale blue and silver she was standing at one of the roulette tables occasionally staking one of her lous plaques on a number

An error on the part of one of the croupiers gave him an opportunity of speaking to her They had both staked successfully on the same number and the croupier with his rake pushed the satisfactory pile of winnings across to Allison with a courteous, *A vous monsieur!*

In tolerable French Allison laughingly told him that half of it belonged to the lady Sonia thanked him with a friendly smile as he passed her her share observing with only a slight trace of a foreign accent

Like all your countrymen, monsieur, you are honest.

For a while they stood side by side playing and exchanging an occasional word and she readily agreed to Allison's proposal that they should have something cool to drink in the bar where an open window allowed a current of fresher air to penetrate into the superheated rooms

He obviously sincere admiration of her dancing led her to speak about herself and he was soon in possession of her history As was the case with so many Russians of good family the aftermath of the war had found her and her people practically destitute One of her brothers was a chauffeur in Paris an uncle formerly an admiral was now a major-domo in a Montmartre café. She had spent her small store of money on training to become a professional dancer It had

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A few hints that will increase your tobacco enjoyment

KEEP down the temperature of your cigarette Cigarette temperature is important in cigarette enjoyment. Keep it down and you will have a cooler smoke Use Static Light instead of Dynamic light, that means, apply a match to your cigarette until it ignites before puffing. Avoid lighting it by drawing the flame into the cigarette with your breath

Smoke slowly. Furious smoking increases the nicotine, acids and aldehydes in your cigarette Slow smoking makes cooler smoking

Don't smoke your cigarette too short Two thirds is about right. When your stub is short, the smoke is hotter, and likely to prove irritating

Don't smoke immediately before a meal. Generally speaking, this practice is not to be recommended.

Smoke after meals. A cigarette after meals will increase the digestive secretions and will assist in the digestive process

A recent survey conducted among smokers shows that the greatest single reason why people smoke is fragrance If you will follow the simple suggestions set forth above you will greatly enhance the fragrance of what ever cigarette you smoke

There is another suggestion. Smoke Spuds Spuds are menthol-cooled They are less cooler than non menthol-coated cigarettes. They have a lusty tobacco fragrance which you will like. Smoke leave you with a clean taste no matter how heavily you smoke They give you that "grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment



SPUD

MENTHOL COOLED

CIGARETTES

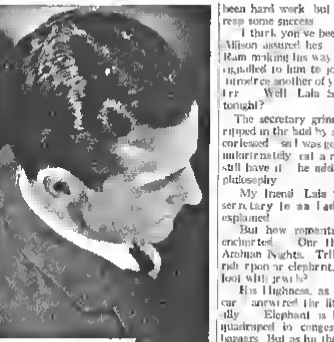


JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavour Made in Canada by Rock City Tobacco Co., Ltd. Quebec

DOES EXCITEMENT ACCELERATE YOUR CIGARETTES?

Keep . . . a Clean Taste with Cooler Smoke!

When life steps up to a thrill-a-minute speed . . . do your cigarettes keep pace with your pulse? That's a great time to find out about Spud's cleaner taste! In these straight-through-the-pack sessions, you'll find Spud's cooler smoke keeps your mouth always moist-cool and clean and comfortable. You'll find you can experience no and of Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance . . . and still be mouth-happy Calm smoker or speed smoker . . . you ought to discover Spud's cleaner taste—the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment At better tobacconists, 20 for 30c.



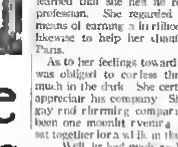
Let's end the

Great Scalp Drought . . .

It's almost universal, this masculine complaint about excessively dry scalp. And it's so unnecessary. Let's end this great drought here and now, by spending a few minutes a week on "corrective exercises." Oh yes, your scalp needs exercise just like any other muscles and it needs a brisk cart, too, to help overcome that tight, dry feeling. Try this system. Every week a liberal application of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and a thorough massage, working the scalp until it feels loose and tingly. Then a regular shampoo. Simple, isn't it? The trick is to do it *regularly*, once a week. And the result—a return to scalp normalcy, and a new lease on life for your hair.

RADIO TUNES IN ON BRISNDSHIP TOWN! SVERT FRIDAY NIGHT ON THIS NBC SOAST TO SOAST PLUS NETWORK 9 0 M., EASTERN STANDARD TIMS

The greatest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shrinker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg Co Consolidated 5520 Chabot Ave, Montreal Can.



Vaseline
TRADE MARK
HAIR TONIC
Chesebrough Mfg Co Consolidated

been hard work but she was beginning to reap some success

"I think you've been perfectly splendid" Allison assured her. "He noticed Lala Sita Ram walking his way out of the room and signalled to him to join them. "I want to introduce another of your admirers," he told her. "Well, Lala Sahib, have any luck tonight?"

The secretary grinned ruefully. "I was tripped in the hall by a shortage of cash," he confessed. "All I was going home. One cannot imitate maharajah and raise et both ends and still have it," he added with true Oriental philosophy.

"My friend Lala Sita Ram is private secretary to an Indian rajah," Allison explained.

"But how romantic!" Sonia exclaimed enchanted. "One thinks of some of the Arabian Nights. Tell me, does your rajah ride upon an elephant, covered from head to foot with pearls?"

His Highness, as a rule, prefers motor car," answered the little secretary prosaically. "Elephant is highly incommodious quadruped to congested traffic of native bazaars. But as for the jewels of my revered master, they are famous jewels."

Allison remarked with amusement how womanlike Sonia's eyes sparkled at the mere mention of such things.

"Rubies and diamonds? Pearls and emeralds?" she cried rapturously. "Oh, how I should love to see them!"

The secretary responded instinctively.

"Whilst His Highness's permission that could not be managed," he demurred. "But there are at the villa other things that I should be happy to show you. Eastern curios, carpets and carvings—"

He broke off, noticing that the lady appeared, of a sudden, to have lost all interest in the conversation. Allison, too, was watching her in surprise. She was leaning forward over the table, gazing with an expression of anxious expectancy at the doorway. His glance followed hers. Lounging against the door panel, lighting a cigarette in apparent ignorance of their proximity, was the detective Barjolet.

"Do you know that chap?" Allison enquired of her.

There was the faintest tinge of hesitation in, with a little shake of her head, she answered his question.

"No. I was mistaken. Just for a moment I thought that I had recognized his face."

He arose at the *Sûreté* the secretary blurted out irrelevantly.

"Of the *Sûreté*?"

Allison quickly interposed. We met him today, on a railway car. The Casino always has its private detectives knocking about. He seemed quite a decent sort of fellow."

Deliberately he turned the conversation, proposing an expedition for the next morning to the old world village of Roquebrune, and Sonia, with swift pleasure, accepted his invitation. She had, she said, all her mornings free.

DURING the next few days there were other expeditions, and it was not long before Allison frankly admitted to himself that he had fallen in love with Sonia.

There was no reason whatever why he should not ask her to marry him. He was well enough off. There were no troublesome relations ready to cavil at his marrying a dancer. For the matter of that, Sonia was dazzlingly a lady whose birth was every bit as good as his own. He had very soon learned that she had no real love for her profession. She regarded it merely as a means of earning a livelihood enabling her likewise to help her chauffeur brother on Paris.

As to her feelings toward himself, Allison was obliged to confess that he was very much in the dark. She certainly seemed to appreciate his company. She was always a gay and charming companion. There had been one moonlit evening when they had sat together for a while in the Casino gardens.

Well, he had made up his mind to take the luck and ask her to marry him.

So far as the room rotor for his visit to Monte Carlo was concerned, there appeared to be nothing doing. He was more than ever inclined to consider the anonymous letter a warning an ultra hoax and Barjolet never had anything to report. In company with Allison and the secretary the detective had inspected the villa at Eze and expressed himself satisfied though his hand again proffered his advice that the State ornaments would be safer in the custody of a bank. Apart from this, the worthy detective could only exhaust patience and apparently spent most of his time, like any other pleasure seeker, lazing around the sunny festive principality.

It was soon after this that Allison discovered much to his dismay that he was becoming a prey to jealousy. He tried to turn the idea out of his mind but it persisted. There was no doubt about it, the detective was seeing a great deal too much of Sonia.

Allison found himself pondering how of late on more than one occasion she had excused herself from going with him somewhere on the plea that she had already received an invitation from Monsieur Barjolet. She was, of course, her own mistress, free to make such friends as she might wish. The detective was a good looker, fellow and amusing after the rather vapid fashion of his compatriots. Allison recalled uneasily the Frenchman's outspoken admiration of Sonia's dressing at the occasion of their first meeting at the *Ambassadeurs*. No doubt, most women, artistes especially, enjoyed that kind of flattering adoration. Yet somehow he had imagined Sonia different.

A day or two later there occurred an incident which confirmed his suspicions. Sonia had promised to dine with him and go afterward to a performance of the Russian ballet. And while he waited for her in the hall of the hotel there came his telephone message that she had a raging headache and was going to bed.

In the worst of tempers Allison sat down to a solitary meal. He reminded himself that it was nearly two days since he had last seen her—and now there was this headache. A headache! Probably due to her gallivanting with the fascinating Monsieur Barjolet in the full glare of the morning sun.

During dinner, he ordered rather briefly, smoking in two minds as to what he should do with himself. There was no one to whom he cared to offer his spare ticket. Finally he decided that he might as well go himself to the ballet. After all, he had to put in the evening somehow.

His got his coat and hat and set forth. To his jaundiced imagination the Carlton square seemed fuller even than usual of futile revellers. Ahead of him, a couple emerged from the Café de Paris entered a car drawn up at the curb and drove off. As it passed him the light from a lamp fell full on the car window and he saw to his wrathful indignation that the driver was Barjolet and that the woman beside him was Sonia.

IN A fit of cold fury oblivious to what was happening on the stage Allison sat out the first of the three ballets. For some reason which he could not fathom Sonia had deliberately lied to him about her headache. But what could be her object in throwing him over at the last moment in favor of the detective?

Directly the lights went up for the interval he began to make his way through the chattering groups in the atrium intending to return to his hotel. But just before he reached the cloak room he saw the small figure of the Babu passing toward him through the throng.

The secretary's face was drawn with anxiety and his hand trembled with excitement as his thrust upon his friend what looked like a scrap of paper torn hastily from a pocketbook.

"They told me at the hotel that I should find you here," the Babu burst out. "Please read that and tell me what we ought to do. The message was handed in by a lovely

"Come immediately to the villa

"Barjolet."

"I'll drive you there at once," Allison said. "It won't take me ten minutes to fetch the car."

In an even shorter space of time they were speeding down the Condamine hill on the road to Eze. While he guided the two-seater at a perilous pace through the traffic Allison was vainly endeavoring to pierce the mystery. Only about an hour before he had seen—he was ready to swear to it—this detective driving away from the Café de Paris in company with Sonia, and now had come this imperative summons. In response to his question as to who was ordinarily in charge of the villa during the evening the secretary was able to reassure him. Madan Mahan the Babu's own confidential servant was always on guard, and Madan Mohan would allow no person whom he did not know into the house.

A brief run brought them to Eze. The villa stood in a spacious garden some way up the hill. Allison left the two-seater outside the gate, and they climbed the steep path which led through an avenue of overhanging palms. Except for the distant rumble of a train along the sea front below them there was scarcely a sound.

The house was shrouded in darkness, but they could see a glimmer of light through the shutters of the room which Allison knew to be the secretary's private apartments. There was no sign of anyone about.

The entrance door stood open. They hurried along the passage, and the Babu uttered a sharp exclamation as he stumbled and nearly fell over a body lying huddled at the foot of the stairs. Allison drew an electric torch from his pocket and flashed it on to the face of a man in Indian dress, who lay motionless on his back.

"Madan Mohan!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "They've got at him somehow!" Then, as the man on the floor groaned and attempted to raise himself, he spoke more calmly. "Chloroform, I think. He'll come round after a bit. We'd better get upstairs and see what has happened."

They ran up the staircase to the first floor and entered the room which the secretary used as a study. At the far end of it, obviously expecting them, was the detective and close to him, in front of the shuttered window, was a woman wrapped in a long dark blue cloak. She turned her head as they came in and Allison saw immediately that the woman was Sonia. What on earth could she be doing there?

"I got your message, Monsieur Barjolet," the secretary began.

A sardonic grin overspread the detective's countenance, though he answered with his usual suave politeness.

"That is evident, monsieur. And now I have one trifling request to make of you. You will be so good as to give me the key that you wear always round your neck."

The secretary started at him blankly. "But I do not understand?"

Barjolet's voice rasped truculently.

"Must I then repeat myself? *Allons donc!* The key of the safe. Give it me!"

Before either Allison or his companion could speak he whipped from his pocket an automatic and levelled it at them.

TO BOTH men watching him in amazement there came instant understanding. So this was the plot! The anonymous letter of warning followed by a suit styled representative of the Sûreté; the woman his confederate. After all, the scheme was rather less complex in its simplicity.

Allison cast a glance of contempt at Sonia who silent, her face averted, remained standing by the window. The woman whom he had hoped to make his wife the associate of a common crook! How easily he had swallowed her story. Lord what a fool he had been!

His gaze reverted to the sneering scoundrel holding this pistol.

"You ruddy swine!" he shouted and leaped forward, regardless of the levelled weapon. He checked instinctively as there came the crack of the automatic and a bullet chipped a lump of plaster from the wall behind him.

The order was snapped out.

"Stay where you are, monsieur *le capitaine!* Next time that I fire, I shall not intend to miss."

The woman moved swiftly away from the window and impatiently addressed her confederate.

"We waste time, *mon ami!* This cat is waiting to carry us down to the boat. Give me the pistol while you possess yourself of the key."

With a nod of acquiescence he passed her the automatic and advanced toward where the little secretary confronted him pale-faced but defiant. And then before the rajhan could take more than a step or two with a lithe bound she was upon him, one hand gripping him by the shoulder while the pistol was jammed against his neck.

Her voice rang out exultantly.

"Entrez! Entrez vite! Monsieur Lorsaint!"

The door flew open to admit a burly man in the uniform of a French inspector. He lowed by a couple of *agents de police*. There was the click of handcuffs.

The burly inspector stepped back and surveyed his scowling prisoner.

"I was sleeve of you, Pierre Lemaire," he remarked grimly. "But mademoiselle here was cleverer. *Salaud que tu es!* This time it will mean for you Devil's Island!"

While the inspector was giving his men their instructions Allison crossed to where Sonia stood holding the pistol. He took it from her and laid it on the table.

"Sonia," he asked, "can you ever forgive me for doubting you?"

"It was my misfortune, *mon ami*," she answered simply. "That I might not tell you before, but the orders of the *Sûreté* were strict. You see, she went on, I was certain that I had recognized him as the man who two years ago, had given false evidence before a Paris court against my brother about a crime that he had secretly committed.

Allison still looked puzzled. "But how did you manage—?"

Her eyes twinkled mischievously. "Ah! But that was not difficult. Monsieur Barjolet—the late Monsieur Barjolet—fortunately happened to admire me. It was easy to make him believe that I was ready to fall in with his plans."

Allison whispered. "Barjolet was not the only man making plans, Sonia. I've got one of my own to tell you about."

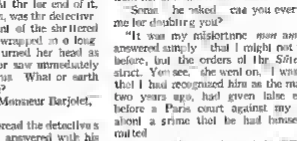
She smiled at him adorably.

While Allison was packing his trim the car his the return journey, Lala Sita Ram, private secretary summed up the situation with respect to their late protagonist.

"The man," said he, "was a highly pernicious herbivorum. So the Almighty has rewarded him in the fat. That in my opinion was a bit of all right and quite according to Cocksr!



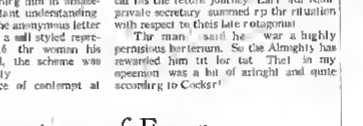
The moment you light this cigar you realize why so many men say to their dealer "give me TUCKETTS PREFERRED CIGARS"



For quicker relief let child inhale Vapo-Cresolene vapor while he sleeps. Every breath carries soothing, antiseptic vapor direct to inflamed membranes of breathing organs. No waiting, for doses retain all remedies taken internally, as rubbed on the body. No upset stomach. Druggists, sixty to say. Complete directions with every bottle. Successful for 52 years. At all druggists.

Vapo-Cresolene

Send for Booklet No. 1. Vapo-Cresolene Co., Mikes Bldg., Montreal.



No lonely evenings for this BLONDE

HER golden hair magnetizes, it treats—gets her more dates than any other girl in the crowd. And it's Blondex that gives her the lead. This special shampoo puts captivating sparkle, glorious golden satin in all blonde hair. Not only does Blondex prevent darkening—but safely brings back a lovely golden brightness to faded, lustreless light hair. Not a dye. Simply a fine powder that bubbles instantly into a rich, penetrating foam. Fine for hair and scalp. Thousands of lovely blondes rely on Blondex. At all drug and department stores.

Frontiers of Finance

Continued from page 38

mountain and at least $1,000,000 taken for every mile of work.

"Good values were also realized from the township of Rowland, a miner named Ross Thompson opening the Investo on his 160-acre pre-emption. Commencing at $30 per lot, property rapidly advanced to as high as $10,000 for thirty feet frontage and ground rents reached a figure of $1,000 per year.

"There was one section however over which a difficulty arose and there a veritable circus of business was established and became known as Sourdough Alley.

The Barber Shop Bank

IT WAS into this hectic scene that we decided to plunge in 1896. Arrangements were made quickly and we shipped equipment as addressed to Dr. James Anderson,



NOW She is Beginning To Live

An appetizing cereal bringing "bulk" and Vitamin B stopped the source of those dull headaches and premature wrinkles

She had been a sufferer from constipation for many years. I regretted her enthusiasm and energy took the sparkle out of her eyes and made her skin sallow. Fortunately she read an advertisement about Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

She tried this delicious Cereal,—two tablespoonfuls a day. The results were surprising. Friends discovered a new personality.

ALL-BRAN brings two things that check common constipation BULK, which exercises the intestines. VITAMIN B which helps give them tone and supplies IRON for the BLOOD.

If you suffer from intestinal trouble, get relieved this way, consult your doctor.

ALL BRAN is equally tasty as a cereal with milk or cream, or cooked into fluffy bran muffins etc. Make sure you get the Red and Green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



The Gentle, Natural Way to relieve common

CONSTIPATION

Amazing new Bissell sweeper Saves 25% cleaning time

Women by thousands discard old sweepers for new super-thorough Bissell

3 THINGS NEW "HI-LO" BISSELL DOES

1. Gets more dirt! Brush forms perfect contact with any surface
2. Sweeps litter from as well as rugs. Useless to rehird.
3. Easy, one-hand movement. No more hard bearing down on handle.



THE new "Hi-Lo" (ball bearing) Bissell still looks much like your present sweeper but there the resemblance ends. In performance it is vastly different. It has three big advantages over the oldest models. No wonder modern homes use the Bissell more than ever before. The big hotels, where room cleaning is a science, give good advice when they say "Bissell the carpets daily, vacuum clean frequently at intervals." Why not discard your old fashioned worn out sweeper for a new "Hi-Lo" Bissell? Ask your furniture department or hardware store to demonstrate. Look for the name "Hi-Lo" on the sweeper case.

Prices from $5.75 up (only 25 cents more in West). The Bissell booklet tells all about the new "Hi-Lo". Write Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company of Canada, Limited, Factory, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

The New BISSELL SWEEPER with "HI-LO" Brush Control



"Hi-Lo" Brush Control—merely turn the knob—is the secret. Doubles the sweeping power of the modern Bissell.

SLEEP TONIGHT



"I'm mighty glad we had this bottle of Sloan's on the house"

"I'm sure glad! It certainly did the trick the last time"

SORE MUSCLES
—stiff joints

After a hard day's work, aching muscles need the comforting warmth of Sloan's. Just part rub—and pain won't spoil your night's rest. Sloan's warms like sunshine—restores circulation at once with fresh blood. Congestion is carried away. Pain stops. You don't lose sleep. Get a fresh bottle today at your druggist's. Only 35¢.

SLOAN'S Liniment



WARMS LIKE SUNSHINE

COLONIAL PLAYING Cards
MAYFAIR SERIES
Every backed cards of exquisite beauty and finest quality
CANADIAN PLAYING CARD CO., LIMITED MONTREAL

"Best for You and Baby too"
Baby's Own Soap
10 cents Individual Cartons



DON'T HAVE GRAY HAIR

BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

as order to allay the suspicion of our rivals Mr. Anderson was to assist the newly appointed manager W T Oliver

"Not a foot of space was available on Columbia Street on our arrival which was on a Friday night However it was determined to open for business on Saturday because our rival might arrive before Monday So before midnight a deal had been closed for the purchase of a barber shop

"The barber however was loath to lose his Saturday trade so a compromise was reached and Russell returned a week Saturday morning to read a new sign in the barber shop

The Bank of British North America can Open for Business on These Premises This Barber Shop Will Open at 12 o'clock

Bank in the morning, barber shop in the afternoon and evening!

"And in these surroundings what a lively scene ensued! Fifteen hotels twenty five saloons and three wholesale liquor houses catered to the thirst of the hilarious population with three variety theatres furnishing amusement every hour of the week. Every known form of gambling was conducted with prize fights and dog fights over sideline

"Conditions were such that leading residents decided it was time some form of regulations for law and order was instituted To obtain this it was necessary to petition the Provincial Government Accordingly a committee was appointed and given a grant of $200 funds with instructions to go to Victoria and stay until they got results.

Unfortunately the committee met many well-meaning souls at cities and towns en route with the result that they arrived at the capital city in a very doubtful condition to press properly their claims for reform However history records the outstanding fact that they returned to Bull thriving city with the necessary documents in their pockets, although with but a hazy recollection of how they were obtained

Asked as to how it was done one of the party later volunteered his opinion You see the members of Parliament figured it out this way If these fellows are the committee of purity and reform, then great heavens! what must the ordinary citizen be like?

First in Dawson

IN 1898 when it became certain that a major discovery had been made in the Klondike the Bank of B N A again decided to be first on the field if possible As in the case of Rossland, it was found that they would have a keen rival in The Bank of Commerce And although Mr Godfrey's party preceded its rivals by two days at Rossland it was by no means certain that this could be accomplished in the rush to the Ice North for the Bank of Commerce had a distinct advantage in the fact that it was the official book of the Mounted Police and the latter had instructions to assist in any way possible The banking party to their destination

To ensure arrival Mr Godfrey arranged for two separate parties to proceed to Dawson the first leaving Vancouver April 1—1898—in charge of David Doig and reaching via Skagway and the second leaving some weeks later and reaching via St Michaels at the mouth of the Yukon River This latter was in charge of James Cran.

The first party met with success, arriving at Dawson on May 17 to establish the first bank in the Klondike only some ten days ahead of the rival the Bank of Commerce

Incidental to the signing on of the staff for this party Mr Godfrey relates that when there was but one position left open—that of messenger—a young man applied, signing his name in a beautiful hand. Mr Godfrey relented his application to the head office and received a wire to declare it for the reason that there must be something wrong with a man who would be eager to get so menial a position" The applicant later obtained a place as clerk on the staff of the Bank of Commerce bound for the same destination and within a very few years thereafter the whole world was reading and lauding his poems, *The Songs of a Sourdough* over the name of Robert Service.

Although Mr Doig had received instructions to spare no expense in order to obtain his objective of reaching Dawson in the minimum of time, yet his party experienced no picnic in their task Skagway presented the first real difficulty and for a time it looked very much as though the expedition would meet an inglorious end right there at the head of the Lynn Canal

The plans called for proceeding via Dyea over the Chilcoot Pass but on the boat's arrival a report was received telling of a terrible disaster on the pass in which hundreds of stampeders had been buried in a slide which effectually blocked the trail

This meant running the gauntlet of Soapy Smith the notorious outlaw of Skagway with his organization of cut throats, robbers and murderers.

Looking from their hotel window on the first morning the party witnessed a victim shot in cold blood and the murderer go on his way unmolested And as further evidence of the supremacy of Smith they saw guards stationed in strategic positions in all gambling houses, armed with shotguns, prepared to foil any attempt by a disgruntled victim who had been fleeced to make his escape or seek revenge

Doig scratched his head and decided on a plan which would win by its very audacity when a less dangerous programme would be likely to fail He told his men to be prepared and then he invited Soapy Smith himself to play cards with him

All night long they played and drank Scotch briskly and although the Scot held a royal flush, it is said of never having met a rival he declared that Soapy Smith gave him the closest run he ever had At no time Doig stated was Smith unaware of Doig's plan yet he played on alert watch list and no doubt inwardly admiring the nerve of the man before him whose party was even then slipping out of town with the cash and supplies.

At last came dawn and with it a messenger to say that Doig's party had reached the safety of the Canadian summit and the welcome protection of the Mounted Police twenty two miles distant. Silently Doig followed without molestation But it was with a deep sigh of relief that he stepped over the border and joined his party

Klondike Incidents

OF HIS recollections of the trail between Skagway and Lake Lindeman Mr. Doig records that the stench of dead horseflesh remained vivid in his memory for a long time Construction of the White Pass Railway was being rushed but men were packing their own outfits, eager enough to press on toward their goal with gold or gold as their one and only objective Men from fifty to seventy years of age were seen carrying packs of as many pounds relaying feverishly yet with painful slowness the hail ton that Canadian law required them to possess before they could pass on Men whose sick and dying on all hands Some indeed were already dead Some were returning hopeless and broken. Some without snow glasses for protection had been blinded with the glare of sun on snow

Of their hasty trip down river many incidents were recorded one alone of which will suffice at this time Mr Doig was called upon to arbitrate between two partners who had agreed to separate. The outfit was divided in the usual manner until the canoe was left. Doig was puzzled. But the men themselves, solved this problem by sawing the boat across the middle and boarding up the ends. And they both reached Dawson in safety later to greet Mr. Doig.

At Dawson the Doig party sold their two canoes which had cost $150 at Vancouver for $900.

An unusual method of handling the currency at Dawson was followed by the B. N. A. party. Bank notes were taken in

To End a Cough In a Hurry, Mix This at Home

To quickly and stubborn coughs due to colds It is important to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes, get rid of the germs and also to aid the system inwardly to help throw off the trouble.

For these purposes none is more modern medicine for below than anything ever tried here at home. Get from any druggist, get 2½ ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a 16 oz. bottle and add plain granulated sugar syrup or strained honey to make 16 ounces This takes but a moment saves money, and makes a remedy so effective that you will never do without. You have used Pinex before—it is perfectly and children like it.

This simple remedy does three necessary things First it loosens the germ laden phlegm Second it soothes away the inflammation Third it is absorbed into the blood, where it acts directly on the bronchial tubes This explains why it brings such quick relief, even in the obstinate coughs which follow cold epidemics.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway Pine containing the active agent of creosote In a refined, palatable form, and known as one of the greatest medicinal agents for severe coughs and bronchial irritations

Do not accept a substitute for Pinex. It is guaranteed to give prompt relief or money refunded.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly use dailg ons ounce Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel At all drug stores.

CORNS



Instant Relief!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end corn pain instantly Their soothing healing medication gives you this quick relief. Then cushioning protection does three things removes friction and pressure at shoes, prevents blisters. Corns never come back if Zino-pads are applied at first sign of soreness Saves new or tight shoes.



FOR CALLOUSES

100% SAFE!

Zino-pads are safe—sure Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn Cutting your corns or calluses invites blood poisoning Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty Made in special sizes for Corns Between Toes, Callouses and Bunions Sold everywhere—35¢ box.



FOR CORNS BETWEEN TOES



FOR BUNIONS SWOLLEN JOINTS

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

unsigned by the head officials, who had authorized the local agent to sign for them Many thousands of dollars were thus circulated in the North at that time Canadian currency being keenly sought after in Alaska as well as the Yukon because of its less cumbersome weight.

In the bank's second year at Dawson a big fire burned the property to the ground with all its contents. The hasten fresh currency in over the winter trail Mr Godfrey bought a ten-dog team at St. Boniface, Manitoba paying $50 each for them On arrival at Dawson the animals were worthless as the town was already seething with dogs.

A Bank in a Barroom

BUT the Klondike was not the only scene of mining activity in the West in 1898. In the Boundary district a town called Greenwood sprang up on a townsite located by one of British Columbia's best known mining men now deceased Robert Wood In many respects Greenwood was a rival of Rossland probably surpassing it in the sale of wild cat mines.

To this seething town with its twenty two saloons and a proportionate number of amusements sums Mr Godfrey in November 1898 to open a branch office of the Bank of British North America Undaunted by lack of ground space he readily secured a corner in a barroom on Copper Street and dispensed currency over pool tables.

On this occasion the honors for first business were shared with Mr Morris of the Bank of Commerce, who opened on the same day in the Cosmopolitan restaurant, with sidetrack covered tables as counters.

In December states Mr Godfrey "I deputed Mr Cran, who had just returned from the Yukon to open a branch at Ashcroft, where extensive hydraulic operations had commenced in the Cariboo district. Mr. Cran was well fitted for this work having been earlier in charge of our first bank at Barkerville Later we opened branches at other points such as Lillooet and 150 Mile House which were important posts along the stage route on the famous Cariboo Road

Again in 1910, when the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was pushing through to the Coast, we opened a branch at Fort George with James Anderson again in charge This party was obliged to travel the eighty miles, from the end of the stage line at Quesnel, by pack train Our first business was done in this only store and soon after in our own tent.

And when the steel reached Prince Rupert we established the first bank in the tent city using a bed spring as a cage for the tellers

On November 25 1913 our branch at Agassiz had a narrow escape from being robbed this being the first attempt at any of our British Columbia institutions The local merchant Mr Webster had just finished his business in the bank and was about to leave when two men armed with rifles entered Webster acting on impulse, grabbed one of the rifles and knocked the other high in its owner's hands, slamming the door in instant later and bracing it with his foot. Two shots crashed through the glass one bullet grazing Webster's hand The bandits then fled.

"I later was deputed to present Webster with a gold watch and letter of thanks on behalf of the directors

On October 1 1898, the first clearing house was established in Vancouver in pine building and I was honored by being elected its first chairman of committee The first week's clearings were a little over half a million, which was increased to sixteen millions for a corresponding week in 1925, the year in which I retired."

A Dream Come True

IN 1918 the Bank of British North America lost its identity in the Bank of Montreal thus closing out one of the West's most romantic institutions. But there are a number of men holding high rank in banking circles throughout Canada today who will attest to the sterling qualities of the Vancouver pioneer under whom they received able instruction

Among these are Jerkson Dodds, general manager of the Bank of Montreal who was many years assistant to Mr. Godfrey, Chief Inspector Gillard W T Oliver first manager at Rossland and now first agent of the Bank of Montreal at New York R C Harrison second agent at New York B C Gardiner, head office Montreal and G F Laing new manager of the Bank of Montreal at Vancouver

When Mr Godfrey retired in 1925, he left behind him a hall century of banking activity that is probably unrivalled He was rise for forty years a member of the Vancouver Board of Trade In 1920 he was president of the Canadian Club and the Pioneers' Association and the Tourist Association, all of which testifies to his usefulness as a Canadian citizen

Today though retired and enjoying a well-earned rest he sits in the same beautiful old home he erected among the huge fir stumps overlooking the Gulf of Georgia But instead of the white canvas sails and tiny steam vessels that first caught his attention there against the Western sky he sees an endless stream of great liners and freight vessels, bearing flags of all nations plying in and out of the ever growing harbor And as he lugs dreamily on his peaceful old pipe he may well be pardoned if he smiles with satisfaction and nods his head saying "I helped in my humble way to bring this great dream to pass

Our National Strong Box

Continued from page 17

year will have to be renewed. Yet despite the fact that the life of a note is short, that it quickly shows signs of wear it may safely be said that every last one of the notes current in this country today is good

Some notes of course never come back They may be hoarded burned destroyed But Ottawa never writes them off Accurate records are kept of all the notes outstanding regardless of the date of issue, and every outstanding note is presumed to be in active service There are in circulation for instance, $27 000 of notes issued prior to Confederation by the old Province of Canada

Precautions Against Counterfeiting

TAKE a one-dollar bill of recent printing and the safeguards against counterfeiting are at once apparent In each corner is the numeral "one" and the word "one" is printed upon the face of it twelve times In the centre is a photograph of King George and to either side the serial number To the right is the seal of the Finance Department. In the low er left corner the signature of C E Campbell Comptroller of Currency and opposite that of Watson Sellar acting Deputy Minister of Finance who signs on behalf of the Minister

But these are only the outward evidences of the safeguards. The note is printed upon a special paper made according to a secret formula And the process of manufacturing this paper is sprinkled with a rare stain Look closely and you will pick out several small green dots. This stain is applied in such a way that it becomes part of the texture You might wash much of the printing off a Dominion note but the little green dots would remain to guarantee its identity The back of each bill is just as intricate in design, as the presence of the green dots, as the front. The building in the centre is the Parliamentary Library

This polite NEW alarm clock wakes you GENTLY





THIS NEW BIG BEN banishes forever the *shock* of alarm clock wakings. He gets you up without fail, but does it politely

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With all his new features he costs only $4.75

(Luminous dial a dollar more)

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WITH 2 VOICES

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"You won't make good, Tom, unless . . ."



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With the aid of sound sleep, proper diet and exercise Nature can throw off these dangerous poisons. But if you continually whip tired nerves and muscles into action with beverages containing the drug whips tannin and caffeine, you go beyond the safe limit of your endurance, fool yourself unable to relax, exhaust your reserve strength. Then the poisons of fatigue can do their destructive work.

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A Word to Mothers

Many children do not like the taste of milk. They like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups". It is good for them to have a hot drink. Make Instant Postum for them using hot milk (not boiled) instead of boiling water. They'll like the taste immediately.



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Postum
P-12M

Precautions are taken from the moment the paper for currency is printed, but the final touches are given at the Receiver General's office. From the manufacturer the currency paper goes to the Canadian Bank Note Company at Ottawa, a private company. Here the major part of the printing is done. Every sheet of paper going into the Bank Note building must be accounted for. Employees are handed stacks of paper. They do not know how many sheets they have received but their employers do, and each employee, when he has finished his particular job, must return the exact number of sheets that he received. When the notes leave the Bank Note office they are complete except for the signatures and the Finance Department seal. These are added in the office of the Receiver General where there are five old-fashioned flat presses. Each machine will print twelve notes at one time and the five combined will turn out 120,000 per day. When the signatures and the seals have been printed on the notes, each one is examined carefully to make sure of perfection. The finished notes are held in the vaults for several months for seasoning and then, as the need arises, are put into circulation through the chartered banks.

Destroying Old Notes

THE question at once arises: Who determines the quantity of money to be issued? The answer is that Parliament has laid down rules which work automatically. On the first $76,000,000 of notes issued the statutes require a gold reserve of $12,500,000. This $76,000,000 is the nation's pocket money. It has been fixed on no logical calculation without rhyme or reason.

Thereafter Parliament has decreed that all Dominion notes issued direct by the Government must be supported dollar for dollar by gold. Commerce, however, demands a currency capable of quick expansion and contraction. In order to take care of these fluctuations Parliament passed a statute enabling the Government to "discount" gilt-edge securities presented by the banks. This system works automatically. When business expands and more currency is needed the banks take securities in themselves the result of this growth of business, and present them at Ottawa. The Government does not give dollar for dollar, but advances notes up to say fifty per cent of the value of the securities. The banks have to pay interest on these advances and when the need of the additional currency disappears it is promptly returned to Ottawa and the securities released. Thus system makes our currency elastic, responsive to the needs of commerce and the growth of the country.

If precautions are taken to guard against theft or counterfeiting of notes while they are being made it is equally essential to prevent them being bootlegged back into circulation after they are condemned. A note leaves the Treasury vaults crisp and new, serves a thousand and one owners, pays thousands of debts. Finally defaced, sometimes torn, discolored, ragged it comes back for cancellation. Each cancelled note is checked off the list of currency in circulation. Then the cancelled notes are tied in bundles, cut in half and the halves sent to different officials. Separate audits are made of the serial numbers. Then a cutting machine rips out the signatures, and the "pieces" are taken to a large cylinder. The condemned currency is now cooked, macerated, run through a roller, and emerges as a tough pulp, fit only to be made into cardboard—the ultimate fate of all Dominion notes.

Safeguards Against Theft

BUT in addition to providing sound currency the Receiver General's office must guard the national treasure. Three billions of dollars would go a considerable way to relieve the depression for all the thugs and safe-blowers on the continent.

The approaches to the Receiver General's offices are through narrow, steel corridors, ending at iron grille gates. And behind each gate, night and day, is a Royal Canadian Mounted armed to the teeth with telephone and other facilities for calling a regiment of comrades to his assistance.

Yet these gates are but the outworks of the defenses. If these obstacles were surmounted one would gain access only to the barren offices of the Department. Several windows open out from these offices, each protected by a steel grille which will open only by combination lock. The windows, naturally, are protected by every known burglar alarm device and the outside of the building is patrolled, day and night, by armed constables.

From the offices to the treasure vaults, the path is barred by a huge safe door. This door opens into a corridor. Three vaults, in turn, open from the corridor, and going down one flight of stairs there is a second corridor and three more vaults.

This main safe door weighs two tons, and the lock bars are three inch steel shafts of superlative strength. Surmounting the door is a large bell, operated electrically which gives warning if the door is opened at improper hours or if it is being tampered with. A concealed time clock permits the door to be opened, without warning, only during office hours. The combination to this door is divided between two high officials, both of whom must be on hand to do their part in opening it. The rules of the Department further demand that a third party as observer must attend, must accompany all who enter the vaults. This observer makes out a special report of all that takes place. So do the officials whose duties take them into the vaults. The two reports are compared and any discrepancy is at once investigated.

Once inside the main door the vaults are reached, but each vault has a strong combination lock door. And when the inside of the vault is exposed it resembles a tidy locker room in a club. The vault walls are lined with steel lockers each with a combination lock. Inside these lockers is the treasure. Many of them contain stacks of gold bricks. Others are filled with bags of gold coin. Still others are filled with securities.

Daylight never reaches these vaults. There is no egress from them save by the main door. Fresh air is pumped down to the vaults and the corridors. In fact, throughout each working day, two girls are kept constantly at work in each vault. They live as if were, behind locked doors, and they are witnesses, in addition to the observer and two officials, of all that takes place. The floors, the equipment are so built that there are no open spaces or cranks into which coins might fall and be concealed.

The responsibility of looking after the treasure of making sure that all rules are obeyed, all precautions observed, rests upon the shoulders of C. E. Campbell, Comptroller of Currency. He has been twenty years in the Government service although but forty-five years of age. His signature appears on the notes that he guards. He has but a small staff but they are experts, and the business of supervising Canada's currency goes on with methodical accuracy day after day.

Money wealth—these terms mean little to this band of trained workers. They handle millions in a matter of hours. The sight of gold, of tons of gold to them is commonplace. Even the business of making money, of handling precious metal, ceases after a time to be romantic. But it is then only that our currency is sound as proof against villainy—does its work so well that people rarely wonder where the money in their pockets comes from or doubt that anyone will accept it in payment of goods or services.

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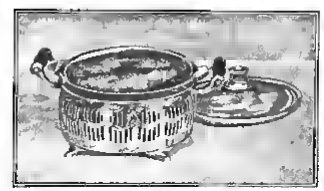
—Material for portions of A Spanish Book, Toronto.

There's no lack of meatless protein foods

LENTEN DISHES

By M. FRANCES HUCKS
of the Chatelaine Institute staff

New and novel recipes make meatless dishes both appetizing and nourishing



Attractive service is highly important.

WE MUST admit that this is one of the most exacting times of the year for the modern homemaker who undertakes with true concern to provide meals that are at once attractive and practical. It takes real ingenuity to cater successfully to the flagging late winter appetite and so in doing to maintain family health and vigor with a maximum of economy.

The season itself is responsible for a scarcity of fresh fruits and vegetables, and with the more limited supply of these our planning is undoubtedly more difficult. Then too, the fast days occurring in Lent present their own particular problems.

Fortunately we have more than a few foods from which to choose when we are considering meat substitutes. If the problem were simply one of providing nutritional equivalents for meat the solution would be quite easy, for good quality protein, the important constituent of meat, is present in several of our well-known foods, for example fish, eggs and cheese. But it is the characteristic flavor of meat that is missed when substitutes are provided. The latter either have a flavor of which many quickly tire or are so mildly flavored that they soon begin to pall. Both of these difficulties are overcome to a great extent by special care in preparation which may mean unusual combinations of foods, different methods of cooking or clever seasoning.

The first meat substitute that comes to mind is fish—fresh, salt, smoked, frozen and canned. Surely from the many kinds and classes of fish we can find some to suit every taste, and after all there are few people who do not like fish. There are innumerable ways of preparing fish in fact, whole books are written on the subject, so there is no need to repeat even one here, except to say that the whole of Lent—unless, of course, there is a particular favorite which will bear repetition.

Take the fresh fish steaks, for instance. Custom and habit in many homes have decreed that they shall be fried, and if they are every time they appear on the table. But why not bake them occasionally? It is easier and provides a pleasant change for baked fish are certainly delicious. They are first dipped in flour then in milk to which a little salt has been added then again in flour, and placed in a hot oven—425 to 450 degrees Fahr.—until well browned. When these are transferred to a hot platter garnished with parsley and served with a little lemon juice, they are—well, try them and see how delicious they are.

Your broiler should be called into use often for fish cookery. Small whole fish either fresh or smoked fish cakes, even sardines come from the broiler deliciously cooked and retaining all their flavor. Creamed fish may appear with dozens of variations and salads as tasty as one can imagine may have some variety of fish as a basis. Indeed there are enough possibilities in fish alone to keep the Lenten menu varied even if there were no other resources.

Eggs are frequently called into use as a meat substitute. And rightly so, for here again we find good quality protein, and additional value in the minerals and vitamins that are present. Mild in flavor as they are, eggs are often served in combination with more highly flavored foods such as tomatoes, cheese or onions. In this serving of egg dishes as well as of many others attractive appearance achieved by clever garnishing or a novel touch in serving is a factor which does much to maintain a steady popularity.

Eggs are not limited to the main course of the meal. Many well balanced meals may begin with a light dish, followed by a custard, a soufflé, or other dessert made of eggs in combination with various other nourishing and flavorful materials. Hard cooked eggs, too, are delicious in many dishes—as a salad, creamed or as an edible garnish. One dish, as simple and wholesome as it is attractive, is made by placing whole, hard-cooked eggs and tomato jelly. When the jelly has set, the mold is turned out and cut for serving so that each portion contains one jellied egg.

Cheese dishes offer another adequate meat substitute, and when carefully made and served are very popular particularly with the men in the family. Cheese has many points in its favor. It is a valuable nutrient is tasty, economical easily obtained and keeps well. It can be obtained in a variety of flavors and used in many ways. But keep one point in mind. The flavor and texture of a cooked mixture made with cheese will be all that one could desire and will be digested without difficulty if it is properly cooked. Avoid intense heat and overcooking where cheese is concerned, and the products will be smooth and altogether appetizing.

Vegetables as a class are not considered as meat substitutes, but nevertheless play an important part in Lenten menu planning. Those known as the legumes—peas, beans and lentils—contain a comparatively large amount of protein and are therefore often used in luncheon or supper menus on meatless days. Nutritious soups, casserole dishes, loaves, croquettes, even salads are made with one or more of these products and in addition to their food value and flavor they prove quite economical. In selecting materials for a vegetable plate dinner one of the legumes should be included, as it helps to balance the meal while contributing its own tastiness and particular texture.



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St. Albans ENGLAND

Nuts are probably used less in this country than the foods we have mentioned but they are another source of protein and deserve consideration in a discussion of this subject. Nuts may seem at first to be expensive, but they are quite concentrated and so are used in smaller amounts than meat and many of its substitutes. When we consider that there are the same number of calories in 1½ tablespoonfuls of chopped walnuts as in a slice of roast beef one quarter of an inch thick and measuring five inches by 2½, we have some conception of the place of nuts on the menu. Used in salads, loaves, croquettes, or in the pudding, bread or cake that serves as dessert, they add good quality protein and delicious flavor to the meal.

An discussion of this food would be incomplete without speaking of milk. Important at any time it is doubly so when meatless meals are being planned. A thick cream soup for luncheon or supper in the best introduction to a light main course. Cream sauces on vegetables often add to their appeal as well as to their food value. Uses of milk in desserts are well known, and for adults as well as children there is no more satisfactory beverage.

Tabnbcart housekeepers will you choose a variety of dishes from among these foods you will make meatless days a welcome change and a fit and smiling family will greet Wednesdays and Fridays with pleased anticipation.

Oysters in Tomato Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
1 Small onion finely chopped
1 Tablespoonful of flour
1 Cupful of tomato juice
2 Cupfuls of oysters
2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
Dash of cayenne
½ Teaspoonful of salt

Melt the butter and cook the chopped onion in it until tender. Add the flour and stir until well blended. Pour in the tomato juice gradually, cook and stir until the mixture thickens. Drain the oysters and add to the tomato sauce. Simmer only until the oysters curl at the edges, add the parsley and seasonings, and serve on buttered toast cut in attractive shapes. Six servings.

Baked Finnan Haddie

1 Medium-sized haddie
2 to 3 Tablespoonfuls of fat
Butter or other cooking fat
3 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
Salt and pepper to taste
1½ Cupfuls of milk

Clean and dry the haddie and place in a baking pan. Dot with the fat and sprinkle with the chopped parsley and onion. Add seasoning and pour the milk over all. Bake in a moderate oven 350 to 375 degrees Fahr. for about one hour basting frequently. Serve at once garnished with parsley.

English Fish Pie

2 Cupfuls of flaked white fish
3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
¼ Teaspoonful of salt
Dash of pepper
1 Cupful of milk
2 Teaspoonfuls of lemon juice
1½ Cupfuls of chopped cooked onions
Cooked mashed turnips
Bread crumbs

Any cooked or left-over white-fleshed fish may be used in this recipe. Remove the skin and bones and separate into flakes. Melt the butter, add the flour and stir until well blended, add the seasonings and the milk gradually. Cook over hot water stirring constantly until the mixture is thick and smooth. Stir in the lemon juice the chopped cooked onions and the flaked fish. Season mashed turnips and line a pie plate with them, fill the centre with the fish mixture and cover with a layer of the mashed turnip. Sprinkle with fine bread crumbs, dot with butter and place in a moderate oven, 375 degrees Fahr. until heated through.

Sardine Rarebit

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
½ Teaspoonful of salt
1 Teaspoonful of dry mustard
Dash of cayenne
1 Cupful of milk
½ Cupful of grated hard cheese
½ Cupful of mashed boned sardines
2 Eggs
Toast

Melt the butter and add the salt, mustard and cayenne which have been mixed together. Add the milk gradually stirring until blended, then add the cheese and cook slowly over hot water until the cheese is melted. Add the mashed sardines and when heated through combine with the slightly beaten eggs. Continue cooking slowly until the mixture is thick then serve at once on squares or rounds of hot buttered toast.

Baked Stuffed Onions

6 Large white onions
3 Tablespoonfuls of chopped walnuts
¾ Cupful of diced apples
½ Cupful of bread crumbs
¼ Cupful of milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter

Boil the onions until partly done in boiling salted water. Drain and scoop out the centres. Chop the centres and combine with the chopped nuts, apples and bread crumbs. Add the milk and refill the centres with the mixture. Dot with the butter, place in a baking pan with a little hot water and bake in a moderate oven 350 degrees Fahr. for about three quarters of an hour or until the onion is tender and the stuffing browned.

Corned Eggs

6 Eggs
6 Tablespoonfuls of rich milk
½ Teaspoonful of salt
½ Teaspoonful of pepper
Dash of cayenne
1½ Teaspoonfuls of curry powder (more or less according to taste)
Toasted crackers
Chopped onion

Boil the eggs slightly, add the milk seasonings and curry powder and cook slowly in a double boiler until salt and creamy, stirring often. Serve hot on toasted crackers and sprinkle with finely chopped onion.

Peanut Loaf

1 Cupful of ground peanuts
1 Cupful of mashed potatoes or cooked rice
1 Cupful of bread crumbs
1 Egg
1 Cupful of milk
1 Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper
1 Tablespoonful of butter or other cooking fat

Put peanuts through a food chopper using the fine knife, combine with the potatoes or rice and the bread crumbs. Beat the egg slightly, add the milk and seasonings and combine with the first mixture. Add the melted fat, mix well and place in a greased loaf pan. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven 350 degrees Fahr. for thirty to forty minutes. Serve in a hot platter with a well-seasoned tomato sauce. Six servings.

Bean Custard

1½ Cupfuls of cold bean pulp
1½ Cupfuls of milk
3 Eggs
¼ Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper and a dash of paprika

Use cold boiled or baked beans, and mash to a pulp or force through a sieve, the latter method being better as it eliminates lumps. Add the milk to the pulp and mix thoroughly using an egg beater if necessary. Add the beaten eggs and the seasonings, and pour into custard cups. Set in a pan of hot water and bake until set—about thirty minutes—in a fairly slow oven, 325 degrees Fahr.

Corn and Cheese Savory

1 Tablespoonful of butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
½ Teaspoonful of salt
Pepper and a dash of cayenne
½ Teaspoonful of dry mustard
1 Cupful of tomato juice
1½ Cupfuls of canned corn
1½ Cupfuls of grated cheese
1 Egg

Melt the butter add the chopped green pepper and cook gently until soft. Add the flour seasonings and mustard and stir until thoroughly blended. Add the tomato juice gradually stirring constantly and cook until thick. Then add the cheese and heat gently until it is melted. Pour the hot mixture over the beaten egg, mix well and cook for one minute. Put a layer of the drained canned corn in a greased casserole, cover with a layer of the sauce and repeat, having a layer of sauce on top. Sprinkle with crumbs and brown in a moderate oven.

Vegetable Croquettes

½ Cupful of lentils
¼ Cupful of dried lima beans
6 Cupfuls of water
1 Slice of onion
1 Stick of celery
1 Sprig of parsley
½ Cupful of bread crumbs
1 Egg
Salt and pepper
1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter
1 Tablespoonful of flour
½ Cupful of milk

Cover lentils and beans with cold water and soak overnight. Drain, add six cupfuls of water, the onion, celery and parsley and cook until the lentils and beans are soft. Remove the onion, celery and parsley and drain the lentils and beans. Press through a sieve, and combine with the bread crumbs, the slightly beaten egg and the seasonings. Melt the butter, add the flour, stir until blended and add the milk gradually, cook until thickened and combine with the first mixture. When cool, shape on croquettes, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs again and fry in deep fat at 360 degrees Fahr. for three to four minutes or until nicely browned. Drain on crumpled brown paper and serve hot with tomato sauce.

Creamed Tuna Fish and Peas

4 Cupfuls of tuna fish
2 Cupfuls of peas
6 Tablespoonfuls of butter
6 Tablespoonfuls of flour
Salt and pepper
3 Cupfuls of milk

Flake the tuna fish with a fork and mix with the peas. Prepare a white sauce from the other ingredients. Melt the butter add the flour and combine. Add the milk and seasonings and cook in a double boiler until thick. Add the tuna fish and peas to the sauce and heat thoroughly. Serve in hot pastry cases. Chopped pimento and chopped green pepper may be added if desired.

Maclean's Cross-word Puzzle

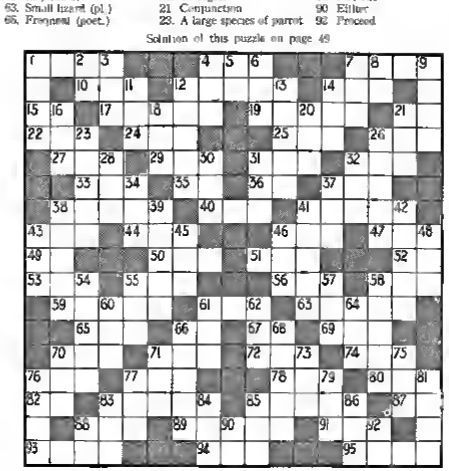
Horizontal

1 Lethargy
4 Convert into leather
7 Small boat
10. Part of "to be"
12 Part of fork (pl.)
14 Fermi
15. Negatives
17 Coffee house (pl.)
19. A weed—allowance in weight (pl.)
21 Indefinite article
22. Girl's hat
24 Moved rapidly
25. Insect
26. Single
27 Knock
29. Put on
31 A drink
32. Finish
33. Vehicle
36. Declined
38. Us
37 Vapor
38. Hoofed piglike animal
40. Insect
41 After a while
43. Night monsters
44 Procured
46. Entreat implore
47. 2,240 pounds
49. Upon
50 Moist
51 Cry of a sheep
52 True
53 Procure
55. Fleshy tumor
56 Redevator
58 Over (poet.)
59 Path
61 In place of
63. Small lizard (pl.)
65. Frequent (poet.)
66 Mixed type
67 Preposition
68 Skill
70 Vessel used in cooking
71 Rodent
72 Floor covering
74 Still now
76. Immerse
77 Bovine
78 A sculpsure
80 Floor or roving
82. Upon
83. Centre of an amphitheatre
85 In accompaniment
87 Proceed
88 Frozen
89 Outlook
91 Paper tab
93 Diminutive animal
94 Before
95 Corn bread

Vertical

1 Hypocritical pretension
2 Mother
3. Part of a circle
4 It is
5. Article
6 Trap
7 Assent
8. Preposition
9. Narrow street
11 Organ of hearing
12 End of a timber wedge-shaped to fit into a mortice
13 Dark colored black, a fur
14 Nether limb
16. Used in propelling a boat
18. Pet hobby
20. To regret
21 Conjunction
23. A large species of parrot
28 Assault attack
28. Pulp of food
30. The head
31 Shrinking feeling
32. Consume
34 Large
37 Something placed in mouth to hinder speech
38. A doctrine or belief
39. Spar
41 Acquire knowledge
42. Flower (pl.)
43. Canine
45. A number
46 Baseball implement
48 Conjunction
54 Company of cavalry
55. Sense, humor
57 Yes (Biblical)
58 Fur bearing animal
60 Roar
61 Suitable
62 Male ruminant—to butter
64 Twisted, distorted
66. Chessmen
68. Article of furniture
70 Pointed instrument to fasten with
71 Eggs (fish)
73. Also
75. Powerful steamer used to tow
76 A gale in a house
77 Wail, weep
79. Industrious insect
81 Passed on
83. Perform
84 A card with one pip
85 Samson
86 Breach opening
88 Not sat
90 Either
92 Proceed

Solution of this puzzle on page 49



Protection For Milk Bottle

IF YOUR milkman leaves your daily quart on the bank porch where it is exposed to the sun and the depredations of wandering flies, there is a little jacket of paper you can get that slips down over it and protects it. The paper contains asbestos, which helps keep the milk from souring in summer and freezing in winter. It is easy to wash. —*Outlook and Independent.*

New Alloy Is Important

RESEARCH has recently developed a new type of nickel and iron alloy which promises to be of wide importance in the manufacture of transformers and other electrical apparatus. The developers of this alloy, which is called Hipernik, are confident that its use will save half of the waste through the dissipation of about ten billion kilowatt hours. *Literary Digest.*

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and its nutritional rating is

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✓ Velveeta, because of its balanced Calcium and Phosphorus, is a safeguard against stomach trouble and loaves.

✓ The protein of Velveeta in great milk complete for the building of lean flesh.

✓ Pasteurized pack-aged Velveeta is now plainly protected until you open it in your kitchen.

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Manitoba's New Seaport

Continued from page 16

more overseas cargoes of prairie grain and livestock safely delivered a touch of good fortune here and there bringing lower insurance rates and similar advantages, and the hopes of the West's old timers will have been crystallized into experience-backed facts.

Almost 1,000 miles to the north of Winnipeg along a rail line of zigzagging steel, Churchill must needs be a hive of feverish industry during its shipping season of three months, if it is to be a success. Granted, however, an even break in world trade and weather conditions—matters beyond the influence of man—the Northern Manitoba harbor will be able to keep in full circulation the rush of business that will be its lifeblood.

No ocean terminal in the world can handle grain faster than the towering snow white elevator at the Churchill River mouth—a masterpiece of electrically operated efficiency in the heart of the North. No shipping point in Canada can approach Churchill as an ideal maritime outlet for livestock, so close is it to the grazing lands of the Northern prairies. And so on down the line of mechanical facilities—loading and unloading transport inland and shipping over the sea—Churchill with the great advantage of its proximity to the Western prairies, need fear opposition little.

In grain shipping Churchill will be able to rank next to Montreal and Vancouver among Canada's ports, even if the export movement starts only at harvest time. Thirty million bushels of grain can be rushed over the single-track line to the Northern port in the six weeks of open season remaining after the reaping of prairie grain begins. Such a bulk of shipments will cause no embarrassment to the capable new elevator. Simultaneously its loading spouts will be able to pour grain next season into four boats lined alongside the dock and three more vessels if necessary can be moored in the harbor.

Five hundred cars of grain daily would rumble north over the Hudson Bay Railway if the 511 mile line from The Pas were pressed to capacity. This figure regarded as a fair estimate, compares with 700 cars a day handled over the old Canadian National lines to the lakehead in the days of single-track service. Daily movement of 500 cars to Churchill would mean the handling of 5,000,000 bushels a week which would not press the Government-built elevator beyond its boat-loading capacity of 30,000 bushels an hour. But it would mean that every wheel would hum in the frost-bit harbor when business was at its height.

A shipment total for the season even greater than 30,000,000 bushels could be attained if grain stored over winter started out for Britain and the Continent at the beginning of the open season on the Bay, about July 15. Conservative backers of the Bay route however, prefer to estimate its possibilities on the basis mainly of new crop shipments, not banking on extension of the present conditions of heavy carry-overs and large early summer stocks.

Comparison With Great Lakes Route

A MORE favorable basis of comparison as against the Great Lakes route is expected to develop hereafter for lake freight rates last season were at rock bottom, and the lake rates constitute the margin of advantage in favor of the Bay route. Due to the dearth of cargoes resulting from stagnation in the world wheat markets last season, lake figures on grain stood at five cents a bushel instead of the usual eleven cents. Ocean rates out of Montreal including insurance, run seven cents as compared to fourteen cents out of Churchill. Thus in ordinary times, when the eleven-cent lake rate is in force, the Northern port will have a four-cents-a-bushel advantage as rates from the prairies to Churchill and to the lakehead are approximately the same.

Broadening of the working margin on shipments out of the Manitoba sea harbor will coincide with the lowering of insurance on hulls and cargoes, deemed inevitable and not far distant in the future. For the two test shipments of 545,000 bushels of wheat cleared for overseas last September, it was necessary to pay insurance rates roughly amounting to eight times the Montreal figure. If this differential is cut even to four times—and charter agents believe it will be before long—it is considered that Churchill will have reached a really competitive working basis with Montreal.

Even a fifty per cent slice in the existing insurance rates will, however not find the West completely satisfied in the opinion of Brigadier-General R. W. Paterson, head of the On-to-the-Bay Association protagonist for years of a prairie sea outlet. General Paterson considers that Montreal and Churchill rates at least during the stimulated three-months season on the Bay, should be on a par. He points out that, while it is 176 miles farther to Liverpool from Churchill than from Montreal this disadvantage is offset because half speed is necessary for steamers leaving Montreal until they are 200 miles down river whereas the pilot is taken off Bay-route steamers when the outgoing boats are about half a mile from the loading dock.

The position of General Paterson finds support in the comment of Captain W. Mouat of the *Fermorth* which was the first steamer to visit Churchill for an overseas wheat cargo. Captain Mouat declared that he would much rather bring his vessel into Churchill harbor after a three days' journey across the Bay into full sight of the elevator and docks, than steam cautiously for two days up the St. Lawrence into Montreal. The efficient aid of Canada's radio service from Government stations along Hudson Straits and at Churchill make direction finding and general navigation exceptionally easy on the Bay; the British skipper the ice breakers, he believed might possibly extend the open season beyond the anticipated three-months stretch.

Livestock And Incoming Freight

THOUGH the Northern trade path has been regarded primarily as a channel for grain shipment ever since the charter for the Hudson Bay Railway was first granted half a century ago, the handling of livestock promises to be particularly appropriate and profitable. As a matter of fact, the livestock trade should persist through the Straits when bay grain shipping has dwindled which it may if the St. Lawrence waterway is some day brought to completion.

Just as the Great Lakes route lowered the cost of carrying bulk commodities from the prairies to the sea, and as lake rates are certain to be undercut by Hudson Bay charges, so the development of the St. Lawrence would bring the commodity rates to a new low level. Bargain prices by the Bay will be able during the next decade or so to divert grain to the North from Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Northern Alberta and even the Northern States possibly, but the major trend will swing back through the East when and if the waterway is completed.

Never however will the St. Lawrence developments rob the Bay trade claimed on its manifest advantages in shipping cattle from grazing lands in the prairie park areas. Shipping through the Straits avoids the long arduous haul by rail to Montreal and affords a shrinkage saving of as much as sixty pounds a head.

During the first half of Churchill's open season this year it is certain that livestock will move out generously in trial shipments. Loading facilities can be thrown up cheaply and at a moment's notice. Only one feeding between farm and seaboard will be necessary in drafting a large portion of the West's most prolific cattle country—and this will occur at The Pas, where rail lines from Saskatchewan and Southern Manitoba converge on the Southern terminus of the Bay road. Nothing more than roughage need be hauled to Churchill for the voyage since grinding equipment at the harbor's elevator is able to produce feed with almost magical rapidity and efficiency.

The greatest problem of the new found trade route at the present moment is the question of incoming cargoes. It is conceded that goods at many kinds can be distributed at a saving in freight charges, to the prairies from Churchill but only sketchy attempts have been made to marshal together likely items. However Eastern agents are scanning the possibilities.

Tea and textiles and a host of lines of package freight could be brought into the prairies by the Bay. Machinery is needed more and more by mines which are being developed in the North. Oil might be brought in for storage or refining at the Northern port and plans for a storage plant are now under serious consideration by a prominent oil company. Welsh anthracite coal could be an import if objection from Southern Saskatchewan and Alberta soft-coal mines were not too strenuous. And so on down the line.

The Dominion Government will soon appoint a general manager to supervise both the Churchill harbor development and the Hudson Bay Railway; it is believed on the supposition that the two services are inseparable. This move will obviate the inconvenience of importing stevedores from the East to handle only a three-months assignment each year; for it will be possible to take men from the railway's section crews and put them to work at the docks during the open season. The step will assure as well a continuation of the co-operation so marked in the progress of Churchill's headlong development.

Building Under Difficulties

OWNED by the Dominion Government, the 2,500,000 bushel Churchill elevator—big enough to cover two city blocks and as tall as a twenty-one story building—is the most impressive spectacle at the new born port. But it is no more imposing than the sizeable achievements the enormous tasks of river dredging and gravel filling which were handled so hastily yet so efficiently.

In the rush to get the harbor ready for a test in the fall of 1931, 1,500,000 cubic yards of mud and rock were dredged from the bottom of the Churchill River to make a roomy harbor and another 500,000 yards will be dredged next season. From the gravel pits located conveniently near Churchill enough gravel has been taken for "fill" around the new settlement to choke the vast void carved out by hungry dredges—and another 330,000 yards is to be filled next season.

In great part, Churchill has been built on gravel. The shoreline of the Churchill River has been pressed outward from the townsite by dumping in generous quantities, and irregularities in the contour of the construction area have been remedied wholesale. The great elevator in fact was built on piles driven into the bed of the ice-layered river 300 feet from shore for it was necessary to go out into the water to reach soil not frost-laden the year around. After the piles were driven, gravel was poured in to make a firm foundation.

The brief history of Churchill under construction is a record of difficulties surmounted by men who thrive on beating back the frontier—and then seeking again its rough friendliness. Three years ago, Hudson Bay Railway work was halted by the soft surface of the muskeg country into which ties and rails sank and vanished but winter construction was named as a remedy. Over barren ground the rail line was run into Churchill in the chill March gales of 1929, before the frozen muskeg became its soggy summertime self. Later the line was ballasted and the sinkholes filled with gravel making a road easy to maintain in perfect condition.

Industry and ingenuity solved the problem of how to lay a pipe line to supply Churchill with water though the soil is frozen as far down in winter that drills at 175 feet have still shown frost. Dominion engineers took the same muskeg which delayed railway construction and used it as a four foot protective covering about a pipe carried overland on piles.

Work has not been done haphazardly in making Manitoba a maritime province. Accurate temperature records and weather charts delicately correct soundings of the entire harbor bottom and volumes of interesting data have been gathered by workers of Canada's Department of Railways and Canals. As an instance of ingenuity a young engineer evolved a new system of taking temperatures in deep drill holes checking on frost in the soil. Knowing that cold will drop to the bottom of the hole he inflated a tool ball bladder to block the hole after insertion of a thermometer, thereby obtaining an accurate reading at any depth.

A Poor Place For "Boomers"

NEXT summer, at the earliest, Churchill will enjoy its first taste of the hard won adulation of the public. Though the sprawling collection of bunkhouses, cottages and semi-permanent buildings has lodged as many as 2,000 men the townsite has never been thrown open. It is now suggested that Manitoba may postpone the townsite opening for a year until 1933 when the port will be complete but the moment the province pulls back the gates the rush of "boomers" will begin and even drastic supervision will scarcely prevent the invasion of more people than can make a living in the short season. The lure of surplus first-comers will ebb to the South disappointed when the newest Canadian harbor settles down to everyday business.

It is as difficult to forecast the likely population of Churchill as it is definitely to outline the future of the port itself and the Hudson Bay route. When construction is completed next summer and the entire project is placed on an operating basis, the number of men employed on the port and railway will shrink to a standing minimum. They may be numerous enough to form the nucleus of a summer town but any further population must arise from incoming business folk or industrialists, and these cannot be many.

The knife-sharp gale off the Bay in winter—and winters at Churchill last six months or more—will hold down the all year-round population.

"I've seen them come up here in the spring, saying they think the port could be kept open twelve months a year" said one of the construction engineers who likes the north with limitations "but by the time October rolls around, they're darn glad to go south again."

Flowers bloom at Churchill on fertilized ground and pampered gardens yield radishes, lettuce and other produce, but so rarely and so puny that a good Churchill vegetable dinner is a rare luxury. The farthest North cow in Manitoba grazes on hand-cut hay at Gillam a divisional point on the Bay line 185 miles southeast of Churchill. No not many will take up a twelve-month residence at the Bay shore settlement.

A bright future however seems not far away for the Hudson Bay route. Hopes of the West country built upon fifty years of agitation for the development of a prairie outlet to the sea need be no less roseate because of the rigors of Churchill's closed season. It is the open season that counts, and the duty of the West is to assure the concentrated rush of business necessary to put the whole project across. Western importers and exporters hold in their own hands the power to make the loading of prairie grain on Hudson Bay in the glow of the northern lights an everyday occurrence.

Fear

Continued from page 11

realized that none of the others had been told. No one knew but Hally and Rekan Shah and those twenty sowars. That being so he might be able to make all good some how as soon as a chance came. He would try. He would try with the last drop of his heart's blood.

They were halfway through their meal when the *khitmudghar* hurried in and bent to speak to the colonel.

"Huzoor. The orderly *jamadar* with an urgent matter."

The colonel nodded his lean and grizzled head.

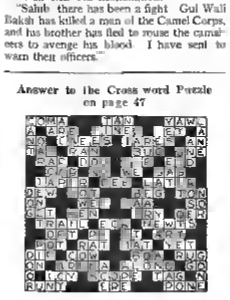
"Show him in!"

Entered Mir Yar Mohammed, the Khuttuck leader and spurred and fierce, to salute and clack to rigid stillness beside the colonel's chair.

"Well—Mir Yar Mohammed?"

"Sahib there has been a fight. Gul Wali Baksh has killed a man of the Camel Corps, and his brother has fled to rouse the camel-men to avenge his blood. I have sent to warn their officers."

Answer to the Cross word Puzzle on page 47



The colonel jerked round his chair. "And why?"

The lean brown warrior from beyond the Khyber hesitated. His eyes fell.

"Speak!" snapped the colonel.

"There is a tale that a—a sahib of ours flung away his spear and ran from a pig. A camel-*syces* said we should tie up a pig for our young sahibs to blood their spears on. Therefore Gul Wali Baksh killed him."

"What sahib?"

"Dillon sahib."

As it pulled by a common string, every face in the mess whipped round to Dillon who stood biting his lip, his clear blue eyes shifting from one to the other in hurt and shame.

Then the colonel stood up abruptly. His face was grim.

"There'll be trouble. We'd better see about it. Sound the Fall in!"

IT WAS past midnight. Dillon sat on his cot in his mauve-striped pyjamas with his head between his hands. The night was hot, but the sweat that ran down his face was not all from the heat. All day he had seen a man dead on the ground with a sword thrust on his heart because the fellow dared to speak the truth that he, John Dillon, was a coward. The officers had arrived barely in time to prevent a bloody battle between two loyal and famous regiments for the same reason. Sitting alone in his tent with his new equipment strewn about him, he thought of his father when he was small telling him tales of the regiment, glamorous to his eager ears, of the dreams he had dreamed then that he might have a career great as his father's in the same splendid company, of the look in the eyes of Ruknu Shah, and of the wild pig's head with slavered jaws and yellow tusks and small, red eyes burning with hate. Desperately but

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in vain he shook his head to dispel these thoughts. His breath escaped in a long sigh of distress.

He stood up and went to the tent door. Moonlight suffused the camp, and India's multitudinous and brilliant stars swam in a vault of intense purple. Up from the lines came the clink of chains and the long soft snufflings of horses, and the burbimpe of restless camels sounded down the hill. The odor of beasts mingled with the spicy tang of tamarisk and the sweet scent of bamboo blossoms. A long time he stood there, drinking in the scene, the sounds, thinking of years to come and what he wished they'd bring him. This was his place, his life, his regiment. He realized with a grim shock that he would sooner die than not belong to it or fall short of what it asked of him. how ever bitter. And quietly, clearly with absolute finality, he realized what he must do.

He went back to the tent, pulled on shoes and a coat, and made his way to the guard tent. The sentry tall and sombre, with his slim lance diamond pointed and his eyes whites glimmering in the moonlight, challenged in a ringing bass. The guard turned out, thinking he was the orderly officer. He said to the *havildar* commanding:

"Send a man to the Resaldar Major and say that Dillon Sahib has urgent need of him without delay!"

ACROSS the tawny plain beside the river the first rays of the rising sun shot level to pilé bamboos and *jhow* and turn the black of them to soft grey green. Before a small patch of jungle between them and the stream Dillon and Rukun Shah stood by their horses. Pig drinking at night, would be sure to be there. The sound of beaters faintly could be heard, and high above the feathery treetops crows circled, cawing indignantly.

Dillon waited by Jafar a fiery head in silence, fidgeting with the thong of his hog spear. His face was pale and his eye sockets shadowy. But in his eyes there was a new, strange light. He was content.

Before very long the inhabitants of the jungle began to appear on its run, the monkeys and the pheasants and the jungle fowl. Soon a sow and brood broke and trotted busily for the nearest *jhow*. A yearling boar followed close, and Dillon turned to gather up his reins. But, seeing what a youngster it was he did not mount, glancing at Rukun Shah with a shake of the head.

The Resaldar nodded, then pointed sharply to the jungle. Standing on the fringe of it, his big head up and his curly tail quivering was a patriarch of boars a great grey brute, whose high sloped sharply up from compact and muscled quarters to a high peaked, bristled hump, white-scarred from many combats. The mere sight of the brute flicked agonizingly the twenty year-old wound in Dillon's brain. The lines of his face tightened as his nerves flinched. He and Rukun Shah stood quite still as the old boar trotted out till he was well clear of the cover. Dillon felt he would have given the whole world to have been elsewhere at that moment, but he gathered up his reins deliberately and swung into the saddle. Rukun Shah did not mount, but as Dillon collected Jafar and wheeled him on his haunches, he salaamed.

Then Dillon was cantering over the stony plain after the boar which headed for where the sow and young had entered a big patch of sugar-cream *ikhe* thorn. He curved in to intercept it, and as he did so the old warrior stopped, wheeling on his quarters to see who it might be who jostled him in his own domain so early in the morning.

Dillon's brow was wet and his mouth dust dry. There was a cold lump in his throat and his heart pounded, but he pulled Jafar round, jammed in his spurs and hurled him into a charge. The hog stood firm till almost the last moment, then whipped half round and bolted for the thorn with Dillon after him.

When Jafar caught up, the boar jinked, and as he did so Dillon flung himself on the horse's neck in a long thrust. Too late. The steel buried itself in the flank muscles and the hog, with a hoarse squeal of fury, leaped forward and smashed the spear across Jafar's breast. They had reached rough, awkward ground, and horse and boar plunged round each other, clattering among scrub and boulders. Dillon reckoned. His stomach was icy. One upward rip of those yellow tushes would let the bowels of Jafar out upon the ground and fling him helpless to the wild pigs fury. Then the spearhead drew. With terror driven strength he wrenched the horse round and spurred from the mêlée, the useless spear shaft flopping at the traces. By some miracle Jafar had escaped with a long gash on one leg.

Dillon rode hard for the open, heartsick at the futile outcome, and at the same time thankful from the depths of his heart to be free of the beast even for a single minute. Halfway to Rukun Shah he turned in the saddle just in time to see the beast plunge into the shelter of the friendly thorn.

Dillon pulled Jafar to a plunging halt by Rukun Shah and held up the broken spear. Rukun Shah took it silently and passed his own over. The amber eyes dwelt on Dillon's —impassive, bullish yet strong stimulating, like raw spirits in the mouth. The Pathan said: "A pity sahib. Beaters cannot drive him from there. But there will be another."

DILLON pointed to the jungle on whose fringe appeared in mounting numbers the *sowars* of the regiment, who had turned out at his request to drive pig at sunrise. The cover had been emptied and there would be no time to land another before their absence was discovered and this day lost to him forever. A strange calm came to Dillon now. He saw it all clearly, what lay for him behind this morning's work. The loss of this battle would mean the loss of all future battles his dream, one day to lead the blue and yellow pennons must be given up. If all turned on this morning's work on this pig. He was in mortal terror of it. His very marrow froze at the thought of what he had come to do—to lose and kill it on foot after he should have wounded it. If the pig were not faced today he knew that he would send in his resignation from the Usbeg Lancers.

He said to Rukun Shah, "Hold thou my horse, Resaldar" and offered him the reins.

"What does my lord do?"

"Hold him!"

Rukun Shah took the reins. Dillon dismounted, looked up at him with twitching lips and shining eyes, then turned and headed for the thorn that lay so softly grey and green in the clear morning sun.

There were 300 yards to go of boulder strewn and shingly ground. The going was hard the dust choking. He was bathed in sweat.

Now the *sowars* and left the cover and were converging in a straggling line toward Rukun Shah. Practically the entire regiment was there. From the scrub reverward came a clatter of hoofs, and a dozen officers, headed by the colonel, wheeled in at a dead gallop and pulled up by the Resaldar who drew himself rigid and saluted.

The colonel was white with anger.

"Resaldar Major! Heye you all lost your senses? This is mutiny!"

"Huzoor Dillon sahib called me in the night and begged in the name of his sire that we should come and drive pig for him between sunrise and reveille."

"Dillon sahib?"

"Aye huzoor. There he goes, like his father before him, into the thorn afoot, after a great boar he has wounded."

All eyes now turned to Dillon's figure, lonely and stooped in the sun as he labored over the stony ground.

"The young fool!" the colonel swore. "That's suicide. Stop him some of you!"

As they pulled round their horses, Rukun Shah's voice rang out like a whip crack.

"My lords! In the name of Allah, wait!"

The colonel turned on Rukun Shah and his face was not good to see. Resaldars Major do not with impunity question their colonel's orders to his face.

The old Pathan said:

"Huzoor, if I offend, let my commission pay the price and I have been thirty years to the regiment. But Dillon sahib fights for his soul today. Did you not see his face last night over the corpse of that cameleer? If the boar slays him in the thorn, he will die one little death. But if he goes not in, he will die a thousand deaths in the years to come."

The colonel glared at him for a long moment of silence, while the bridles jingled and the kites whistled overhead. Then his face changed and he said quietly: "You have done well, Rukun Shah." And to the rest he called: "Let him go."

They watched the graceful figure, spear in hand, disappear into the fringe of the thorn.

DILLON stood just inside the thicket, bent very low and peered about him. At his feet was a pool of blood from the wounded boar. Before him in all directions spread a labyrinth of gnarled and naked stems, spreading to a roof of tiny leaves and thorns so dense as to shut out the sunlight. Within was a maze of rambling lanes and caverns in a green and eerie dusk with here and there a shaft of golden light where the sun shot through a rift in the canopy. The place was stifling filled with the stink of beasts and the aromatic perfume of drying thornflowers.

When his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom Dillon saw that the blood spot lay on a well-beaten game trail. Wetting his dry lips with his tongue and drawing a deep breath to try and relieve the tightness round his chest, he advanced along it stealthily step by slow step, his spear point low before him, halting, peering with hard held breath. Soon the last glimmer in the outer fringe of thorn was left behind. Green gloom enveloped him, his back ached with stooping, and the sweat greased his hands and ran down his face to smart his eyes and taste salty on his lips. The fear in his heart amounted to actual nausea. But he steadily went on.

Suddenly he stopped, quivering and tense, and his blood froze. Ahead some distance down the trail two green and baleful eyes watched him deliberately. Every nerve in his body yammered, cringing. But—and he was conscious of surprise in this—he remained motionless save for a quiet lowering of his spearpoint, and tried to visualize behind the eyes malevolence the great head of the old boar and to gauge where lay the vital spot his spear must find.

Suddenly the eyes advanced a dozen feet in a swift, strangely silent rush. They stopped again and hung immobile, staring.

With a creeping at his spine, Dillon saw that they belonged not to a hog, but to a leopard which had been following the blood trail just as he was, though in the opposite direction. The lovely and ferocious-looking spotted cat crouched flat and watched him, head low between gently panting shoulders, with her long tail switching jerkily from side to side.

Now face to face with this new factor an uncanny relief came to Dillon. He left the tightness in his chest relax and a warm flood seemed to course through his veins. He drew breath up and deep and exhalations of relief.

The switching of the tail grew faster and, remembering the family cat stalking a mouse, Dillon realized what was coming.

It came. With a swift crouching run she charged from two feet away and with a splendid bound sprang full upon him.

As she rose Dillon raised his point, keeping pace with her in the air. Then the rough shaft was driven backward through his slippery hands, the butt thudded on the ground and a furry stinking, struggling bulk swept him down so that his head struck the earth with a crack. A warm flood poured over him and fierce pains seared his leg. But at once the struggles weakened. Soon they ceased. With difficulty he heaved the warm, wet bulk off his chest and rose to his knees. He was drenched with blood, his leg was scarified from hip to knee with claw wounds but his spear transfixed the leopard from breast to shoulder blade.

He knelt beside her panting and unnerved incredulous that he was not seriously hurt.

Above, in the sweet open air, kites wheeled and screamed. Little birds chirped and rustled in the thorn close above him. He loved the sun and the birds.

But before he could look upon either, he and a pig to kill.

That pig was all his universe. Dillon knew that now. With an uncanny sense of detachment, he realized that he was pulling out his spear from the leopard's body. He got to his feet, felt his thigh where the long scratches burned, rubbed the spear shaft, greasy with blood on his arm to cleanse it. Then he resumed his stealthy progress through the labyrinth of thorn sheets.

Step by soft step it seemed for an eternity, he made his way through the lair, reeking gloom while the blood on his clothes grew clammy, the wounds in his leg burned and spots swam before his eyes.

Then at last he resolved convulsively as, with a great crashing and grunting a family of pigs broke from beneath his feet and fled. He stood still peering intently all about him for sign of his boar. But he saw nothing save that in the direction the pigs had gone the thorn thinned and the sunlight stabbed the gloom.

Toward the golden beams he crept, till soon he perceived an island of open ground amid the thorn.

In the brush at the edge, he stopped and peered out cautiously into a small clear space, flooded with sun and carpeted with smooth brown grass. In the centre at bay, all eyes in his direction, stood the sow and her brood. And six feet in front of them savage and burning-eyed with foam on his jowl and blood on his flank stood his old boar.

In front of the leopard, all Dillon and felt had been fierce excitement and consuming curiosity. But now seeing the huge belligerent and brutal self, cold fear again swept over him. This fear was met with the full surge of his will power. His dreams, the love which he and conceived for Rukun Shah his burning desire to be what 800 Pathan fighting men expected his father's son to be, drove his legs steadily into the open, and sent the spear, red with the leopard's blood, forward and down.

The boar grunted warningly, backed up a little as angry boars do, and ploughed up the ground with yellow tushes.

Dillon heard a voice—it must have been his own—abusing the pig softly in words he did not know he had in his vocabulary. Whereupon it charged.

Dillon fixed his eyes on the spot where the hump ran down to the shoulder beside the gargoyle snout, and, as the boar hurtled at him, concentrated every effort of which his body and his spirit had command into calming his fluttering heart and steeling his muscles.

OUT on the open plain, between the jungle and the patch of thorn stood in a straggling crowd the *sowars* of the Usbeg Lancers, with their officers in a little knot beside them.

Forty five minutes they had waited there in silence, uneasily fidgeting straining their ears for certain sounds, watching the thorn face. Now at last a man and sharply, pointing:

"Y Allah! There is death in the thorn." From opposite directions, on their great black wings, three vultures were sailing purposefully down into the drowsing thorn bush. A movement ran among the waiting Pathans which the officers did not overlook.

"See," Hally said, "the vultures."

"It is all over," said she colonel. He turned and shouted to Rukun Shah:

"Resaldar spread out the men and beat the thorn. Close in—"

Before he could finish, a shutter ran through the grun, till Pathan soldiers that rose and soared into a deep bass thunder of acclaim. Out of the grey green thorn into the yellow grass and sunlight, Dillon had come. From breast to boots he was crimson with new blood. His hat was gone and his breeches hung round his knees in tatters. But he stood upright like a new born avatar and greeted them his lance held high above his head and the light of triumph in his eyes.



These beautiful lamps were made in Canada from cling green oil in the James Bay district

Correct Lighting

By F. L. DEN. SCOTT

The charm of any room is enhanced by tasteful and efficient lighting

LIGHTING has two functions in the home of today. The first is utilitarian. There must be plenty of light whereby to see to do the things we want to do and that light must be soft and directed where we are seeing so that the eyes will not suffer. One can use an almost illimitable amount of artificial light, provided it is well diffused for even the largest percentages of artificial light are but a small part of the light we are accustomed to in daytime.

Lighting must be beautiful. It is an integral part of successful decoration. The charm of any room is enhanced or marred by the effect of lighting. Well diffused, mellow light has an altogether different effect from the harsh uncompromising glare of the old type of ceiling fixtures.

It must not be supposed that the decorative phase of lighting is ended when lamps with the proper colors for base and shade have been chosen and disposed to good advantage where their colors will be seen in daylight. It is possible to have lamps which conform to the color scheme and to the period furnishings of a room but nevertheless negative the whole effect at night.

Every room requires some general illumination at night which is comparable to that given from windows in daytime. This is often achieved by well-shaded ceiling fixtures or by wall illumination such as from pairs of sconces placed at intervals around the room. For general lighting the inverted bowl of glass or metal or the group of translucent glass shades with the open portion turned to the ceiling, is the best method so far discovered.

For general illumination in a dining room where the table is the centre of interest, the dome of parchment or silk or glass should be hung about twenty six inches from the top of the table. It has been found that this height is satisfactory for dining, and for illuminating the room.

Local lights are necessary in certain rooms. Everybody has been converted to the idea of having table or floor lamps at the necessary points in the living room on the dressing table in the bedroom and over the mirror in the bathroom. The average kitchen, however, is still very poorly lighted. Porcelain wall brackets with white glass shades at the sink relieve much eye strain. Local lights over the stove are likewise desirable.

Convenient Outlets

APROPOS of local lighting there is a new battery lamp which is becoming very popular for telephone cupboards and for pantries and all other places which may not have been wired for lighting when the lighting system was planned. These battery lamps were first made in a very small size—four and a half by five and a half inches—with a short pull chain. They rest flat against a shelf—and are pulled on and off just like an ordinary electric lamp. For vestibules and dark stairways and attics they are indispensable. Country house and summer cottages find these lamps invaluable.

People who are building today or will build in the near future have a great advantage over those who must live in old houses. Wiring like plumbing has made rapid advances in the last few years even on the last twelve months. Just as we require taps for water at the sink the bowl and the tub so must we have openings for electricity to provide light heat and power. These openings are referred to as outlets—lighting outlets for fixtures, convenience outlets for portable lamps and appliances.

In the new houses the wiring is done by the contractor but the home owner should personally supervise the wiring layout to be sure that there are plenty of outlets. All too often in houses which have been completely finished there is a crying need for more convenient outlets. For the complete wiring system a minimum of three per cent of the total cost of the house should be allotted exclusive of the amount required for the fixtures. The wiring system should be planned for the maximum of outlets even though it may be many years before the maximum is required as it costs infinitely less to install proper wiring while building than to add to the wiring system after the house has been completely finished.

There should be provision for a centre lighting fixture in every room though these may be covered with plates until needed. Convenience outlets should be placed every twelve feet around a room. The usual place for convenience outlets is in the baseboard but in kitchens and laundries it is found more desirable to have the outlets about thirty six inches from the floor.

For convenience, switches should be placed on the lock side of the door four feet above the floor. An automatic door switch is used in cupboards and basements. Opening the door switches on the light, and closing it turns off the light. A new type of switch contains a pilot light which will tell when a light is left burning. Another new type of switch is the "master switch" in the bedroom by which the whole house may be flooded with light by pressing one switch, and that without getting out of bed!

Amongst the new developments in lighting is the tiny light



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which illuminates the keyhole. There is a very very small light with its switch on the outside of the door. By pressing this switch the keyhole is clearly outlined and undressing fumbling on dark nights is eliminated.

Another innovation is the wall bed light. So often bed lights do not fit the headboard and nearly always they slip about scratching up the furniture. This new type can be hung on the wall above the bed by rubber-covered hooks. This kind of light is useful over the bookcase, the radio, the writing desk or sewing machine in the china closet or dark cupboard. One type which is fastened by a trade name has a special fastener that puts it securely on the wall.

A new use for an old fashioned cabinet in the dining room is the wiring of the plate rail. Cove lighting in the dining room is one of the most desirable forms of illumination, for it permits the use of candle light on the table, when desired, while giving adequate diffused lighting when candles are not used. Cove lighting, as such, is a comparatively expensive undertaking for it requires structural changes. The same effect can be obtained by covering the plate rail with a thin sheet of asbestos, then putting around the rail the standard multiple Christmas tree sockets held in place with metal clips.

Where there is no plate rail a small, inconspicuous metal trough may be made up with sockets attached and the whole thing held in place with long wooden screws.

In the purely decorative aspect of lighting, certain new types of lamps are making their bow this year. Canadians will be particularly interested in lamp bases made from clay in the Jumes Bay district. This clay makes beautiful pottery in which appear swirls of color—brown taupe, mauve, yellow, and the ex-blood red which was seen only in very expensive Chinese porcelain until recently. Now we are able to make beautiful ornamental lamps complete from Canadian materials.

The indirect and semi-indirect lighting which is the order of the day is being made possible by the use of reflectors in lamp shades. One very clever floor lamp combines both direct and indirect methods of lighting. Underneath the shade are the bulbs, arranged so that if indirect lighting is desired the bulbs above the reflectors are turned on and the light streams up to the ceiling. When the direct light is required for reading the lower bulbs are turned on. Both types may be used at the same time.

New Decorations

AN INTERESTING device in table lamps is the use of ten watt bulbs to light the base while the customary sixty watt bulb is used for the light itself. Both bulbs are attached to the fixture in the neck of the base. Lamps of this type are seen to excellent advantage in hallways and in rooms where few lights are needed.

For shades, a new material has been added —buckram. These shades are stiff and give an effect similar to theatrical gauze but are not so perishable. They are decorated with painted or appliqué designs and bound with braid or ribbon.

The mica decoration is another new fad. Designs are worked out with mica. Sometimes the fabric is cut out from beneath and light shows up the design clearly. When the color combinations are carefully worked out the result is very pleasing.

In accordance with the season a marked preference for white accessories, it is not surprising that the all-white lamp should be very popular. Singly or in pairs, white lamps are being widely used. The small ones sometimes have lace shades, pleated or made of stiffened lace in tailored styles. They are being used in pairs in every room in the house.

Interest in things Victorian has brought a modern interpretation of the Dresden figurines which were so popular fifty years ago. With porcelain shepherds and shepherdesses to pastel coloring silhouetted against a mirror background, flowers are twined about the base and standards hold the shaded bulbs. These very dainty lamps are suitable for drawing rooms or bedrooms.

Thirteen Years After

Continued from page 18

trees all along the way—in clumps, in the fields, along the ditches, everywhere—more trees than I observed elsewhere.

We came to Hallebast Farm rebuilt in a grand manner and then Dickebusch. The latter is a smaller town than I expected of crowded buildings and a rather handsome church. Two cemeteries are near it. I made enquiries about former residents and found two old crones, but they had only recollections of the Canadians being free spenders and rather noisy. They had no stories to tell.

Leaving there, I roamed out around the lake going to Vierstraat which is only a dozen or so new buildings, then back past Segrand Château, which is built entirely of concrete all towers and jutting corners. No wood has yet been used, and the place is but a grand shell. At the old driveway the keeper's lodge is the same a concrete exterior never finished. I crossed over to Bedford House and found that the château there is a ruin as it was, and I learned that it will not be rebuilt. The owner has got a lump sum in compensation for his ground being used as a cemetery. Woodvale Farm is rebuilt in splendid style. The Swan Château however is another pile of ruins. In Belgium the Government helped first the farmers, got them established and the château owners are last in getting their compensations.

And now I leave Ypres. The Machine Gun Farm is first on my right and then we come to the Goldfish Château. Every soldier who went up to the Salient must remember it on the Vlamertinghe Road. It stood there as a landmark, through all those hard years, miraculously untouched—the Château des Rosiers. For three days in the early part of the war General von Bissing had his headquarters there and German prisoners told how he took a great fancy to the place and intended to claim it as his own prize as soon as Germany won the war. He hasn't put in his claim yet. General French occupied the château as his headquarters during the first battle of Ypres. In 1915 it became Canadian headquarters, and afterward was used as divisional centre. It was within those walls that General French and Foch arrived at their famous decision to hold Ypres "to the last man and the last fun of bully beef." Every other building about it was destroyed and even the fine avenue of trees was cut down by shells, but the château stood. It was always claimed that the Germans expected finally to conquer Ypres and were saving the château for their use.

Along the old "snake" road, winding always winding between those tall elms that so many writers have described as poplars, Vlamertinghe Château, a mill, a big store and Brandhoek—fire corner—with a red cross still painted on its high brick wall. Red Farm Cemetery is there on the right, and rumor has it that all the men in trenches there were killed by one shell. Certainly it is the smallest cemetery in the country. The inscription on one stone is extraordinary. It is the grave of three Belgian peasants who were killed, and states: "Two civilians and one trunc." It could not understand it at all and made enquiries. They told me that one of the men had had his head slipped off by the shell. Hence he was not a "civilian" but a "trunc."

Madame Mimite'nohu

ON TO POPERINGHE, good old "Pop," looking very much the same as in the mad days. The station seems exactly the same, and I could see only three or four new buildings. There is a memorial to the British soldiers who saved Poperinghe. At Skindles Hotel Zoe is still serving officers, but not officers only. She will now serve an ordinary mortal and very well. It is a splendid hotel, and she is very proud of her war career. She told me that two of her girls were killed by shell fire on March 21st, and that she had to leave Pop that April until the end of the war. It was at her hostel that the officers of the first and second Canadian divisions gave a farewell dinner to General Lipsett as they were leaving the Salient for the Somme.

There are quite a few British living at Poperinghe among them some quaint characters. In the morning I talked with one very interesting chap who told me terrible stories about the Bluff when the English held it during the winter of 17. At noon I saw him at a house on one of the side streets, surrounded by a flock of children.

On to Hazebrouck and it took a long time to find myself there, to get back the old impressions I had in war time. It seemed all changed a different place entirely from what I had pictured it, and it took me quite a time to locate the three estaminets to which we used to go. In the first two there were new faces, strangers, but in the last one there was Madame Manne-hahe, as we used to call her. She stared calmly and waited for my order. I used her soldier's name, tried to introduce myself, but she continued to stare blankly—so many thousands had sat at her tables—until I recalled that one of our chaps, Melville, had cut a lock of her hair in coil of it pretending he wanted it as a keepsake. In a moment madame had seated her hefty self and was shedding tears in French fashion.

"Those were good days," she said. "All big boys no harm. Now it is nothing but money hard to get."

I mentioned her daughter a fine looking girl made love to by all the soldiers, whom we called "San Fairy Ann." But San Fairy Ann was gone, married to a French boy and living down near Paris, and already the mother of four future poilus.

The Night Before Passchendaele

SITTING THERE, it was easy to let oneself go and see again that last night there before we went on to Passchendaele. Forty-Two's R. E.'s, artillery men, a motley crew all friendly in a corner an artillery man was trying desperately to win San Fairy Ann's appreciation. Beside our table was one at which two old sweats were sitting and their conversation was better than any music hall show. One chap was one of those rare birds who used rhyming names instead of the proper word, and the other was a serious lad on his way from the Salient who wanted to describe all the ladjures of his "mob." Beside me sat our own "Old Bill," and he was in rare form.

There were many songs that night, but I remember particularly one that the boys called the "Salvation Army" song.

"The lads of hell go ling-a ling-a ling
For you but not for me
And the lith devils how they sing—
a ling a ling
For you but not for me.
O Death where is thy sting-a ling-
a-ling
O Grave thy victor-ee?
The bells of hell go ling-a ling-a ling
For you but not for me."

And another cheerful bit.

"I want to go home, I want to go home
The bullets they whistle, the cannons
they roar
I don't want to go to the front any
more.
Take me over the sea, where the
Alleyman can't get at me,
Oh, my I'm too young to die, I want
to go home!"

During the lull while throats were being oiled a small figure entered a lofton figure, dressed in khaki much too large and decorated with sur-coon medals (beer stains). Apparently the newcomer had not the necessary wherewithal to purchase beer. "I'll give yer a song myles," he said, looking around. Then he put back his cap, disclosing a very dirty face and began in a terrible voice.

"She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a rich man's whim
For he wooed her and seduced her
And she was done wrong, by him
Till the time the whole world owes
Till the poor gets all the blame
An' the rich gets all the pleasure,
Isn't it a bleedin' shime!"

Scenes here along about the sixth or ninth verse someone offered him a drink, and that, of course, was what was wanted. It was a blessed lull, and during it my complaining old-timer on the right became audible on the h—v cook.

What about yer bobbling brook?" asks the rhymer.

"I'm just reachin' in a hen the perisher shouts, any more for any more, and then tips the blarmin chap. I could 'ave murdered 'im, I could, strite."

At this point Old Bill gets vocal and pulls one of the platoon's inventos. He rises, looks around solemnly and orates.

"Today's my daughter's wedding day
Ten thousand pounds I'll give away."

There are cheers and handclaps. "Good old Bill."

Another pose.

On second thoughts I think I'll bust
To pull it in my old oak chest."

Groans. You old blighter Bill."

The verse on the right again an im shakin' in is shoes every time 'e 'ears that rubber gun, an awful shame in the trench feats to git dahin the hus.

"Come on madame, mon beer compre."

It's the rhymer again. "Tres sweet, and the lonter the sweeter."

It a nimsel closing time and in steps a sergeant of the police. Greams. Sighs. Then shouts for beer at the last second. "Allay, madame!"

And madame looking at the sergeant, says. "*Ah bon. Pun kapool Napoo. Bachoo hier. Vous tizzing.*"

A voice. "Same say. 'Good old sergeant, but I say—'"

The door is opened, and the patter of rain is heard on the cobbles. "Send her down Davy." "Roll on duration."

But there is no move to go. One little song and we're away," says someone and the sergeant, looking outside, seems agreeable. How many times has that song been sung at some time-killing moment?

Oh we pushed the damper in, yes, we
pushed the damper in
And the smoke went up the chimney
just the same
So we pulled the damper out, yes we
pulled the damper out,
And the smoke went up the chimney
just the same.

The smoke was still going strong after the fifth stanza, when the M P gets wise that it will continue to do so and gives his orders.

Après la guerre, old top. Good night sergeant.

Then all were filing out except the artillery man in the corner, who is making a last fervent appeal to San Fairy Ann. He is twisting in his chair shrugging his shoulders in an attempt to bolster his French. And San Fairy Ann smiling down at him asks. "Yes hitchey koo?"

All outside. Voices mingling. Calls. Wet darkness. Boots on cobbles. An enquiry of the defeated soldier. "Yer a gunner, chum?" An assenting grunt. "Well all I kin say is, yer was shootin short, time ye up front." Then from another quarter, deliciously sarcastic. Oh, kiss me sai gent before I go." What times! What lads!

Editor's Note. This is the fourth article in Mr. Bird's series. The fifth article which will follow in an early issue will deal with Amenthes, Bethune, Guenchy and Lens.

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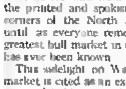
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Business & Investments

The Difference Between Investment and Speculation

By F. B. HOUSSER

Handfuls of thousands of dollars are lost annually in Canada through careless investment. Fraudulent as well as worthless securities are being constantly spread as to the market by less than sharply. A general observance of this simple rule would assist in the reduction and elimination of fifty percent of waste—

BEFORE YOU INVEST—INVESTIGATE"

A GREAT many valuable lessons on the pitfalls of investment and speculation may be drawn from the numerous letters received by the editor of this department from *Maclean's* subscribers. Almost every class of person is represented in this correspondence—high salaried executives, young, newly married couples with their first few hundred dollars in the bank, elderly men and women who are concerned about the state of their finances, and widows dependent on incomes from estates. These letters, as a whole represent a fair cross section of the investment experience and knowledge of the Canadian public, and impressively suggest that there is a deplorable lack of knowledge of financial matters. Few seem aware of the fundamental difference between speculation and investment, the great majority appear to be entirely without knowledge of how to judge the value of securities.

A Discredited Theory

A FEW years ago two investment students in the United States wrote a book entitled *Common Stocks As A Long Term Investment*. The authors claimed to have made a study of the price movements of bonds and stocks from the year 1865 to the present day, and they stated that this study had demonstrated that, contrary to what had always been taught, common stocks were preferable to bonds for a long hold. In other words, if a man in 1865 had bought at random a group of common stocks and a list of high grade first mortgage bonds, and had held them until 1927 or thereabout, taking all the dividends, bonuses, rights and splits, he would have been further ahead on his stocks than on his bonds at the end of the period, despite all the ups and downs in the meantime and allowing for a certain proportion of the companies represented going out of existence altogether from bankruptcy or other causes.

When this book fell into the hands of the American financial world it was hailed as a new investment gospel. The younger portion of a new generation of brokers and financial editors adopted it without question. It became the chief tenet of the religion of Wall Street and from there it spread by the printed and spoken word to the four corners of the North American continent until at every cocktail party, we had the greatest bull market in common stocks that has ever been known.

This safelight on Wall Street's late bull market is cited as an example of the importance of holding a right conception of the difference between speculation and investment. It is also a good example of how markets are made. There never was a bull market that was not artificially created by those interested in bringing it about for the express purpose of drawing in the public. If United States and Canadian citizens would only bear this in mind they would save themselves from future experiences such as many of them are having today.

The word "investment" is seldom applicable to common stocks for reasons indicated in an article by the writer in the October 1 issue of *Maclean's* entitled "The Relative Value of Industrial Securities." The book by the two financial students which helped set the match to Wall Street was correct in its statement that in the cases cited common stocks proved a better hold than bonds, but that does not alter the fact that stocks are more speculative and that few people could afford or would have the patience to hold them for forty or fifty years, considering that in each depression they would sink to prices far below their cost. Every broker, economist and financial counsel now knows that it would be folly to adopt such a policy.

Well Defined Distinctions

THERE are well defined distinctions made by bankers between investing and speculating. One method of determining which you are doing is to ask yourself: Do I buy securities primarily with a desire for safety of principal and income, or simply for profit? If it is security of principal and income you want above everything else you are an investor. If profit is your main consideration, you are a speculator. The ideal investment would be a sure income and a sure profit, but this is extremely difficult to find.

Investments are divided by bankers into classes. First comes the so-called gilt edged securities, which include government, provincial and municipal bonds. These are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the community they represent.

Next in order come high grade first mortgage industrial bonds, secured by a first mortgage on property, plant and equipment. The interest on these must be paid before debenture interest or stock dividends are disbursed. If the company cannot pay its bond interest it can be taken over by its bondholders.

Following these are corporation debentures, which are secured by promise to pay, and ranking after them are preferred stocks, which are an investment or a speculation according to the amount of the charges that rank ahead of them.

Last of all come common stocks—usually speculative because they only get consideration after all the other classes of securities named. Mining stocks are considered to be the most speculative of all the common. This, however, depends on circumstances.

Who Should Buy Stocks?

IN MY OPINION no one should buy common stocks unless he or she has a sufficient income on which to live from other sources and a reasonable amount of capital say $10,000, invested in government and provincial securities and high grade preferred stocks. Anyone not in this class should leave common stocks alone and remain an investor.

If one's financial circumstances meet the above requirements and one wishes to speculate, one should diversify as widely as possible. A good rule is not to move more than ten per cent of one's total capital in any one security, unless it be in what has been described as "gilt-edged."

"I am a young man recently married," writes a subscriber to *Maclean's*. "I have saved $500 which I would like to invest. I have had very little financial experience. Would you recommend a good common stock likely to appreciate in value in the near future? I am earning $60 a week."

This is typical of letters frequently received. The young man in question says he has just saved what is probably his first $500. He has recently taken unto himself a wife. He is earning only $60 a week. He must have made sacrifices in order to save $500 on this salary. His letter shows he does not wish to invest but to speculate. His primary concern is with profit. Unless he or his wife has other private income he has not yet reached a position where he should be buying common stocks, particularly in times like these. He should not touch anything as yet except life insurance or government bonds.

A Caution

MANY people have heard or have read that now when prices are down, is the time to buy stocks. They think a bull market is ahead of us and that this is their opportunity to make a fortune. It is true that, with the return of business to normal, many stocks will appreciate substantially in value, and for those who can afford to take the risk this looks like a good time to climb aboard, but for those with a low-priced job and only a few hundred dollars in the bank it is no time to speculate. The stock market outlook is very uncertain, stocks going much lower before they go higher. One may have to hold them through a period when they will be quoted for considerably less than they cost. Are you equipped to do this? Could you afford to take a loss if necessary? Can you afford to be without the income from the money you would have to be up? These are the questions you must ask yourself.

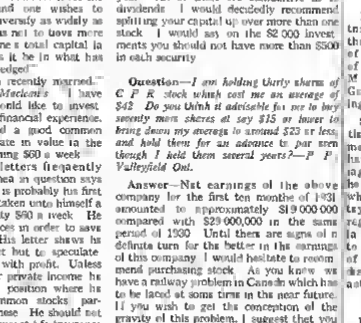
If you are one of those fortunates who can afford to speculate you can buy the highest grade common stocks today at prices which appear reasonably cheap, but do not let this tempt you to rush in without first checking up present conditions in the industry in which your favorite company is placed. Some industries will respond much more quickly than others to a change for the better in world conditions. Some have not suffered so severely from this depression. The sicker the patient, the longer will be the convalescence and recovery.

There are three wise sayings that the experienced speculator and investor alike should try to remember.

A company is judged by its future in a boom and by its past in a slump.

When the amateur buys hardest, the professional sells.

A man can grow rich by selling too soon.

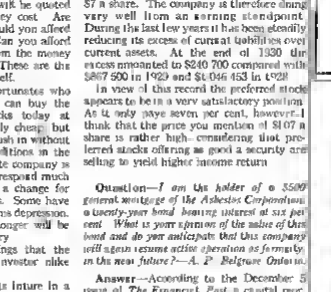


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Financial Queries

Question—*I have $8,500 to invest from which I would like a safe dividend each year. I had thought of Goodyear Tire, Simpsons Ltd., and Canada Cement. Are there any others which you consider as good or better than these? Is it preferable to split one's capital up over a few such stocks or invest in one only? If the former what is the best way to divide the capital?*—J. W. N., Toronto.

Answer—Of the preferred stocks mentioned in your recent letter, my choice would be Goodyear which is now selling at a price to yield you over seven per cent. I would also choose the preferred stocks of International Milling Company, Moore Corporation, or Canadian General Electric ahead of those mentioned other than Goodyear. All of these are cumulative as to dividends. I would decidedly recommend splitting your capital up over more than one stock. I would say on the $8,000 investments you should not have more than $500 in each security.

Question—*I am holding thirty shares of C. P. R. stock which cost me an average of $42. Do you think it advisable for me to buy seventy more shares at say $15 or lower to bring down my average to around $23 or less, and hold them for an advance to par even though I held them several years?*—P. F., Valleyfield, Que.

Answer—Net earnings of the above company for the first ten months of 1931 amounted to approximately $19,000,000 compared with $29,000,000 in the same period of 1930. Until there are signs of a definite turn for the better in the earnings of this company I would hesitate to recommend purchasing stock. As you know we have a railway problem in Canada which has to be faced at some time in the near future. If you wish to get the conception of the gravity of this problem, I suggest that you read the article by W. A. Irwin in the December 15 issue of *Maclean's* entitled "The Railway Problem."

Question—*Can you recommend Canada Northern Power Corporation—seven per cent preferred stock as a safe investment? I do not wish a speculation but a secure deposit paying greater than bank interest. It is not quoted on the market but is offered privately at $107 a share.*—G. B., Wellesley, Ontario.

Answer—In the first ten months of 1931 net earnings of the above company are reported to have been $1,873,564 an increase of $120,467 over the same period in 1930. In the year ended December 31, 1930 the company showed earnings of $1,914.44 a share on its preferred stock against $12.63 a share in 1929. The dividend on the preferred is $7 a share. The company is therefore doing very well from an earning standpoint. During the last few years it has been steadily reducing its excess of current liabilities over current assets. At the end of 1930 the excess amounted to $5,840,700 compared with $867,500 in 1929 and $1,056,453 in 1928.

In view of this record the preferred stock appears to be in a very satisfactory position. As it only pays seven per cent., however, I think that the price you mention of $107 a share is rather high, considering that preferred stocks offering as good a security are selling to yield higher income return.

Question—*I am the holder of a $500 general mortgage of the Asbestos Corporation, a twenty-year bond bearing interest at six per cent. What is your opinion of the value of this bond and do you anticipate that this company will again resume active operation as formerly in the near future?*—A. P., Belgrave, Ontario.

Answer—According to the December 5 issue of *The Financial Post* a capital reorganization of this above company is understood to be under definite consideration. Official information is lacking but it is understood that the plan includes provision for the exchange of first mortgage bonds for an income bond, together with a share of common stock. Discussions are still in the preliminary stage and any comment of mine at the present time would be premature. I think you will be in a position to judge the value of your holdings more accurately when an official announcement is made. This may have appeared by the time this is published.

PERSONAL SERVICE

Subscribers to *Maclean's Magazine* desiring advice in regard to Canadian industrial investments, or like investment problems, will be answered freely. Enquiries should be addressed to the Financial Editor of *Maclean's Magazine* at once, stamped, addressed envelope enclosed.

If you require investment information, please give full details of your own financial and family position so that definite and individual suggestions may be given.

Royal Bank Annual Meeting

Expressions of confidence in the future of Canada, and special emphasis on the soundness of the banking situation of the Dominion featured the addresses of Sir Herbert Holt, President, and M. W. Wilson, Vice-President and General Manager, at the annual meeting of The Royal Bank of Canada.

Sir Herbert's remarks were of particular interest, in the light of his mature and world-wide experience. "I have witnessed many depressions during the course of the past fifty years," he said, "and I see nothing in this one which weakens my faith in this country." Mr. Wilson's quiet optimism regarding the outlook was exemplified in his statement "While I do not want to value my prediction as to the date of business recovery, it will be very disappointing if an improvement does not take place in 1932."

Stability of Banking System.

Dealing with the banking situation, Sir Herbert stated the soundness of the Canadian banking system was an important element in current conditions and prospects for recovery. The fact that the depression has not proved so severe in Canada as in most other countries must be attributed in no small degree to the stability of our banks and the courage and good judgment with which they have supported industry. He also touched on the railway problem, the Imperial Conference, and referred to the success of the National Service Loan as a notable achievement. He concluded his remarks by saying: "It is always darkest before the dawn and to previous depressions conditions have returned most discouraging at a time when improvement had already set in. Canada is in a relatively satisfactory position and we are justified in looking to the future with confidence."

General Manager's Address.

M. W. Wilson, Vice-President and General Manager referring to the satisfactory showing made in the annual statement of the Bank, stated that maintenance of the Bank's assets at a figure as high as $825,000,000 reflected not only the conservatism of existing business but also the acquisition of new and desirable connections. The liquid position of the Bank was maintained at substantially the same ratio as a year ago, quickly realizable assets being more than 48% of liabilities to the public.

Mr. Wilson pointed out in vigorous terms that we must not get into the frame of mind in which we think of losses as pertaining to all business activities. The great majority of our Canadian companies are holding their own, he declared, and our agricultural population is staying on the land and maintaining the acreage under cultivation. Closing on a note of optimism, Mr. Wilson said: "There are signs of stabilization in a number of directions."

THE FINANCIAL POST **BUSINESS YEAR BOOK» 1932**

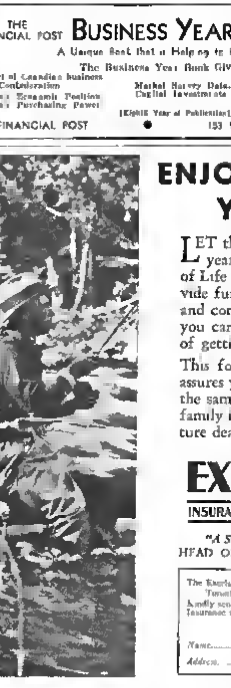
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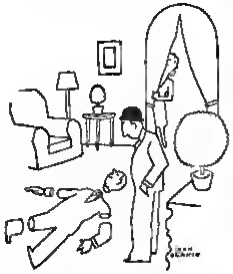
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The nurrel that I get today
Will last me till tomorrow
Its coming ensis me fifty cents
Its gone pangs of sorrow
How ably Scarnre might you serve
A beauty-loving world
By seeing that each baby girl
Was permanently curled
—Ian Gundlay Jackson

In this Regard, Anyway

TO DICK HARRISON of the *Border Cities Star* goes credit for the story of the Windsor gentleman who is said to be a relative of Mahatma Gandhi. Feeling the pinch of hard times, this worthy decided that his well-known relative might be of assistance to him if properly approached for a touch. Accordingly he wrote a beautiful and pathetic epistle to the Indian leader and suggested that it would be kindly act if he could send him ten dollars.

The letter which he received in return was equally graceful, but concluded with the sentence, "Surely my dear relative you must realize that I am one of the 'Untouchables.'"

Fellow Sufferers

An Otter at two and a harmless lilick
And an innocent Fox it is said to think
As well as a couple of healthy Bears
Were shunned for the Furs that my Lady wears.

I'd pity the poor skunned things I would,
I'd pity them all of I honestly could
But for three very Furs that I've had to buy
The one that was PROPERLY skinned
was —I. —Joseph F. Hanrahan

Handicap

A CLASSIC which seems to be coming to life again with surprising vigor concerns the Polish Jewish immigrant who arrived on this side of the water equipped with lots of ambition and a few dollars. Through an old acquaintance he learned that there was a position as janitor vacant in a synagogue in the city where he settled. He applied for the job and almost secured it when, he was asked if he could read and write. Alas, he admitted he could do neither. This unfortunate shortcoming, he was informed, made him unsuitable and with a heavy heart he turned away.

He had very little money left, but with this very little he bought a box of cigars and proceeded to peddle them on the street corners. With this profit he bought a larger box and again sold them. Finally he had saved enough money to open a little cigar store. A year or so later he owned three cigar stores. And after about ten years became a very wealthy man.

One day an associate came to him and said: "Sarl there's a wonderful opportunity waiting for a man of wealth and courage. I've just learned that a syndicate are about to erect a skyscraper on a certain important down-town location. There's an office building on the site now but you could buy it for a half a million dollars and turn it over at a fine profit."

The successful man thanked his friend, looked into the situation and found that the information was correct. With the friend and a real estate agent he went down to look over the building. He was satisfied.

"Fine!" said the agent, "Now if you'll just sign these papers we can get the deal through at once."

Sarl looked at the papers. No he would not sign anything. He would pay cash.

"Cash!" exclaimed the agent, "Cash in a half million dollar transaction! I never heard of such a thing. Why on earth don't you want to sign?"

Well, to tell you the truth," was the rejoinder, "I can't write."

At once the agent was all apologies.

"Yes" said Sarl "I'm too bad. If I could write I'd be the janitor in at the synagogue."

A Modern Parent's Advice

Dearie...keep no diary of your doings
Daughter...keep no dicta on your deeds
Dally darling through a dozen evenings
But never leave a set of secret screeds
Wagging tongues are sharp as pointed lances
Dainty dimly diaries cause distress
Fat and pout and romp through your romances,
Minus memoranda for the press

Clever cubes calmly cut their papers
Never writing down the where and when.
Save yourself a scandal in the papers—
Throw away your pencil and your pen.
Men will court with kisses and with cooings
While they beg with baubles and with beads,
Dearie...keep no diary of your doings
Daughter keep no dicta on your deeds!
—Arthur L. Lappmann

Lines Inspired By The Tragic Tale of Mrs. Chimpanzee's Tea

She did what no lady should do
I wouldn't and neither would you—
When asked out to tea
She took with her three
Of her offspring—this cruel Kangaroo!

The hostess poor dear! was upset—
In fact, she is chattering yet!
And so would you be
If coming to tea
Your guest brought a full bassinet.

Now carefree young Mrs. Cuckoo
(I have heard and I'm sure so have you)
Would be safe to ask
For She leaves the task
Of raising her young, to who's who
— Nancy Chance

Ye Editor's Logic—The disappointed humorist was inclined to be bitter. "Hang it all, sir, you sit on every joke I send you."

Let me assure you, my dear sir," replied the editor pressing a bell for the visitor to be shown out, "I should certainly not do that if there were any point to them. —

You Know the Place—Tourist: Ah me what a quaint little village you have here. Truly one half the world is ignorant of how the other half lives.

Native: Not in this burg, mister not in this burg.



"Ha, Ha! I'd love to see the boss's face when he hears about this!"

SPILT MILK

Thoughts at Two A.M.

What has the stone of the pen done
That he should be sentenced by Fate
To strain every muscle and tendon
And cudgel the roof of his pate...

To pace up and down in his small room
To chew till his pencils is bits!
(While others disport in the bathroom
He's grinding out verses and skits.)

Oh Patron of arts and of letters
Look down with her efreet eye
Release this poor scribe from his fetters
And let the mad press dates go by

Make me a plumber or shayman
A cullinan riding the range
A purist or an opulent layman,
Or give me a seat on the Change.

Make me a bus-boy or foreman
And never again I'll be solemn
Give me a job as a doorman
Or—well—an idea for this column!

Fun With the Telegraph

WHILE, like all right thinking people, we entertain a low opinion of husbands who practise guile to get one over on poor unsuspecting spouses the following incident pointar moral end is therefore here recorded.

A certain gentleman of our acquaintance who should have known better used to employ a not too brilliant ruse from time to time in order to get a night out with the boys. Briefly he would send himself a wire demanding his presence, in some near by town that night and purporting to come from some business connection of which his wife was aware. He got away with it a few times but on the last occasion having made all arrangements, including drawing a few extra shekels from the bank in case the rolling cubes world not be rolling his way, he was not so fortunate. For the first time the little woman read the telegram, which arrived at his house at noon with some care. She was just ever so slightly surprised to notice that the supposedly out-of-town messenger bore a local date line. Saying nothing to indicate her suspicion, however she telephoned her breadwinner.

"Darling," she said "there's a wire here from that horrid old Murchison man again and he expects you tonight on the early train. I'll pack your bag at once."

Well well" sighed the two timing wretch, "isn't that a shame! Mummy wummy hurts I worry though. Daddy will be back tomorrow."

Daddy was a little but surprised how ever to receive a wire in the afternoon at his office somewhat differently worded but to the same effect. Naturally the game had to be called off and dear thoughtful Mummy-wumsy went down to the train with Daddy. Of course if Daddy had been as clever as he thought he was he would have noticed the local date line too.

And my but Daddy and Mr. Murchison were surprised that night!



"Then reminds me...I forgot to feed the goldfish before I left!"



"There! I knew you'd hit him in a vital spot."

Welcome Back

THE other day we were surprised and delighted to meet an old friend. It is one of the classic silly stories, in our estimation, of all time. It is the yarn of the man who went into the bake shop and asked the proprietor if it would be possible for him to bake a cake to order a specially made cake bearing upon it the letter S. The proprietor said he would be only too delighted to do so.

Very well, then," said the man, "I'll call in for it tomorrow night."

The next night he appeared on schedule and inspected the cake. His face became very grave.

"I'm sorry" he said, "but I'm afraid this will never do. You see, I wanted to have a script letter S, but this, whereas you have given me a printed letter S like that."

"Tut tut" said the proprietor "that's too bad. But if you can come in tomorrow night I'll have it ready for you."

Very well then" replied the man, wagging a warning finger at him, "but this time, let there be no mistake."

The next night the customer returned at the same time, and was delighted. He gladly paid for the cake and praised its appearance.

"Fine" said the proprietor "Where shall I send it?"

"Oh" cried the man. "Don't send it anywhere. I'll eat it right here."

Greed Lacks Prudence

BESIDE one of the stalls in Pike Street Market, writes J. R. Hilsad, "a woman stood before a pile of crated peaches, ripe, tempting, their downy skins in apparent perfection.

The proprietor of the stall stepped forward jauntily, wearing an anticipatory smile, and rubbing his hands together in a self-satisfied manner asked: "Like some peaches, Madam?"

"What are they, clingstones or freestones?" the woman asked. The dealer appeared perplexed at this unexpected query then his brows wrinkling in thought a moment or two, he declared: "They're neither clings nor freestones."

"Well what then are they?

"These peaches, Madam" said the merchant, still rubbing his hands together obsequiously, his broad face beaming down upon her, "are a new variety, semi-between like!"

"Huh!" the woman exclaimed in disgust and turned away to find another stall, much to the chagrin of the crafty fruit dealer."

In Fewer Words

On A Stretcher?—A Florida fisherman had to be taken to the hospital after a three-hour struggle with a six foot tarpon. It is believed that he severely strained himself in his efforts to illustrate the size of his catch.—*Calgary Herald*

—

Scientific Note—Einstein says the main purpose of science is not to make life easier. Quite so. It was science that presented the way for men to stay up half the night trying to bring in Bermuda.—*Sudbury Star*

—

Too Bad—An English surgeon has come out with the statement that Shakespeare's death resulted from complications of fever typhus, typhoid paralysis epilepsy apo[illegible] [illegible]alcoholism gluttony angina pectoris Bright's disease, pulmonary congestion and locomotor ataxia." And to think that if medical science had known what it does today he could have escaped all by having his tonsils removed.—*Vancouver Province.*

—

Nothing To Be Alarmed About—We read that a London man left a hundred clocks in his will. An unusually large estate to wind up.—*Fredericton Gleaner.*

—

Shake Well First—A doctor declares that there is only one sensible thing to take when one is run down. The number of the car.—*Montreal Star.*

—

Lesson—The next time we fight a war we should not whip our adversaries so thoroughly that we have to spend the next twenty years helping them get back on their feet.—*London Advertiser*

—

Nothing To It—Gandhi has one day of silence in each week.

We know plenty of married men who have seven each week.—*London Free Press*

—

Mebbe—"Some tree barks can be made into shoes," says writer. But banana skins make the best slippers.—*Manitoba Free Press*



Constable: "*What are you doing down there?*"
Shady-looking One: "*I 'ave just swum 'ome from a Band of 'Ope meetin', when a gust of wind blows me membership card out of me 'and down inter this 'ere area.*" —*London Opinion.*

Spare The King's English—We are willing to let bygones be bygones and wouldn't care much how the youth of today go, rid of the dead languages, if they only wouldn't murder the one we have now.—*Guelph Mercury*

—

Page Emily Post—In case of an auto wreck should the man precede the lady through the windshield?—*Lethbridge Herald*

—

Those "One Arm" Drivers—There are fewer railroad accidents than motor-car accidents and it may be because the engineer seldom hugs the fireman.—*St Catharines Standard*

As Others Have It

Cussedness

The average man today is able
To go as once a king would ride
And eat what used to grace his table
And like him be unsatisfied
—Kitchener *Record*

—

Tit For Tat—His Lordship: "I wish you would quit driving from the back seat, Her Ladyship: "I will, when you quit cooking from the dining room table."

Balance

The wisest men that e'er you knew
Have never dreamed it treason
To rest a bit—and jest a bit,
And balance up their reason
To laugh a bit—and chaff a bit,
And joke a bit in season.
—Quebec *Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—

Darling!—Widower: "Why are you so pensive?"

Miss Harriett: "I'm not pensive.

Widower: "But you haven't said a word for twenty minutes."

Miss Harriett: "Well, I haven't had anything to say."

Widower: "Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?"

Harriett: "No."

Widower: "Will you be my wife?"—*Halifax Herald*

—

Conscientious—Mrs. Housewife: "What makes you so late with the milk these mornings?"

Milkman: "Well, you see, the pure food law don't allow us more than 25,000,000 bacteria to a gallon and you wouldn't believe how long it takes to count the little sons-of-guns. —*Kitchener Record*

—

Sad Case—The Widow's Lament: "Don't talk to me about lawyers, my dear. I've had so much trouble over the property that I sometimes wish my husband hadn't died."
—*Montreal Standard*

—

Tolerance—Two business men who were partners discovered an office boy tampering with the petty cash. One of them wanted to send for the police but the other took a more humane view.

"No," he said, "let us always remember that we began in a small way ourselves. —*Toronto Star Weekly*

—

Squelch—The hecklers had had a good time at the big meeting at Lachine.

As he came toward the end of his remarks the speaker said: "Of course, a politician is supposed to be familiar with all public questions."

"But not necessarily with all the answers," shouted a voice.—*Woodstock Sentinel*

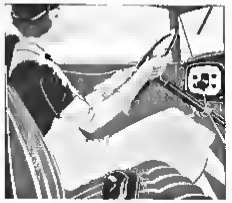


Gangster's Wife: "*How much would it cost me to divorce my husband?*"
Chicago Lawyer: "*About two hundred dollars.*"
Gangster's Wife: "*Two hundred dollars! Why, I could get him shot for twenty-five!*"—*Passing Show*

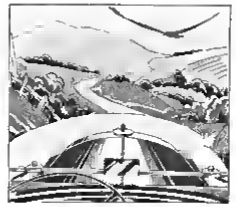
Can you do THIS in YOUR AUTOMOBILE?



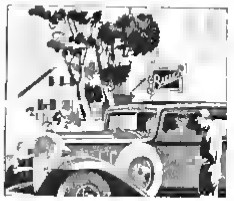
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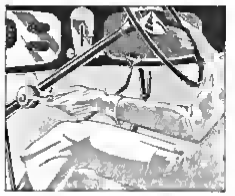
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Regal Rule and Slavery

In the second paragraph of W. J. Noble's letter in your issue of Dec. 15 he says: "Mr. Hall should not have overlooked the fact that slavery was introduced into the colonies under regal rule and finally exterminated under democracy." Certain facts in this connection are interesting, as for instance the following:

In a trial in England in 1772 Lord Mansfield supported by all his confrères on the bench, ruled that as soon as a slave set foot on any part of the British Isles he became a free man. Regal Rule.

In 1792 Denmark passed a royal order that the slave trade should cease in all Danish possessions, thus being the first nation in the world to abolish slavery from its dominions. Regal Rule.

In India, Africa and other outlying British colonies the trade existed until 1833, owing to the strenuous opposition of the planters to any reform. In that year the British Parliament passed an act abolishing slavery from any of the British possessions, and voted a sum of twenty million pounds sterling as compensation for any loss sustained by the planters on account of this act. Regal Rule.

Compare these facts under regal rule with the terrific cost in blood and treasure by which democracy thirty-two years later achieved a similar result.—R. A. S., Ottawa, Ont.

The Hand of Fellowship

Let me please say how very much I enjoy *Maclean's*. It is bread clean refreshingly up-to-date and has an admirably high literary standard.

The discussion anent Toronto is highly amusing. I have never been there in my life but judging from the very excellent people who have visited my parish from Toronto I think it must be a very fine place. The churches in Toronto have done much to help us in establishing this new mission and we are all very grateful.

No, sir! Toronto does not give us a pain. It has given us nothing but the hand of fellowship.

With all good wishes to *Maclean's* and to Toronto.—Richard M. Taylor (Church of England Missionary), Fort Pitt, Sask.

Western Farmers Deserve Luxuries

"Innocent Bystander"—who is he? I was once a Western farmer. Not one of the so-called unfortunates either. I wonder if the Western farmers are the only class of people who yield to the urge for better things in prosperous times. Remember Western Canada has been almost wholly agricultural and the billions of Western dollars have flowed into Eastern factories in past years. It all befits any true-blooded Canadian to give voice to. Jabs like this even in columns where there may be an excuse for it. "We must all hang together or hang separately." It is a time when we must all, regardless of our political leanings, stand firmly behind a tremendously hard working Premier devoted to the cause of a United Canada.—M. C. D., Brantford, Ont.

Opposed to Rail Merger

I have read with much interest the articles in your magazine on the railway problem by W. A. Irwin. He sure gives a lot of valuable information to the public of Canada.

But I am not in favor of amalgamation of the two railroads—the country is big enough for two systems and they can, in my opinion, be brought up to par if properly handled. The travelling public would be apt to get poor service if the two roads were amalgamated.—Interested, Waterford, Ont.

They Run on Borrowed Money

It is very true that every street of our smallest towns is lined with flivvers, but, like our railways, they run on borrowed money.

The '90's were close times, but nationally our public debt did not exceed $300,000,000, while our personal debts were practically nil and represented by property easily converted into cash.

Heavy purchases on the instalment plan, deflation in farm product prices have had a disastrous effect and it will require real statesmen to drag us out of the economic quagmire into which we have plunged.

The line-up on our railways and the foreign jobber of the unemployed show that Canada did not close her doors to immigration any too quickly.

The clouds of the '30's had a silver lining, but it would take a very powerful compound microscope to detect the tiniest silver thread in the present-day clouds.

Faith, and faith alone, will bring us through.—H. C. R. Camrose, Alta.

Accidents On The St. Lawrence

I have just been reading the article, "Pilot's Aboard" and am astonished at the statement made in the first paragraph on page fourteen, reading: "Try to recall when you last read of a grounding or a collision or a wreck between Father Point and Montreal. My bet is you will not remember a single one."

If Mr. Lowe will look over the files of Quebec and Montreal daily papers of the last say five years, my bet is that he will find not one but probably a hundred or more such headings as, 'Steamer Agnouni of Cap Sante', 'Freighter Ashore at Three Rivers', 'Steamers Foul in Montreal Harbor', 'Collision in Quebec Harbor', 'Steamer Runs Down Tender and Sinks Her', 'Pilot Loses His Certificate', etc. What about the *Empress of Ireland* wrecked off Rimouski in the early summer of 1914? One does not need a very remarkable memory to recall that tragedy. Who living near the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal has not been awakened some night by the whistling or rockets of some steamer in distress and send, "Another ship gone ashore?"

Why are powerful wrecking tugs kept constantly ready at Quebec and other places?

How many steamers go into the Lauzon docks, near Levis every season for repairs of damages received through groundings or other mishaps on the river?

Mr. Lowe wrote an interesting article but should have made sure his statements were correct.—F. G., Quebec.

Quebec, A Swell Place To Live

I can heartily agree with all that Leslie Roberts says about Montreal in his article "A Swell Place to Live," which appears in your issue of January 15.

In particular do I wish to endorse his statements regarding the broadmindedness of our fellow French-Canadians. Not only is your French-speaking Montrealer an excellent fellow—but all the Quebecois are. There isn't a truer, more loyal or more patriotic citizen in all Canada than the average French-Canadian.

We of the English-speaking minority of the Province of Quebec have every respect and regard for our French-speaking neighbors. We are proud of our common traditions. We are proud of our common ideals. With Mr. Roberts's permission, I would like to amend his statement to read, "Quebec, A Swell Place to Live!"—W. S. Bradley, Sherbrooke, P.Q.



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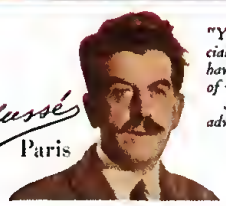
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